THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON

BY GEORGE T. BROMLEY

With best wishes of

Alex M. Robertson

THE LONG AGO
AND
THE LATER ON

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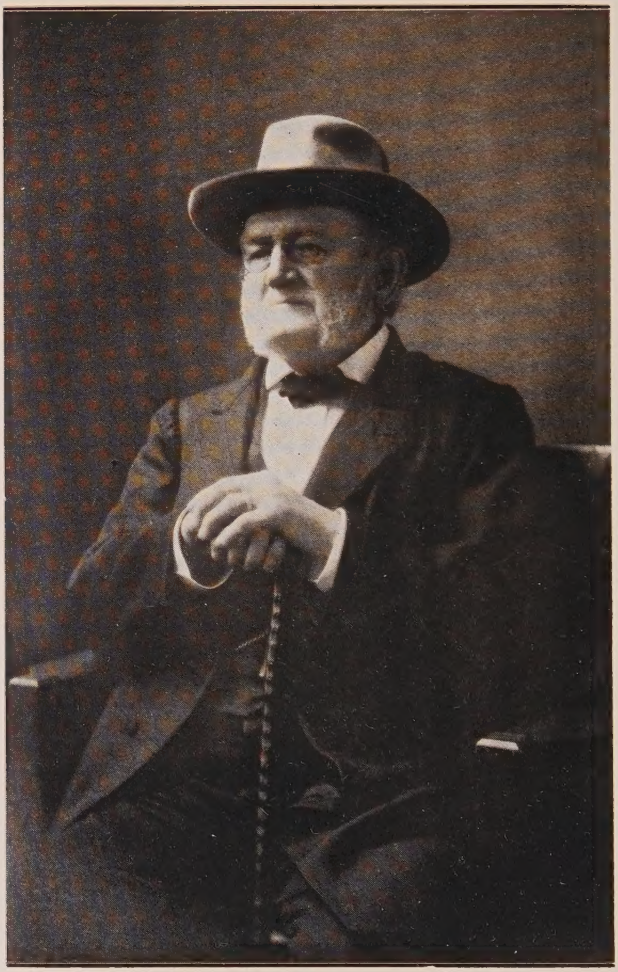

Geo. T. Bromley.

THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON

OR RECOLLECTIONS OF EIGHTY YEARS

BY

GEORGE TISDALE BROMLEY

SAN FRANCISCO
A. M. Robertson
MCMIV

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by GEORGE T. BROMLEY

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THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON
DEDICATED TO THE **Bohemian Club**
BY THE AUTHOR ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

The sunshine of whose life during more than thirty years has been his familiar intercourse with its genial, generous, warm-hearted members — and may Heaven's choicest blessings be theirs for all time to come.

San Francisco, December, 1904.

THE LONG AGO AND THE LATER ON BY UNCLE GEORGE ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

SALUTATORY

My Dear Reader:

I greet you, and with pleasure introduce to you the contents of this volume with the assurance that should you derive as much pleasure in the reading as I have in the writing thereof, then its success is a foregone conclusion.

'Tis simply a narrative pertaining to an eventful life of eighty-seven years, in which its joys have so far outweighed its sorrows that I would dearly love to live it all over again.

When you have finished the reading, may it be with renewed assurances of our distinguished consideration for each other.

Yours truly,

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.

San Francisco, 1904.

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THE LONG AGO
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CHAPTER I

I AM BORN.—EARLY DAYS IN NORWICH.—THE ROPE-WALK.—BOYS' SHOES IN THE EARLY TWENTIES.—MR. L'HOMMEDIEU AND HIS METHODS.—CHURCH-GOING.—THE FOURTH OF JULY.—LAFAYETTE COMES TO NORWICH.—FARMING.—THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

ISTORY has recorded the occurrence of many great and important events during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, but the event of most vital importance to me occurred on the morning of April 14, 1817, in the city of Norwich, Connecticut, known as "The Rose of New England." For it was then and there that I was born, and could the parents of that wonderful boy have had the most remote idea that in eighty-seven years that baby would become an author, no doubt they would have realized that they had "builded better than they knew," and that sainted mother would have chucked him under the chin and said with a mother's pride, "Come join me in a drink." And from what I have known of myself later on, I am very sure I should have joined.

I should be pleased to write of the happenings of those early years of my infancy, but having to depend on hearsay for the material, I will forego the pleasure and write of what I know more about. Having safely passed the ordeals of the mumps, the measles, and the whooping cough, when I had reached the age of ten, my dear father, thinking it was about time for me to show up as something more than a dead weight on the family, put me to work in his ropewalk, turning wheels for rope-makers to spin yarn. That's where I first learned to spin yarns, and perhaps that experience may be of some help to me in spinning this one. I will say that the rope-makers thought me a great success as a wheel-turner, which was my first success in life—not great, but good. I also became expert in burning tinder and dipping brimstone matches for family use; and, as the brimstone match was the only kind then known to the world at large, my services were in frequent demand.

In those days boys' shoes were made not rights and lefts, as they are now, but both alike; and one of the important injunctions impressed upon all boys was always to change their shoes every day of their lives, in order that they should retain their shape until the end. They were also piously instructed to keep them "tied up," in order to make them last the longer. But one boy, named Calvin Tyler, having peculiar ideas of his own, made up his mind that the time lost in tying his shoestrings was not made good by the saving of the wear on the shoes, and, in order to satisfy himself in regard to his

theory, he tried it on a new pair of shoes. One shoe he kept religiously tied up, and the other he did not tie at all, and at the end he reported that the tied-up shoe had lasted only fifteen minutes longer than the other one. As the result so completely ratified his predictions, his shoestrings remained untied thereafter until he was old enough to wear boots, and he afterward became one of the prominent merchants of the city, honored and esteemed by the community in which he lived, moved, and had his being.

My school days were full of stirring events, in my efforts to avoid the schoolhouse during school hours; and yet my attendance was sufficiently constant to enable me to become familiar with the various modes of punishment that were in vogue in district schools, and I sometimes thought my schoolmaster received his appointment more for his accomplishments as a first-class punisher than as a high-toned teacher. One thing the culprit could always rely upon: the punishment would be equal to the offense.

In my ninth year, my schoolmaster was Mr. Stephen L'Hommedieu. He was a splendid teacher, and as a punisher he had but few equals. I remember that for some breach of discipline I was ordered to the middle of the floor and sentenced to stand on one foot for a certain length of time. After the teacher left me, the foot had somehow got changed. When he came back he discovered the change, and with fire in his eye he said to me:

"Who changed that foot?"

I said I didn't know, but I thought it must have changed itself. It was then that I realized that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," for the frown upon his brow gave way to a pleasant smile and he told me to go to my seat and try to be a better boy. I cheerfully went to my seat, but about being a better boy I don't seem to remember. But Mr. L'Hommedieu was one of the best teachers I ever had.

And yet, those were lovely days. The swimming and flying of kites in the summer, the skating and sliding down hill in the winter, the ball playing on Fast Days, the burning barrels on Thanksgiving night, and the burning fire crackers on Fourth of July—with pleasure I remember it all.

I recollect one particular Sabbath in the old Presbyterian meeting-house in Norwich. It had been snowing in the morning quite hard and the meeting-house presented a beggarly array of empty pews. Mason Kinne and myself were about the only ones in the men's gallery. I wore my everyday felt hat and carried my father's pongee silk handkerchief. In a piece of brown paper, very nicely done up, was my lunch, consisting of a buttered biscuit, a "miracle" and a piece of cheese. Long before the conclusion of the sermon I had concluded that lunch, and then the sun shone out bright and beautiful. I had seated myself near the end window, that I might be the first to see the last of the sermon (the pulpit was at the south end), and from the window I could look far down

the river, which was then frozen over. Near the old pottery I saw men on the ice who seemed to have no thought of the Sabbath, Sabbath-schools, nor of going to meeting; and I remember well what my feelings were as I thought of the manner in which they were spending the Sabbath. I would have given all I had in the world to be as independent as those men on the ice. They didn't have to go all day to Sunday-school and meeting and hear long sermons which little boys could not comprehend. I felt sad, but consoled myself by eating my lunch, beginning with the cheese and biscuit, and if there were anything left it was a miracle! But there was finally an end to the sermon. Stephen L'Hommedieu had faced the congregation; Mr. Mansfield "slacked up" the strings of his bass viol; Colonel Coit buttoned his fur-collared overcoat; the Ripleys, Perkinses, Kinnes, Coits, Bolles and De Witts prepared to leave, and the green baize door was fastened back by William Law. The long session was over for the little boy. I have often wondered why I was sent to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. Parson Mitchell was then the preacher at the Presbyterian Church and Elder Story was the Baptist pastor. Elder Story, by the way, was something of an inventor, having discovered the art of marbleizing paper, but he sold his discovery and did not get rich by it. I presume my mother sent me to the former church as a compromise; our family was Baptist. I remember once hearing Parson Mitchell make use of the expression: "The Fathers, where are they?" He looked directly at me in the gallery, and I

thought rather insinuated that I was absent from the parental roof without knowledge of my ancestors, or would seem to say: "Does your mother know you're out?"

Some ten years ago my sister, in one of her letters to me, reminiscenced on the subject of our old meeting-house on the hill in Norwich. "I remember," she wrote, "that I was very little, and the Elder who preached was very high and far away, it seemed to me, in that little, high pulpit. I think I had not arrived at an age when I was a regular attendant—perhaps I was allowed a treat for some good behavior—however, the Elder was very enthusiastic and kept moving to the front of the pulpit, then, in a moment of exaltation, perhaps, settling back. It seemed to me as if he were bobbing up and down, or back and forth, being considerably excited. So I said to Ma when I got home: 'The minister was dreadful mad.'"

I remember spending one of my first "evenings out" in my Uncle Dewey's house. My father was invited over to help cut up a hog and I was invited to help stuff the sausages, with a promise that I should have some of them when they were fit to cook. I worked very faithfully all that evening, but from that day to this I have not tasted those sausages. They served only as a *link* between bright hopes and bitter disappointment. Another eventful scene is brought to my mind in connection with that house. It was there, in the back yard, under the trees, in a green, shady bower, that I celebrated the first Fourth of July of which I have any recollection. I remember that the gay and festive occasion was sadly interrupted

by the appearance of an intoxicated blacksmith. My sisters were much exercised with regard to the intruder, and after an earnest consultation we sent for help to expel the victim of too much patriotism. We then resumed the order of exercises as if nothing had happened.

Another eventful epoch (to me) in my career was the first time I appeared in public wearing knit suspenders. I shall never forget the sensation with which I crossed them over my back and measured them for the buttonholes—my father had worn out the buckles belonging to them. It was during the first year of this memorable period that Lafayette came over from France to spend a day or two at Kinne's Hotel. Probably I should have called upon him during his stay, but at that time I was very much driven in the ropewalk, having to heave the wheel for the toppit spinners. I recollect that the day wore off very slowly, and I was anxious for night to come, as one of the men had promised that I might go with him to see the boys tar and feather an old dame. However, that little treat to the old lady never came off, as a friend of the intended victim appeared and frustrated it. My first "bell button" jacket also belongs to this period, and my first impressions of it are still fresh. The three rows of three on the back seams were looked upon by the Western Side boys as rather too "airy" for one of their number, so I had to fight the style into favor; and when they said, "Button, button, who's got the button?" I generally managed to button their lips.

On one occasion, when my parents went to New London to attend a meeting of the Baptist Association, I was sent "down the river" to while away the tedious hours of separation by working on my Uncle Reuben's farm. I have a very distinct recollection of the fact that during my stay upon the farm the most important industry was "picking up apples" to supply the cider press that stood near the house on the north side. To vary this, however, we had a slight dash of churning to attend to before breakfast. My term of service was two nights and not quite three days. At the end of that time I remember suggesting to Uncle Reuben that as Pa and Ma had by that time got back from the Association they would like to see me, and Uncle Reuben said he thought so, too, and this without the slightest sign of sadness, so I put on my hat and shoes, the only baggage I had brought, save and except what I already had on, and with one very large sized Rhode Island pippin, I think it was, I started for home and the scenes of my former usefulness. My welcome home was not so enthusiastic as I had anticipated, for the "days of absence long and dreary" that I had passed seemed to have been anything but "long and dreary" to those who had remained at home.

In 1828 there was a Temperance Society organized in my native town, and it was decided at one of the meetings that its object could be best promoted by the circulation of temperance tracts. The tract entitled "The Well-conducted Farm" was the first one decided upon for distribution among the families, and a Baptist minister was

appointed to do the distributing. But instead of doing it himself, he pressed me into the service, and I found myself up against no fool of a job, as "The Well-conducted Farm" was a farm conducted on the temperance plan, and most of the farms in those days were conducted otherwise. Many of the farmers, on receiving the tract, would give me to understand that it was an insult to them and they would have none of it. I, however, faithfully served the tract on all those who would receive it, and it didn't cost them a cent. Nor did I ever receive a cent for my services, which gave me such an unfavorable opinion of the temperance movement that I have never gotten over it from that day to this, and only think of it—that was more than three-quarters of a century ago, when two-tined forks were used and people ate with their knives; when delicate little cup-plates were the ornament of the table, and society sipped its tea and coffee from saucers without any breach of table etiquette. I remember the famous Major Jack Downing, in one of his humorous letters, telling of his struggles with a three-tined fork when at the Astor House in New York he saw one for the first time. 'Tis wonderful what changes time hath wrought. In those days of the long ago people were more interested in what they were going to have to eat and drink than in how they were to eat and drink what was set before them. Nor did they even think of placing the knife and fork beside each other when the course was finished.

CHAPTER II

WHALING IN NEW ENGLAND.—I GO SEALING.—CAPE TOWN.—HOTTENTOTS.—ST. HELENA.—THE COTTON FACTORY AT NORWICH FALLS.—AS A RIVAL TO JOE JEFFERSON.—STANLEY.

T WAS during this period of my youthful career that the whaling industry of New England was in the heyday of its prosperity, and when a whaleship would arrive at New London and the crew were paid off, their first land cruise would be to my native town, where they would be looked upon by the women and children as far above the average of men. For sailors were sailors in those days, and in their sailor rig, with tarpaulin hat, roundabout jacket, broad-legged trousers and low quartered shoes, they did look just too fine for anything, and I longed to be a sailor. But it was not until I was nearly fourteen years old that I dared make known my longing to the family, for fear of the consequences such an announcement would bring about. In 1831 a fleet of sperm whalers came into New London from around Cape Horn, after a three-years' cruise. All had been successful, and when those sailors came to Norwich with money to burn, my fear of consequences was overcome, and the next morning at breakfast I ventured to say that I would really like to go to sea.

I expected to see the whole family collapse, but they didn't, and my sainted mother said she thought it was the best thing I could do.

"Why, mother," said I, "why do you say that?"

"Well," said she, "if you were at sea I should know better where you were nights than I have been able to for some time."

And so I went to sea, sailing out of New London as cabin boy on board the little seventy-five ton schooner Spark, Captain Dewey, bound for the southwest coast of Africa on a sealing voyage. My first experience in a seafaring life was one week of seasickness, during which I would gladly have given a vote of thanks to him who would have picked me up and just thrown me overboard. At the end of the week I had recovered, and it occurred to me that as I had a box of cigars in my sea-chest, a present from a schoolmate, I would enjoy a smoke. I overhauled my chest, but found no cigars, for my dear, beloved mother, fearing that I would contract the smoking habit, had removed the box of cigars and substituted a copy of "Baxter's Saints' Rest." Language fails to express my disappointment, but in order to get even, I took to smoking a pipe, thus proving the truth of the adage that "There's no great loss without some small gain."

Our first destination was the Cape de Verde Islands, where we went for the salt for the preservation of the seal skins we were expecting to secure. As the inhabitants of the islands were suffering from an awful famine,

they preferred hard-bread to coin in exchange for the salt, which was a good thing for the owners of the Spark. Having hoisted in all the salt necessary, we sailed for Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, for fresh supplies, where we arrived ninety-five days from New London. Cape Town at that time was one of the way ports of the Honorable East India Company's ships, and their coming in and going out of Table Bay were about the only events that created any excitement in that far-away city of slow-going inhabitants, but as it was the largest city I had seen up to that time, it excited my young imagination.

The Beach Hottentots of the coast of Africa are a peculiar tribe. Their language is entirely different from any other language known, and sounds very much like the gibberings of the monkey, as there is a constant cluck-cluck-clucking when they are talking with each other. There have never been any missionaries among the Beach Hottentots, I suppose for two reasons: they could not learn the language, nor could they subsist upon the simple food of the Hottentots, which consists of whale carcass and sea fowl. The natives would occasionally be taken over to the bird islands, where they would knock down as many gulls, gannets and penguins as they could bring away, and then the whole tribe would have a right royal feast. The heads and legs of the birds they would feed to the dogs, of which they always had a number with them. Then, putting the bodies into the fire, which was made from kelp, they would burn off the feathers, and the bird would be ready to be served, and the way it

was served by those Hottentots should be seen to be appreciated, for 'twas feasting indescribable.

On that portion of the African coast it never rains, and a warm and even temperature prevails all the year round. The only seasons known on the coast are the bay whaling and the sealing seasons. After the sealing season comes the season of rest to the sealers and seals, as 'tis then that the seals have to bear and provide for their young. The whaling season is the time when the whaling ships come in from sea and anchor in Man-o'-War Bay, and pursue what is known as bay whaling, and sometimes whales are taken ten or fifteen miles from the ship and have to be towed all that distance.

It was during one of these bay whaling seasons that our captain concluded to try his hand at whaling, as the captain of a French whale ship had consented to try out any whale he might kill for half the proceeds. When the boats were to start from the schooner, I begged to be allowed to make one of the boat's crew and pull the stroke oar of the captain's boat. The captain consented, and I went. After about three hours' cruising we came upon a whale, and he was a rouser. When we got fast to him he started for a spin, and for four hours we had a very lively time with that whale, and when he finally yielded to harpoon and lance, we were about fourteen miles from the ship, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon. But it was the rule when one boat had a whale, that the other boats, if they had none, should go to her assistance, so we soon had twelve boats in line towing the

whale. When a whale dies, its jaw drops, so that towing it is very like towing a house broadside on, and those twelve boats towed that whale until eight o'clock on the following night, when it was safely secured alongside the French ship.

When we got on board of our own schooner, I said to the captain that I had had all the whaling I wanted, and he said, "I'm glad to know it." Angro Pequena Bay was well known in those days, but from the time we left there in 1832 until 1886, I never saw a single person who had been there, and then it happened that while at dinner at the hotel in Tien-tsin an English gentleman was telling of an adventure he had had in Angro Pequena Bay, and I really felt that I had found a long-lost friend; and we had a lively time telling each other what we knew about it.

The sealing ground was on the southwest coast, about four hundred miles from Cape Town, where the coast was for hundreds of miles an unbroken sand desert. At that time the only inhabitants were a tribe of Beach Hottentots, whose chief subsistence was the whale carcasses that drifted ashore during the busy whaling season. The chief of the tribe was known as Ichaboe, after whom the famous guano island was named, and strange as it may seem, the product of that island, notwithstanding that it enriched so many other countries, left Ichaboe without a dollar, and he wouldn't have known what it was, had he come into possession of one.

We were on the coast two seasons, and secured two thousand skins. During one of our trips to the Cape for

supplies, the news came that Victoria had been proclaimed heir apparent to the throne of England, and the rejoicing at Cape Town was something wonderful. As the men were given leave to go ashore and join in the festivities, I invested in a large invoice of Cape wine, and for the first time in my life, I experienced the sensation of getting jolly well full. Just here I am reminded that the same thing occurred at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1837. I was then a boy on board the packet ship Sampson, lying in St. Katherine's Dock, London. Again the crew had a day's liberty, and again I gave an exhibition of my patriotism by being overcome from the exhilarating effects of English ale; and yet, during all the years of Her Majesty's reign, no acknowledgment of my efforts in her honor was ever made, thus showing that monarchies, as well as republics, are sometimes ungrateful.

After two sealing seasons, we weighed anchor in Angro Pequena Bay and headed for a final "Home again, from a foreign shore." The passage, which was not without adventure, was made in fifty-five days. We passed close to the Island of St. Helena, and as the remains of the Emperor Napoleon had not then been removed, the island was an object of deep interest.

It so happened that General Andrew Jackson and I arrived at my native town on the same day, and the double honor was just about all the little city could stand. If the General had a larger opinion of his own importance than I had of mine, he did not seem to show it.

In 1825 the first cotton factory in that part of Connecticut was erected at Norwich Falls, and put into operation by a company formed for the purpose of manufacturing cotton cloth. The President of the corporation was Mr. William C. Gilman, father of Daniel Coite Gilman, the first President of the University of California, and afterward President of Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. The factory was looked upon as a great blessing, as it gave employment to a large number of men, women and children, and all of them Americans, with not one foreigner in the employ. The factory stood at the head of Yantic Cove, which emptied into the Thames River, and during the short days of winter the building would be lighted up during the evening until eight o'clock, the hour at which the operatives ceased work. The reflection of the numerous lights on the calm waters of the cove was a beautiful sight to behold.

Every Saturday the cotton waste that had accumulated during the week would be gathered up and thrown into the cove, giving to many acres of it the appearance of freshly fallen snow. Such was the condition of things when I left my father's ropewalk to enter upon a seafaring life. But upon my return, after an absence of twenty-two months on my first voyage, I found that a wonderful change had been wrought. The cotton waste was no longer cast upon the waters, as it was found to be worth fifteen cents a pound. A factory had been built for the express purpose of spinning that waste into rope-yarn, and the product amounted to hundreds of tons, every

pound of which was delivered to my father's ropewalk, where it was spun into rope, a large portion of which was used for packing the cylinders of the high-pressure engines on the steamboats of the southern rivers, and this new industry was giving employment to some fifty or sixty men and boys. When I left, scarcely two years before, ten or twelve men and boys could do all the work that was required. But what a revelation this was to me! It was hard for one to realize.

During my stay on shore my old schoolmates gave an amateur dramatic entertainment, and the character of Jem Baggs, the hero of the play, "The Wand'ring Minstrel," was assigned to me. I sustained the part to the satisfaction of the large audience, and the result was that the name stuck. From that time on I was called Jem Baggs, in spite of my protests. I tried to live it down, but it wouldn't "down" worth a cent. Finally I came to California, and when after an absence of thirty years I made a visit to my boyhood's home, of all whom I had once known not one recognized me. At last I asked an old schoolmate, Alfred Lowell, if he remembered me. He answered, no; that he had never seen me before. I told him my name, and after a moment's thought he brightened up and said: "Oh, yes; you are Jem Baggs." A feather would have been a heavy weapon with which to have floored me. So, as I remarked to Joseph Jefferson, the celebrated Rip Van Winkle, on the occasion of a dinner given to him by the Bohemian Club, I, too, had had my theatrical experience and was identified with a

character, but, oh, with what a difference! *He* was Rip Van Winkle—*I* was Jem Baggs!

On another occasion, when the club was breakfasting Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, I reminded the members that they had been "entertaining an angel unawares," for I, too, had been an African explorer, and my experience antedated that of the distinguished guest by many years. I related some of my adventures, which seemed to afford Mr. Stanley much amusement.

CHAPTER III

PACKET AND MERCHANT SHIP SERVICE.—STEAMBOATING ON THE NORTH RIVER.—VERA CRUZ.—A GREAT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS.—ST. MARK'S, FLORIDA.—DESERTING THE SHIP.—RETURN TO NORWICH.—ROPE-WALKING.—I MARRY.—WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.—SAIL FOR THE EL DORADO.

N 1833 I sailed out of New York on the ship Sampson of the Swallowtail line of London packet ships. In those days, the New York packet ships were the pride of the Atlantic Ocean. They were known as the Swallowtail and X Line to London, the Black Ball Line to Liverpool, and the Star Line, to Havre, France. As there were no ocean steamers then, the sailing ships had the monopoly of the passenger traffic, and even after the establishment of the steamship lines the packets continued to retain a fair share of the business. The day after the death of President Harrison, the steamer Great Western and the packet ship Independence, Captain Nye, sailed out of New York, bound for London. On the thirteenth day out the Independence passed the Great Western hove to during a gale of wind in the chops of the English Channel. The packet sailed into the Cove of Cork, came to anchor and sent her mails ashore, and the death of President Harrison was known in

London some hours before the mail carried by the Great Western was received at the postoffice. I afterward sailed with Captain Nye as mate of the packet ship Henry Clay, and the way he carried sail on that ship gave me a pretty good idea of how he came out ahead of the Great Western. After the loss of the Henry Clay, Captain Nye was for a number of years master of one of the Atlantic steamers. The Henry Clay, when launched, was the largest ship in the merchant service, having a register of a thousand tons, and carrying a crew of forty-five men before the mast. That was in 1846, but the inventions and improvements since that time have enabled ships of more than twice that tonnage to be ably handled by one-half the number. The double topsails, the patent blocks, and the donkey-engine have in a great measure brought about these results.

It was when I was a boy sailing on board the New York and London packet ships that the charter of the Honorable East India Company expired, after a monopoly of the tea trade with China for one hundred years, the length of time for which the charter was granted. The ships of the company were then the largest ships in the merchant service. They carried a number of guns, the officers and crew wore uniforms, and regular man-o'war discipline was strictly observed from the time of leaving London until return. When the charter of the company expired and the immense business was closed, every man in the company's employ was given a pension for life, or so long as he remained in England. Should

he wish to emigrate, he could sell his pension, and a large number of them did so. When a boy on board the packet ship Gladiator, Captain Britten, we had as steerage passengers some thirty or forty of these pensioners who were coming with their families to seek homes in the new world. They were all exceedingly nice people, and when it was my dog watch, below, from six to eight, I would spend the time in mingling with them.

I remember having an argument with an old gentleman who had held a prominent position in the employ of the company as to the possibility of steamships ever crossing the Atlantic. I did not think they would and gave it as the ground of my opinion, that no engine could be so firmly secured in the hull of a vessel as to stand the strain of the heavy seas she would encounter in crossing the Atlantic ocean. The old gentleman allowed that my argument was convincing and all the listeners having concurred, it was then and there decided that no steamer would ever make a success in crossing the Atlantic ocean. The opinion of that group, if any are living, has, no doubt, undergone a change since that night.

I finally tired of life on a packet ship, and concluded to try steamboating, so accepted a position as woodpasser on board the De Witt Clinton, a passenger boat plying between New York and Albany, and a grand old boat she was for those days. Having four boilers, two on each guard, and four towering smokestacks, she was the pride of the North River, and I was proud of being

one of her crew, if only a wood-passer. But when winter came she was laid up, and I had to seek other employment. I found it after wandering about for awhile, and shipped as able seaman on the barque Ann Louisa, bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico. This was in 1837. We arrived off the harbor after an uneventful voyage, only to find that war had been declared between Mexico and France, and the port blockaded by a French squadron then at anchor at the Sacraficios. A six-gun brig was kept laying off and on to intercept all vessels attempting to enter the port, but as there had been rumors of trouble when our captain had left Vera Cruz on his last voyage, he was not surprised to find the blockade established. The United States frigate Ontario, Commodore Breese, was anchored at the Sacraficios at the time, and arrangements had been made between the Commodore and the French Admiral that upon our arrival we would be convoyed to the Sacraficios, and could land our passengers, but the cargo we should be obliged to return to New York. When it was known in the city that such was the decision that had been arrived at there was great excitement, for a good portion of the cargo of the Ann Louisa consisted of the machinery for a large manufacturing establishment in the City of Mexico. The building was completed and only waiting for the machinery to be put in place in order to get the plant into operation.

When the Ann Louisa hove in sight the gun brig had just taken in a prize and come to anchor. The French Admiral then signaled the brig to get under weigh to

bring us in. The usual course for vessels to take on entering the harbor of Vera Cruz is to sail round the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and come down on the inside to the anchorage. The brig, taking it for granted that we would do so, came along very deliberately, to intercept us, but before passing the Castle, a pilot boat hailed us and rounding to, told us to follow her in, which we did, and soon were anchored safely under the protection of the guns of the Castle. During the manœuvre there arrived a twelve-oared barge with swivel guns mounted on the gunwales, a common occurrence in those days. When they saw that we were getting away from them they began blazing away with their swivel gun, and though the balls fell several hundred feet short of us, they came near enough to make me feel homesick, and I quietly got under the lee of the main-mast. Here the captain, seeing me, sang out:

"Hey, you youngster, what the hell are you doing there?"

"I'm keeping a bright lookout ahead, sir," said I.

"You're keeping a bright lookout for your own head," said he. "You just come up here to windward and take your chance with the rest of us." And I came up, and this was the first and only time I have ever faced the cannon's mouth when loaded for keeps.

When the French Admiral saw that the Ann Louisa had run the blockade he was frantic, and swore that he would cut her out. Commodore Breese notified the authorities at the Castle of the Admiral's threat and orders

were given that a hawser should be run from the barque to a ringbolt in the castle wall, the chain cable paid out and the hawser hove in until the barque was within a hundred feet of the Castle. Then some seventy-five Mexican soldiers were put on board, and we were ready for the invader. About midnight, the sound of approaching boats was heard through the intense darkness, but just as they came within hailing distance, one of the most gorgeous displays of fireworks that I have ever witnessed was set off, and it so brilliantly illuminated the harbor and surroundings that the officer in charge of the cutting out expedition gave the order for the boats to return to the ship, which order they cheerfully obeyed. We discharged our cargo, hoisted in another and sailed for home, where we arrived in due time, to the great joy of the owners and the entire satisfaction of the crew.

In 1837 I sailed out of New York on the ship General Parkill, bound for St. Mark's, Florida, for a cargo of cotton to be landed at Liverpool. We had not been many days at sea before the captain and the first mate began to show themselves as two of the most tyrannical bullies that any of the crew had ever sailed with. When the men became sufficiently well acquainted to have confidence in one another, six of us determined to desert in a body, on the very first opportunity which presented itself after arriving at St. Mark's, and knowing that the vessel would have to anchor in the roadstead while waiting for her cargo, we anticipated no great delay in securing our freedom. The second mate, who was a very different

sort of man from his superior officers, had, somehow, got an inkling of our intention, and he earnestly begged to be permitted to join us. The opportunity we sought presented itself on the second night after coming to anchorage, when the captain, taking the four ship's boys, went to the city, where he remained. The boys returned with the boat about dark, and at twelve o'clock, when every other man and boy of the crew was soundly sleeping, we quietly hauled the boat alongside, put our belongings aboard, and silently stole away. We were five days in this boat, during three of which we were without food and two without water. Then we landed, and found, after consulting the mile posts, that we were eight miles from Appalachicola. Then we hauled the boat up on the beach well above high water, and started for the town, where we arrived about nine o'clock at night. One of the party had thirty-five cents which he invested in pilot bread, and we all heartily enjoyed the feast. That night we slept in a cornfield about a mile from town, and the day following four of us shipped on board the Ann Eliza, bound for Providence, Rhode Island, with a cargo of cotton, with pay fixed at thirty-seven dollars "by the run." She was a small, but full-rigged ship, and as sailors were very scarce at Appalachicola at that time, we sailed away with only five men before the mast, the fifth being a runaway from a "live oak" gang, and no sailor; but our treatment was in such striking contrast from that which we had received on the General Parkill that we stood the extra work of making the passage without a murmur, and in due time we arrived at Providence.

Upon being paid off I went to the steamboat Rhode Island to take passage for New York, and found that her engineer was an old schoolmate. We were mutually glad of the meeting, and in the course of our conversation he asked if I would like to go steamboating. I said I would, and it was then and there I engaged myself as a deck hand on the Rhode Island. It was during my term of service that I had the honor of seeing safe on board the first express of Hornden & Company that was ever sent out from Boston. It was the pioneer of a business that has since become so important a factor in the commercial world.

After some two years of steamboating I returned once more to my home, having been absent about four years. I was received with open arms and great rejoicing, and had there been any fatted calf running around loose, no doubt he would have been duly offered up in honor of my return.

After visiting around for about a week and receiving the congratulations of old and young upon still being in the land of the living, I was installed as second mate in my father's ropewalk, a position which I filled for four years to my own credit and the financial benefit of the owners. It was during this period that I made the acquaintance of a young lady whose manners and appearance pleased me so well that I proposed that we should ship for a long cruise together. She seemed to regard the proposition favorably, but having no father, suggested that I should negotiate with her mother. The old lady not being at all

formidable, I fearlessly approached her and made known my object in seeking the interview. She did not withhold her approval, but granted it cheerfully and bestowed with it a mother's blessing, and as a result of that important step in my life, there are nineteen lineal descendants of that union living in and about San Francisco, even to great-grandchildren.

After my four years of faithful service in the ropewalk, I accepted a position on the steamer Worcester, of the Norwich and New York line to Boston, and for five years thereafter I filled various positions on the different boats of the company, from wheelman to emergency captain.

The wreck of the steamer Atlantic occurred when I was mate of the Mohican, a steamer of the same line. On the day before Thanksgiving, the wind blew such a gale that Captain Van Pelt decided to run the Mohican into New Haven and remain there until the storm subsided. The next morning we got under weigh and coming down the Sound, we saw the Atlantic lying at anchor at Fisher's Island, and flying signals of distress. We put in at Allen's Point, landed our passengers, discharged our freight, and took in a fresh supply of coal. Then we went down to the Atlantic. When we arrived near her, she hauled down her signals of distress, and made signals for us to leave her. We returned to New London, and Captain Van Pelt requested me to go at once to President Holland of the steamship company, and tell him about the Atlantic. I hired a horse and buggy, and made

the best speed I could to the company's office in Norwich. President Holland received my message, and told me to go to my home and eat my Thanksgiving dinner, while he would call a meeting of the Board of Directors in regard to the Atlantic. At daylight the next morning, we went to Fisher's Island, but the Atlantic had then gone to pieces. Many of her passengers were saved by the people on the island, but the captain—Captain Dustan—did not survive the loss of his ship. He is supposed to have committed suicide by letting himself go down in his ill-fated vessel. We came to anchor in a sheltered bay, and went to the wreck, where we recovered many of the bodies of the drowned. We found that the pilot, Captain Allen, and one boy, who had remained on the wreck, were safe on shore. During the heaving and surging of the Atlantic while at anchor, Elias Kingston, the mate, losing all hope of the boat's being saved, watching his opportunity when she was swinging to the west, slipped the cable and swung her ashore, thereby saving many lives; whereas if she had swung the other way, not a soul would have been saved. It was, therefore, to the mate's good judgment that the survivors were indebted for their escape from the fate that had befallen the other passengers.

I found steamboating a very pleasant life, coming into contact with such interesting people as made the passage through Long Island Sound, but one fine day I received a letter from Mr. Thomas Corwin, Secretary of State, informing me of a desirable position in the San Francisco Custom House, and the salary thereunto be-

longing. This could be mine for the asking, and as one month's salary in the Custom House was equal to about six months' compensation for steamboating, 'tis needless to say that I gladly accepted the offer, and in November, 1850, sailed out of New York for San Francisco, having charge of Adams & Company's Express, an arrangement by which I saved my passage money, which, in those days, was quite a large item for people with limited means.

Soon after my arrival at Panama I was introduced to the captain of the steamer Tennessee, on which I was to take passage for San Francisco. When the captain was told that I had been a steamboat man he expressed himself as highly pleased. "For," said he, "my third mate has been taken sick, and you are just the man I want in his place."

"But," said I, "I have a through ticket."

"Oh, well," said he, "you can easily sell it for a good round sum."

I did so, but when I reported for duty on board the steamer I found that the third mate had recovered and was at his post. For awhile things looked a little bit squally, but when the captain came aboard I informed him of my dilemma.

"Oh, well," said he, "you can mess with the officers and be on hand in case you are needed and all will be well."

And it was.

CHAPTER IV

ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.—ANECDOTE OF BEN BREWSTER.—ROCKEFELLER.—THE YOUNG MEN'S MORAL REFORM CLUB.—GOLD MINING.—COMMODORE PERRY AND THE PORT OF JAPAN.—MAY AND JUNE FIRES.—MY FIRST CHRISTMAS AND OTHER THINGS.—JOLLY QUARTET THAT WOULD ECONOMIZE IN LIVING.

ARRIVED in San Francisco January 8, 1851. I landed on Long Wharf and was met by Charley Rockwell, Albert Converse, Joe Brewer, Park Woodward, Henry Potter and several other Norwich people whose names I do not now remember. It was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, which, in that early day, was duly celebrated. In fact, any sort of an anniversary would be celebrated on the slightest provocation, and my arrival on that day gave the boys an opportunity of celebrating a double event. As a general thing it took three or four days to do justice to the great occasions. San Francisco, during that period of her history, was, no doubt, the liveliest city on earth. The May and June fires and the Vigilance Committee kept every one wondering what would come next. The streets, at midnight, were as crowded and as full of life as at midday.

The Custom House was burned in the great May fire,

and the vault, containing over a million dollars, was left entirely exposed. Collector King made a name for himself in the organizing of a Spartan band that safely guarded the transfer of the coin from the corner of California and Montgomery streets to the place of deposit in the new quarters at the corner of Washington and Kearny streets. That cavalcade, as it followed the line of march through the streets, was a sight to behold, made up as it was of all sorts of men, from the Custom House officials to the sailors and marines of the revenue cutter Polk, pressed into service by the Collector. Emperor Norton was a silent spectator of the moving pageant. A barkeeper in Truesdale's saloon on Commercial street celebrated the event by a song composed and sung by himself night after night to crowds of admiring listeners. Collector King, learning that his name figured rather comically in the song, in order to silence the singer, gave him an appointment as an inspector in the Custom House —the only instance, I believe, of which there is any record of a barkeeper's singing himself out of the barroom into the Custom House.

By way of illustrating the changes which time will effect in a man's views of what is enough to retire upon, I call to mind an old schoolmate, Benjamin Brewster, who had come to California about a year and a half before I did. He was in the ready-made clothing business, and when I hunted him up and we had discussed the old times and the old town, I said:

"Ben, how are you making out here?"

"Oh," said he, "I can't complain. Business is first-rate, but I just want to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars and I will go back to dear old Norwich and spend the remainder of my days."

In five months from that time the great May fire swept his business off the face of the earth, but his credit was good, and he soon had another well-furnished store. He was in business during the Civil War when he could buy clothing for greenbacks and sell for gold, and money came pouring in on him, so that when he retired from business he invested sixty thousand dollars with John D. Rockefeller, and died worth five millions. I met Mr. Rockefeller in Yosemite Valley in 1898, and introduced myself, in order to make some inquiries concerning my old schoolfellow. Mr. Rockefeller unhesitatingly pronounced him the best man he had ever met, and said he had not yet found any one who could effectually take his place in the company; so there was more than "luck" to be counted as a factor in the making of his fortune.

It was during the exciting times of the early fifties that the young men of the city, becoming painfully aware of the demoralizing effects of mixed drinks, organized a society known as the Young Men's Moral Reform Club, with the motto, "How happy is the man who never drinks." This was a conundrum which none of the members was able to solve, but the moral reform feature of the club was that its members were *never to drink mixed drinks.* I had the honor of being elected the first president. There were twelve members, and our meetings

were held at the Mission on the last Saturday night of the month, with the Cliff House omnibus to convey us to and from our place of meeting. But one after another broke the pledge and was borne out to Lone Mountain cemetery, until there were but two survivors, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and myself. In 1895 I went East, and my fellow member of the Reform Club must have been beguiled from the paths of rectitude, for he, too, died, and I am now the sole representative of the organization which was famous in its day and generation. If my example shall have been the means of persuading young men to abstain from mixed drinks and confine themselves to the moderate use of whisky straight, I shall feel that I have not overhauled the storehouses of memory in vain.

A jolly quartet, composed of Captain Burns, George Bird, John Sanborn and myself, once conceived the idea of economizing in living. All samples of canned goods came to the Custom House, and we decided that we could live on them cheaper than we could board anywhere else. I had charge of all these things—ducks, geese and oil from China, as well as all kinds of canned goods. We were to have a stove in the Appraiser's store, and all we would have to buy would be bread and butter. We began our economical program on the Fourth of July. After the table was set, we thought we would celebrate the occasion by going to Barry & Patten's. On the way we bought a beefsteak for breakfast. We did not go back to the Appraiser's store, and the table was

set for three weeks as we had left it—which was the last of our attempt to economize in living.

My first Christmas in San Francisco was celebrated in Acapulco. It happened in this way: When I sailed out of New York on November 20, 1850, it was understood that we would arrive at San Francisco in plenty of time for Christmas. But on arriving at Panama, we took the steamship Tennessee, and the captain of that ship was the most cautious captain that I ever sailed with, although I had been for many years a sailor. He had such a dread of the rocks and shoals along the Coast that he would stand off shore all night, and it would take all next day to sight the land again. That was why my first Christmas in San Francisco was spent in Acapulco. But that cautious skipper, as he grew older, grew more daring, and he took to "hugging the shore," and during a dense fog one night he entered a narrow inlet north of Golden Gate that he couldn't have found his way into in broad daylight. The ship was left high and dry on the beach where, like John Brown's body in the grave, she lies mouldering. To commemorate the sagacity of the ship (so to speak) in finding her way into that lonely little harbor, it was given the name of Tennessee Bay.

The Christmas of 1851 was duly observed in San Francisco with all the merry greetings of the season. At Barry & Patten's, Billy Blossom's and the Blue Wing, everybody received the assurance of the distinguished consideration of everybody else during the day, and at night a Christmas banquet was given at Jones' Hotel,

which stood at the corner of California and Sansome streets, where the Bank of California is now located. The banquet was served at ten dollars a plate, and to those of us who had been paying a dollar and a half for a meal made up of baked beans, bear steak, codfish hash and potatoes from Australia, it was worth all it cost. The roast turkeys were a sensation to most of us, who had not seen a turkey since leaving our Eastern homes. I remember a few of the guests that were seated at the board. There were Judge Ogden Hoffman, Collector King, Colonel E. D. Baker, J. Minot Brown, C. K. Green, Captain Shillaber, James Wainwright, Selim Woodworth, George W. Granniss, James Macondray, James Riddle and Mayor Brenham. At nine o'clock we all sat down and at half past two A. M. we all arose, and as there was no Oakland boat then, everybody stayed until the wind-up of the jamboree. The speeches, as I remember them, were fully up to the average of the after dinner speeches of the period. But the remarks of Collector King seemed to me more like a Fourth of July oration than an after Christmas dinner speech, and it paved the way for his going down to San Jose when the legislature was in session and running for the United States Senate, although he did not get there.

When the news of the America's having won the great international yacht race in October, 1851, reached San Francisco, there was much enthusiasm. I have always thought, and think yet, that there is not within the United States a people of purer patriotism, of more devoted love of country, or who look forward to the future greatness

of the Republic with loftier feelings of honest pride than the people of California, and this feeling shows itself on all occasions. When a clipper ship arrived, making a passage from New York in less time than it would have taken the ships of any other nation to cross the equator, it was not the captain nor the builders who got the credit of the performance, but to the American nation all the praise was awarded. When we received the news that the awards of the World's Fair for the best agricultural implements exhibited went to Americans, no one inquired who was the inventor or whether they were made in Maine or in Florida. It was sufficient for this people to know that an American gained the prize, and when friends met they congratulated each other on the success of *our ingenuity.*

The news of the great race in England was received here at nine o'clock at night, and before eleven there was hardly a man, woman or child who did not know that the America had beaten the world and that the English press had been forced to acknowledge that "Britannia rules the waves" no longer. But there were very few who asked where or by whom this yacht was built or who sailed her. The whole arrangement was American and no further questions were asked, but throughout the night you could have heard called out "Three cheers for the America!" "The America has beat the world!" and responded to by people returning from business, or by parties elated by the news, who had stopped too long in some saloon to talk over the matter, and were now homeward bound full of

enthusiasm and bad brandy. But do not think from this that all the enthusiasm was confined to the visitors at saloons, for the feeling pervaded all classes. Nor was it patriotism alone which was the characteristic of the early Californian. The whole-souled generosity and noble-hearted way of doing business was destined to make this people great in all they undertook, and it was these peculiarities, united with an enterprise that rebuilt a devastated city twice within a year, each time finer than before, which struck the foreigner and the stranger with wonder.

In 1851 an Australian came to California and after mingling with the gold seekers in the mining region for awhile, he located a claim and was doing fairly well when it occurred to him that the land he had known in Australia bore a striking resemblance to the land he was working, and the more he thought about it the more thoroughly convinced he became, until finally he disposed of his claim and sailed for that far-away land. Nothing more was thought of him by his associates until the startling news came that gold had been discovered in Australia and that the discoverer was a miner from California. At that time I had been detailed by Mr. Guthrie, Chief Inspector, to inspect an Australian brig that had arrived with a cargo of potatoes that were selling at a fabulous price. The supercargo and owner of the freight was a young Englishman, and a very agreeable man to know. When the news of the gold discovery came he made inquiries and found that it was on his own land.

As soon as he realized what the news meant for him he was nearly frantic with joy. He told the captain to do the best he could with the cargo, and immediately sailed away for his home and the promised land. The captain soon disposed of his potatoes at reduced rates and without waiting for a return cargo, cleared for the same destination, and that is the last I ever heard of the supercargo, the brig or her captain, but if the mining lands yielded a richer revenue to that supercargo than did his potato patch, he must have accumulated wealth that would have admitted him into the highest walks of society.

In striking contrast with the feelings of the Australians on their departure were those of a very dear friend from my native town. He had given up a good grocery business at home and had come to California during the early days of the gold excitement, but instead of seeking his fortune in the mines he opened a grocery store in San Francisco, and was doing so remarkably well that he wrote to his wife to join him. But she didn't join him worth a cent. On the contrary, he received by return mail a letter from that dear wife informing him that if he ever wanted to see her again he must come home, as she would not go to California. He was too loving a husband to ignore the summons, consequently he sold his business and made preparations to return to his home. I, with others of his friends, was at the wharf to say good-by and to see him off. On the wharf was a fruit-stand where Australian apples were being sold. My friend, taking one in his hand, asked the price:

"Two bits," said the fruit seller.

"Two bits!" ejaculated my friend, and holding up the apple to us, said he: "Only think of it! Two bits for that apple, and I have got to go home and sell better looking apples two for a cent."

The utter disgust with which he expressed himself, and the contrast between his feelings and those of the Australians upon their departure, are my reasons for telling this story.

In 1852 an American vessel returning from China picked up a Japanese junk with a starving crew which had been blown off the coast some five hundred miles. They were unable to help themselves, and were brought to San Francisco. Upon their arrival Collector King had the crew, eight men and a small boy, placed on board the revenue cutter Polk, then at anchor in the harbor, while he communicated with the authorities at Washington, relating the circumstances and awaiting instructions. In due course of time an answer was received informing the Collector that a Government ship under command of Commodore Perry would call at San Francisco and convey the shipwrecked Japanese to their own country. I was then Custom House Boarding Officer, and often during my morning tour of the ships in harbor I was on board the Polk when the strangers made their first appearance for the day. Their first act, upon reaching the deck, was to go aft and prostrate themselves three times before the officer of the deck. This was their form of salutation—kowtowing. Japan was then a sealed book

to all the world, and death was the penalty to be paid by any Japanese who visited a foreign land and returned. The Japanese language was an unknown tongue outside of that country, and that Japanese crew knew nothing of where they were nor what would be their fate. Commodore Perry arrived with his ship and sailed again for Japan with the sea waifs aboard. Arriving at Yokohama, a boat was sent ashore with dispatches to the officials informing them of the object of the visit, which was a guarantee for the lives of the shipwrecked crew and a desire to negotiate a treaty between the United States and Japan. The answer vouchsafed to this communication was for the ship to heave up her anchor and leave, as the authorities would have nothing whatever to do with them. Commodore Perry then sailed for Nagasaki. There another effort was made to enter into diplomatic relations, but it met only a surly rebuff. Then the Commodore, with his patience entirely exhausted and determination at white heat, sailed away for Yokohama again, came to an anchor in the harbor, loaded up his guns on both sides, and blazed away. This produced the desired effect, for, when a second dispatch was sent ashore informing the authorities that they would be bombarded if the lives of their countrymen were not guaranteed and the treaty negotiated within twenty-four hours, no time was lost in coming to terms. Within less than the specified time the affair was consummated and the ports of Japan were virtually thrown open to the world's commerce. Today there is no name held in higher esteem in Japan than

that of Commodore Perry, and this I can testify to from my own knowledge of the people and the country.

A change in the Administration at Washington brought about a corresponding change in the Custom House at San Francisco, and I was superseded by a man who afterward made a fortune in the ice business. The coolness with which he took possession of my office and all belonging to it convinced me at the time that as an ice dealer he would be the success which he afterwards proved himself to be.

CHAPTER V

FROM CUSTOM HOUSE TO STEAMBOATING.—FROM STEAMBOATING TO HIDE AND HORN TRADING.—OFF TO THE MINES.—AS A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.—MINING EXPERIENCE IN SONORA.—MY FIRST APPEARANCE AS A LECTURER.—THE FLOOD IN SACRAMENTO.—A LITTLE JOURNEY.—THE PONY EXPRESS.

FTER a much needed rest from the wear and tear of my official life, I was again ready for work, and was appointed by Mr. Charles Minturn as mate of the steamer Cornelia of the Stockton route. The Cornelia had just been put in commission. She was built in New York, and schooner-rigged she had sailed from there, through the Strait of Magellan to San Francisco. She had been thoroughly overhauled and when I entered upon my duties I found everything in trim for me to use to the best advantage my past experience on Long Island Sound. It placed me head and shoulders above the other steamboat men on the river, and I soon had the Cornelia the pride of the bay. Everything about her was "ship shape and Bristol fashion," and the discipline of the crew was the admiration of all who witnessed it. While mate of the Cornelia, I obtained leave of absence to go home, and secured passage on the Uncle Sam. The night before

she sailed we were rowed around the bay, and as we were in a genial mood we whiled away the hours in singing. Madame Thilon of the Metropolitan Opera House was on the steamer and her manager, thinking the vocal demonstration was all in her honor, called to her to come on deck. When the small boat we were in came opposite the Uncle Sam, the men cried, "Three cheers for George Bromley."

"Who is George Bromley, anyway?" asked the offended lady.

Later on, however, I was introduced to her, and she apologized for thinking the jolly party was in her honor.

We crossed the Isthmus of Panama in two days and one night. The building of the road had only been completed as far as Aspinwall, and we rode to Shagras on mules, sometimes swimming in mud, sometimes on dry land. It was anything but a pleasant trip. However, I arrived at home in due course of time, and had a delightful visit with my family and friends, after which I returned to San Francisco and the Cornelia. But the time came when an able-bodied freight clerk persuaded the owner that he could perform the duties of mate and freight clerk for one salary, and I was let out to seek pastures new for subsistence.

After knocking around town for a few days, I met an old-time friend named Robert Parker, who was also looking for something to do. He had been at one time quite prosperous, but the fires of May and June, 1851, had

swept away his fortune, and he was now seeking an opportunity to make a new start. We talked over our affairs and prospects, and knowing that there were quantities of hides and horns on the various ranches which we could obtain in exchange for groceries, we embarked in the enterprise. Mr. Joshua Havens had a little sloop named the Red Rock, which he kindly loaned us, and she was just the craft for our business. So we laid in a cargo of groceries from the wholesale store of Sherry & Janes, on credit, to be paid for from the proceeds of our venture. The first voyage was a grand financial success, but not to be compared with the second; for, during our absence, Sherry & Janes had tried to corner the sugar market, and just as they had bought up the last lot in sight and were about to raise prices, a ship arrived from New York loaded down with sugar, and the firm of Sherry & Janes was numbered among the firms that were. When we arrived we sold our cargo of horns and hides, and not knowing who the assignees of the defunct firm were, we divided our profits, returned our sloop with thanks to Mr. Havens, and once more we mingled with those who had left their far-away homes in the pursuit of riches, so elusive to the majority of the seekers.

One little incident in connection with the hide and horn business I must relate. We had sailed out of Petaluma Creek and were bound for Napa, having played our usual game of seven-up that morning to see who would be captain. Parker had won and had gone below, leaving me to sail the sloop, and as I was at the helm headed for the

east end of Mare Island with a fresh, fair wind blowing, I noticed we were not making the speed we ought to. On looking over the side I saw that the mud was within six inches of the top of the water, so I immediately called all hands, and up came Parker and asked, "What's up?" I said, "Mud," and took in all sail, and when the tide had finished going out we found that we were about five miles from land and three miles from water, and for a mile astern we could trace our wake through the mud. But fortunately for us the tide had been running out an hour before we fetched up, consequently we floated about till twelve o'clock that night, and finished out the voyage to Napa, where we arrived in time for supper at the hotel, and not having taken food since breakfast, we were in condition to eat whatever was in sight. When I was about to suggest to Parker that he had better let up as we were to take breakfast there in the morning, his chair broke down, and as he was the captain that day, it added very much to my mortification. And yet he was one of the best men I ever knew.

After retiring from the hide and horn business, in 1855, I was offered a position as manager of a mine somewhere up in the mining region. Nothing came amiss with me at that time, so of course I accepted. On my way to my destination I concluded to stop over one day at Sacramento in order to secure an outside seat on the stage, with the driver. I heard some talk of a railroad being started down on the R street levee, and thought it would be in my line to go and inspect the work. To my great

surprise, I discovered in the contractor an old friend from my native town who was as pleased to see me as I was to meet him. After the usual comparison of notes and exchange of news—

"Now, where are you going?" said he.

"I am on my way to take charge of a mine up in the mountains," said I.

"Oh, damn the mine," said he, forgetting for the moment his early pious training. "You just stay here and take charge of the construction train for building this road. Your mine is an uncertainty, but this job is a sure thing."

His argument was convincing and I stayed with him. Upon the completion of the road the directors appointed me conductor on the passenger train, where I remained for nine years, the first conductor on the first railroad built on the west side of the continent of North America. The railroad was twenty-two miles long, and connected Sacramento with the town of Folsom. The fare was two dollars each way, and twenty-five cents extra if the passenger neglected to provide himself with a ticket before coming on board. Occasionally some inquisitive passenger would inquire as to the final destination of that extra two bits, and with the politeness which has made the railroad conductor famous the world over, I would answer that it was none of his business. All he had to do was to pay it, and I would look after its final disposition. There were no bell punches in those days, and consequently two boards of directors died poor, but the conductor kept right on attending to his business.

It was during my railroad experience that Colonel Russ, who had achieved fame by paving Broadway, New York, with what was known as the Russ pavement, came to Folsom with an invention of his own for cutting granite. The granite was there, and as he could utilize the water of the Natoma ditch as motive power, Folsom afforded him an excellent field for his experiment. Very soon after his arrival he became convinced that the bluffs across the North Fork of the American River, opposite Folsom, contained gold in large quantities, and on the strength of his conviction a company was formed and chartered under the title of the Russ Bluff Mining Company, with the Colonel as president and myself as secretary. The shares were put upon the market, and sold like hot cakes. Men were set to work sinking a shaft, and superficially it looked all right. After some three weeks' work at the excavation I concluded it was about time to know something definite with regard to the prospects. I visited the shaft and found it was about a hundred feet deep. Taking passage in the bucket, I went down to investigate, and after thorough examination I was convinced that there was no more gold to be found at the bottom of that shaft than there was on top. I ordered the men to quit work right there and then and to say nothing of the prospect and I would see that they were paid. Otherwise, the chances were they wouldn't get a cent. The Colonel was then in San Francisco and I wrote to him detailing my visit to the shaft and intimated that I

had made an important discovery. I requested his authority to advertise the delinquent shares to be sold, and he lost no time in issuing the order. Meantime it was whispered that my "important discovery" was one of untold wealth and the delinquents came tumbling over each other in their haste to put themselves in line to share the prospective dividends. Upon the return of Colonel Russ to Folsom, a meeting of the shareholders was called at Patterson's Hotel, and a majority put in an appearance. After the usual routine business had been transacted and an account of receipts and expenditures rendered, I proceeded to furnish a complete report of my inspection of the mine. I told them plainly that there was not a whit better prospect of finding gold at the foot of the shaft than there was at the top of the bluff, and that being satisfied of the uselessness of further work I had ordered the men to quit forthwith. The shock of the announcement was painful to behold when something so different had been expected, but I informed them that there was money enough on hand to pay the miners what was due them as well as the modest salary of the secretary, and leave a sufficient surplus to order up wine for the company. So their spirits revived and the affairs of the Russ Bluff Mining Company were wound up quite cheerfully, considering the unpleasant disappointment. The question then arose of what disposition should be made of the shaft, when it was voted to dig carefully around it, turn the other end up, and sell it to the Government for a lighthouse. Thus ended my mining experience, the prom-

ise and fulfillment of which were so far apart that they never came in sight of each other.

I am reminded, however, of another episode in connection with the mines. It was in the early fifties, when Sonora was in the midst of its famous boom. I went up there, and on my arrival was a guest at the Miners' Hotel for one night. I retired early, and about eleven o'clock was awakened by a loud rapping at the front door. There were two miners in the adjoining room, and as there was only a canvas partition between I could easily hear all they said and did. One of them went to the window which was above the front door, and the other inquired:

"What's up?"

"Pedro has come home stabbed."

Shortly afterward I heard a heavy fall on the floor below. I dressed hastily and went down, and there, stretched on a cot, lay Pedro, the town watchman, with a hole in his back the size of a dollar, where the assassin's knife had been turned round in the wound, taking out the piece of flesh. They turned him over and in about five minutes he drew his last breath. A son of the proprietress of the hotel was standing near me, and said he:

"That's the fourth man I have seen die on that cot in the last three months, and one of them was my father."

"Is that so?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "that is so."

"Then," said I, "what time does the first stage leave here for somewhere else?"

"At four o'clock in the morning," he answered.

"Then," said I, "book me for an inside seat," and I left deeply impressed with the uncertainty of life in a mining camp, particularly in Sonora.

In 1857 I was granted a leave of absence by the railroad company, and went to my Eastern home for my family—my wife, two daughters and two sons. They were delighted with the prospect of the reunion and the new home, and accompanied me to Sacramento, where some of the happiest years of my life have been spent.

It was during my railroad experience that I made my first appearance as a public lecturer. Folsom, at that time, had the unique reputation of having more churches than saloons within its limits, but unfortunately the churches were all in debt, while the saloons were doing a thriving business. A new minister had been installed to preside over one of the debt-burdened churches, and he inaugurated a course of lectures in order to reduce the indebtedness. Lecturing talent was not very plentiful in those days, which will account for my being called upon. The minister had been successful in securing the services of A. A. Sargent, J. Ross Brown, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Peck and a few others more or less well known as public speakers. At the close of Dr. Peck's lecture, which was delivered to an audience that about half-filled the house, the doctor inquired of the new minister if this was about the size of the audiences that generally listened to the lectures, and was told that it was an average house.

"Well," said Dr. Peck, "how are you coming out?"

"Oh, we are more than paying expenses."

"Now," said Dr. Peck, "you just get Mr. Bromley to deliver a lecture for you."

"Do you think he would?" inquired the minister.

"You just try him," advised the doctor, and the first thing I knew there came a letter from the minister telling me all about the course of lectures and asking me when it would be convenient for me to deliver one of the course. My first thought was that somebody had been guying him, but on further reflection I concluded that he was in dead earnest, so I answered his letter but declined the proffered honor. My letter was more elaborate than was necessary to accomplish the purpose, and the outcome of the correspondence was to bring the minister to the depot, where he sought me out and introduced himself, with the design of persuading me to change my mind and appear on the platform.

I asked, "What have you been charging for tickets?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well," said I, "if I deliver a lecture it will be my first appearance and the tickets must be one dollar, for if it is a success it will be worth a dollar to listen to, and if it is a failure I want to go down in a blaze of glory at a dollar a head."

The good man seemed to think that if the lecturing talent of the State would address a fifty-cent audience it was rather cheeky on my part to think of charging people a dollar to listen to me. However, I brought him round to my way of thinking, and then I started in to prepare my

lecture. This had to be done at Folsom between trains, for had my dear wife any inkling of my intention she would have dissuaded me. Moreover, as a home lecturer, I had never amounted to a hill of beans. I had taken for my theme, "Folsom, and So-Forth," that appearing to be a suitable topic for a local discourse. When I had put together what I judged it would take me about an hour and a half to deliver, I told the minister he could send out his notices and I would be ready. The following day, on my return home, my wife met me at the front gate, and said she:

"George, what in the world are you going to do?"

"Why?" asked I.

"Well," said she, "I went up town to do some shopping and I saw all over the dead walls and fences flaring posters with your name in big letters, announcing a lecture to be delivered by you in Folsom."

"Did you see that?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," was the answer.

"Well," said I, "if you saw that I suppose I will have to deliver a lecture in Folsom."

"Ah, how foolish you are," said she, "you will only make a failure of it, and then you will be mortified to death."

"I can't help it," I responded, "but it is for the benefit of the church, so I will have to stand it."

That settled it at once, and my dear little wife had nothing more to say. The superintendent of the railroad, having heard of the project, volunteered to run a special

train on that evening and charge a dollar for the round trip, all the proceeds to be donated to the church. I was star passenger on that trip, the superintendent, himself, assuming my duties as conductor. When we arrived at the church the house was full to overflowing, and as I entered I was greeted with a burst of applause. It was then, for the first time, that it dawned upon me that I was the man of the hour. The church choir opened the exercises with a selection of music they had been practicing for three weeks, and I was delighted with the singing and wished it would keep on indefinitely, for I knew that when that stopped I would have to begin. But my time came, and I was introduced by the minister. I wish I could describe my feelings for the first few moments, but language fails, so I can only say that in all my experience since that time I have never known anything to compare with them. However, I pulled myself together, and feeling that I had the audience with me I regained my confidence, but finding that they would rather listen than applaud, I laid my spectacles on my manuscript, and stepping aside from the desk, I said:

"I must say to the ladies and gentlemen who came up free on the train with the understanding that they were to furnish the applause, that unless they pay better attention they will go home afoot."

After that there was no lack of demonstration, and my first lecture was pronounced a success in every way.

In July, 1859, I was detailed to take charge of a special train to take the committee of reception from Sacramento

to Folsom to receive Horace Greeley, and a hearty reception he met with, I assure you. He was looked upon at that time as the greatest man who had ever visited California, and glorious results were anticipated on his return East, from his efforts in behalf of the great Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

From an old letter written to my mother in June, 1859, I quote this account of a little journey taken by myself and family. As conditions have changed so much since then, the itinerary will, perhaps, prove interesting:

"We were gone just twelve days and they were certainly twelve of the pleasantest days we have ever spent together. I hired for the occasion a very fine carriage with three seats and capable of carrying us all comfortably, drawn by two splendid white horses and driven by the best looking man in Sacramento. We left the house in charge of a neighbor and at half past nine A. M., Thursday, May eighteenth, we started, all hands in high glee. The first day we drove forty miles over the finest road ever traveled, the horses' feet sounding all the time as though striking on solid rock. Away we went, through the valley, over the hill, and across the plain, and at four o'clock P. M., arrived at Suisun City, where, at a comfortable hotel, we remained all night. I found quite a number of old acquaintances there and passed the time very pleasantly. At seven o'clock the next morning we started for Napa City where we arrived after a delightful ride of four hours, all in excellent spirits. Here I met more old acquaintances and spent a few days visiting

friends in the valley. At nine o'clock one morning we left Napa for Sonoma. This drive of about four hours was unsurpassed in beauty by anything we had ever dreamed of, the road lying for most of the way along the foothills of the Coast Range, and the view from some of the highest points of the valleys and ravines below was truly magnificent. When we came within view, Sonoma Valley lay all spread out before us, with its vineyards and orchards for miles and miles, and in the centre the city of Sonoma, looking like a speck upon the ocean of cultivated plain. I wish I could describe it so as to give an idea of how it appeared to us. On arriving at the hotel we found it all we could ask, and we remained five days. We had heard several persons speak of a striking resemblance between our daughter Mary and little Benicia Vallejo, but had thought nothing of it until the day we called on General Vallejo, when, after we were all seated in the parlor, Mrs. Vallejo called Mary to her, kissed her, and very much agitated, left the room. It seemed strange, but it was all explained when one of the family showed us a daguerreotype of the little daughter who had died about four months before. The resemblance was striking. As the General looked upon Mary, he drew a deep sigh, and with tears in his eyes turned away to hide his emotion. After the reserve which this affecting scene had caused wore off, we had a glorious time. We wandered through the vineyards, drank the luscious California wine, and had free access to the immense strawberry grounds, the General, his wife and family doing all

in their power to make us feel perfectly at home. Yet little Mary received the lion's share of attention. The largest berries and the prettiest flowers were picked for her, and they were quite in earnest when they wished us to leave her with them for a while. It seemed hard to refuse them. On leaving Sonoma, where we stayed at the hotel kept by 'Tony' Oakes, a great friend of mine, we started at six o'clock in the morning for Lakeville, distant about fourteen miles, where we took the San Francisco boat, and all hands, horses and carriage, arrived at eleven A. M."

There are not many, no doubt, alive who remember the Sacramento flood of 1861–62. On the morning of December 9th, I started as usual with the train, first telling the engineer to go slow and with care, as it had rained heavily for forty-eight hours. I was afraid there might be breaks in the road. We proceeded without difficulty for about four miles when we discovered that the American River had overflowed its banks and was just rising over the roadbed. I detached the locomotive and sent the engineer ahead to reconnoitre. He went about four hundred yards and found that the track had been forced down the embankment by the current; he then started to return, and when about half way back he found the road had slid away behind him, and he could not get back to us. I then sent a handcar with the section men into town for an engine to take us back, but before the engine arrived the road had gone for a number of rods behind us, so there we were, castaway, half a mile from

land and about the same distance from water, and it was nearly night before we were taken off the cars, as boats had to be brought from Sacramento, and they were in great demand throughout the city itself. When we left the cars the water was nearly up to the floors. We had to make several loads of our company, and in getting to the city we had to drag the boat a portion of the way over land and then ferry across the rapids at the breaks in the embankment of the road. We were so much delayed by this difficult mode of travel that when darkness came on we found ourselves a long mile from the city on what was known as Poverty Ridge, and then the water was rushing through the breaks in the R street levee with such force that we dared not attempt to go further, so we had to remain on the Ridge all night, and I need not say that it was a night of terrible suspense to many of us, for we could know nothing of the condition of our families. We only knew that between us and them was a raging torrent carrying death, devastation and ruin in its course, and that from a distance beyond the reach of our assistance we could distinctly hear the despairing cries of men, women and children who were expecting every moment that their homes would be afloat and themselves borne with them beyond the possibility of mortal arms to rescue them. But by eleven o'clock the waters began to recede, and those in such immediate peril were saved. Late in the night we found shelter in the house of a whole-souled, generous Irishman, who took us to his home, where he gave us hot coffee, bread

and meat, and a good fire at which to warm our almost frozen limbs. Many of us had eaten nothing since the day before, yet we had no desire for food. The anxiety about our families and the uncertainty of their fate took away appetite. Soon after daylight a boat came for us and we then learned with unspeakable gratitude that all were safe, though they had to be taken from the houses in boats. When I returned I found my dear ones with some twelve or fifteen other families in possession of a large two-story brick house on the same block on which we lived. When the water began to come into the streets two of the railroad men, knowing that I was away, went to the house and took up the carpets, raised the piano and sewing machine on boxes and placed most of the furniture in the upper story. And right quickly they had to work, too, for when all was done the boat came to the front door and my wife, with the children, stepped in from the second story window. My youngest daughter had a favorite kitten for whose safety she seemed exceedingly anxious, but before leaving the house she appeared to have forgotten her anxiety, and it was lost sight of, but the next day, on opening one of the trunks, out jumped the kitten, the little girl having put it there for safe keeping. The flood occurred on the ninth of December, and by the tenth the water had receded so far as to get down to the floor of our house and I began to try to clean up. The "slum" was about an inch deep, so the next day we packed our wearing apparel

and went to San Francisco. As late as the end of February, 1862, the water over about half Sacramento was still deep enough for row boats, and there seemed to be a boat for every house, and almost every boy and girl appeared to have learned how to use a pair of oars. There were regattas on the principal streets every day, and amongst the young folks it was, no doubt, a matter of deep regret when the water finally drained off and the streets were once more dry. Our meeting-house suffered severely from each of the floods (that was the third during that year). The second flood brought the water over the tops of the pews, destroyed all the upholstery and hymn books, and ruined the Sunday-school library. Everybody connected with the church had so much of his own business to attend to that no one could give time to the meeting-house, so the Rev. Mr. Charlton "took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves," and all alone commenced the work of repairing damages and renovating the house. He raised three hundred dollars at Mr. Cheney's church in San Francisco, and with this amount and his own labor he got everything righted and the church looked better than ever before.

I wonder how many there are who remember the "Pony Express?" The "Pony" was a small, one-horse concern carrying a mail never exceeding twenty-five or thirty pounds. The regular overland mail, in 1861, carried letters and papers at the usual rates, and ranged from fifteen hundred to forty-five hundred pounds. The Pony Express was a great institution. It grew out of

a desire to obtain as speedy communication with the East as was possible, a desire which was strengthened by the obvious need for the Federal authorities to be in touch with the Union men of the Coast in case that the already impending war cloud did not pass harmlessly overhead. It was Senator William M. Gwin, who afterwards joined the Confederates, who was the first to see the feasibility of a fast overland mail, as well as to point out the danger to both the Panama steamer route and the Southern Overland stage route, should secession become anything more than a threat. April 3, 1860, was the date settled on for the inauguration of the enterprise, and ten days the time limit between San Francisco and St. Joseph. The mail was carried from San Francisco to Sacramento by boat, and it was from the latter city that the real start was made. The first express went through on time, and elaborate preparations were made to welcome the rider with the Eastern mail. Both San Francisco and Sacramento were alive with enthusiasm. In Sacramento the whole city turned out with guns, bells, bands and anything else that could be relied upon to make a noise. No time was lost in conveying the precious packet to the steamer for the rest of the trip, and as the announcement of its probable arrival had been made in the evening papers and from the stages of the theatres, the city was awake and ready when it came in at midnight. The California Band paraded, the fire bells were rung, and the fire companies, having turned out to find there was no fire, joined in the

procession which escorted the messenger from the dock to the office—all because news only ten days old had come to hand. On the first west-bound trip the rider between Folsom and Sacramento was thrown and his leg broken. He was met in this plight by the Wells Fargo stage, and a special agent of the company, Mr. J. G. McCall, now connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, volunteered to ride for him and brought the first pony mail into Sacramento only an hour and a half late. Every "Pony" employee was required to sign a pledge in which he bound himself "not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman." After the war broke out an additional pledge of loyalty to the Union was added.

The news of the election of E. D. Baker of Oregon to a seat in the Senate of the United States was received with great enthusiasm in California and the public rejoicing went ahead of anything in the political line up to that time. Only four years previous a Republican speaker had been mobbed in Sacramento, but the party now began to take heart and to entertain hopes that California would soon take position amongst the foremost advocates of free speech and free territory.

CHAPTER VI

KEEPING HOTEL IN SAN JOSE.—GOVERNOR STANFORD'S PROPOSITION.—THE SANTA CRUZ HOTEL.—A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BECOMING DEL MONTE'S MANAGER.—A SPEECH THAT, UNSOUGHT, BROUGHT FAME.—SANTA BARBARA.

FTER nine years of railroading I graduated and bought out a hotel at San Jose, in 1864. Naturally, as proprietor of the Continental Hotel, I scored such a success as no other hotel man in that town could come within gunshot of. After I had been in the hotel business in San Jose long enough to have established a creditable reputation as a host, I was one day honored by a visit from Governor and Mrs. Stanford. They came in the morning and remained all day, and seemed to be pleased with the establishment and its appointments. After lunch the Governor suggested that we should go out and sit under the awning, as he had a matter of some importance to discuss with me. I could not imagine what it could be, but was not long awaiting enlightenment. Soon after we were seated, Governor Stanford asked me how I was making out in keeping a hotel. I answered:

"Very well, indeed; much better than I expected."

"Well," said the Governor, "I have a proposition to

make to you. Mr. Crocker is now the superintendent of our railroad, and he is also managing the building of the road, which occupies all of his time. He knows of the proposition I am about to make to you, and it meets with his approval. It is this: That you sell out this hotel business, return to Sacramento and take Mr. Crocker's place as superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad."

The proposition startled me, and I could not believe that he was in earnest. There were fewer railroad men in California then than there were in later years, and I have always thought it was to that that I owed the distinction. I told Governor Stanford that I appreciated the honor beyond the power of words to express, and with all my heart I thanked him for his flattering opinion of my capability as a railroad man. I was proud to know that my nine years' service in the Sacramento Valley had won the approval of such men as composed the Central Pacific Railroad Company, but I had become enamored of my hotel life, and with many thanks I declined the proffered honor. The Governor seemed somewhat disappointed at the result of the interview, and I afterward learned that he had come to San Jose with the express intention of inducing me to accept the position. Many times, afterward, during my career as a hotel keeper, it occurred to me that had I told the first man I met, after my conversation with the Governor, that he could have the establishment for just what he chose to offer, and gone back to Sacramento, it would have been the wisest thing I could have done. I would not now have to think of

walking in order to economize carfare. And yet, I would have missed so much fun, and so many jolly good times, that, taking it all in all, perhaps, it is better as it is. I could not be happier, nor enjoy better health, if I owned a whole railroad myself, and were the president and the board of directors combined.

In 1866 the wooden hotel at Santa Cruz went up in smoke, but the owners saved the lot and decided to build another hotel on the same site if I would consent to manage it. Negotiations were opened, and everything being satisfactory, I sold out at San Jose and settled down in Santa Cruz, which I found much easier than settling up after two years of hard work. I named the hostelry the Pacific Ocean House, and for two seasons it was filled with the nicest people that ever visited a summer resort, and so popular that real estate in Santa Cruz increased in value from twenty-five to fifty per cent. But the busy season is only between three and four months in duration and the dull times intervening get away with all the profits. I stood it until the winter of 1868, and then gave it up and returned to San Francisco. Meeting an old-time friend who had leased the Napa Springs Hotel, he asked me what I had cleared in the hotel business. I told him that I had cleared a three-rail fence in getting away from the sheriff. He shook his head and hinted at mismanagement, but I met him again at the end of the season.

"Charley," said I, "how did *you* make out?"

"Well," said he, "*I* didn't quite clear that fence."

But such were the ups and downs of hotel life in those days.

It was while employed as a storekeeper in the San Francisco Custom House, a good many years later, that I received a message from the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, asking me to come to their office at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, as they wanted to see me on business. Now, that was what you might call a stunner, but I went, and there I found the four men who built the first railroad across the continent. After a very cordial greeting they unfolded the plan in which I had been summoned to take part, and which proved to be the building of a hotel at Monterey which would surpass anything on this side of the continent. They had canvassed the State in search of the right man to act as manager and proprietor, and had fixed their choice on me. Talk of a peal of thunder from a clear sky! That wouldn't be in it, compared to my surprise at the announcement, but on recovering I expressed my appreciation of the honor, but said I would have to consult my wife. They agreed to this, and when I made the proposition known to her, it was some little time before she took it in, and then she said:

"George, if you should take that hotel you wouldn't live three years. Your hotel life at Santa Cruz would have worn you out in a very few seasons more, and for you to take charge of such a hotel as they propose building at Monterey, your days would be numbered."

I thought so myself, and consequently I wrote to the

railroad officials thanking them for the honor they had conferred, stating the opinion my wife had expressed, and my own concurrence in her very sensible conclusion, after due deliberation. So I did not take charge of the Hotel del Monte, but the fact of its management having been offered to me is evidence that my failure at the Santa Cruz hotel was not attributed to any fault of mine.

It was during the quiet winter months at Santa Cruz that the lady teachers of the public school decided to get up an entertainment to raise funds for repairing the schoolhouse, as the school funds were entirely exhausted. Preparations were made, programmes were issued, and the community was on the tip-toe of expectation. On the evening of the entertainment I was behind the scenes assisting the ladies in preparing their tableaux. But when the time came for beginning the exercises, the two gentlemen who were to furnish a song as the opening number had "fallen down," so to speak, and the half-grown men and boys who composed a large part of the audience became so noisy in manifesting their impatience that the ladies began to grow anxious and asked me if I would not go out on the stage and say a few words to keep them quiet. I was not on the programme, but it is not in my nature to refuse any reasonable request coming from a lady, so I got myself together and made my appearance before the noisy audience. My speech had the desired effect, but the first intimation that I had said anything worth while was given me when I found that instead of continuing their preparations, the ladies had stopped dead still and

listened to me. The next day, I met the editor of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* at the hotel, and said he:

"Oh, I've got you down all right."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I took your speech down in shorthand and I am going to publish it."

"Don't you do it," I answered, "for I have friends outside of Santa Cruz, and should they see that speech they will think I have gone into second childhood."

Then he said he would obey my wishes in the matter, but he claimed that when he came to make up his paper he found he needed about that much to fill it, so the speech appeared in print, much to my annoyance. Nevertheless, and to my astonishment, it became quite famous as "Uncle George's School Speech." Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, while visiting President D. C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, was shown a copy of the speech, and was so pleased with it that she made a copy of it which she sent to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and he gave it to my brother, who was then on the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, who, in turn, sent it to me. The copy that I have reads thus:

Ladies, Gentlemen and Children: I appear before you to apologize for the non-appearance of the two gentlemen whose names appear on the programme, and I am requested to make a little speech as a substitute for the song they were to sing. Now, I was calculating to address the children on this occasion, but, unfortunately, the young lady who was to accompany the address on the piano was so overcome by its rehearsal that she has not

been out of the house since. Therefore I will have to deliver the address without the accompaniment and leave out the most affecting part for fear of consequences.

Now, if there is any one thing that I love to do better than another, it is to make speeches to children, because I love them, and, in fact, I have it from very good authority that I was once a little boy myself, and although not so good as some other little boys, the only reason for that was that there were then so many other little boys that were better than I was. So you see how near I came to being one of the best little boys in the district. I mention this for your encouragement.

Now, we want you all to be good children and to love your books and your teachers. I love your teachers because they are the most lovable of any teachers I have ever known, and they have worked very hard to get up this entertainment, to raise money to put a new floor in the schoolhouse, and to get nice new seats for the little boys' trousers—no, nice new trousers for the little boys' seats—no, I don't mean that, either. What I do mean is to get new seats to keep the boys from wearing out their trousers.

Now, they have worked hard to do all this, and have sometimes sat up late at night, and I have been so sorry that I could not sit up with them and help them. But I couldn't, because I had to sit up at the hotel and let in the people who were out late. Now, I want you all to be good children, and never keep the man at the hotel up late to let you in when he wants to be sitting up with your teachers and helping them to get up a festival to raise money to buy a new floor and all that sort of thing for the schoolhouse. Now, if what I am saying is too deep for you children to understand, you can get your parents to explain it in the morning, after they get through dancing.

When I was a little boy, how I did love to go to school (Saturday afternoon), and how well do I remember my first sum in arithmetic; and I was very proud of it, for it was some sum, I thought. I can see it now as plainly as if it were but twenty-five or thirty years ago. I set it down, then I added it up. It was ought and ought is ought, and ought is ought to ought. I cut off the top line; and it proved correctly. I took it to the teacher, and I thought he would get me a situation in the corner grocery, I was so quick at figures. He looked at the sum and passed back the slate, and said he: "You have figured up just about all you will ever amount to." I didn't know, at that time, what he meant, so I thanked him and asked him if I couldn't stand up and see who whispered. He said no, but that I might go home and tell my mother to put a nail in my forehead to hang my hat on, as it was a pity to wear out good hats on such a head. We all loved that teacher (when he moved away). He was very pious, and always opened school with prayer, or a long stick, and we used to think he didn't care which, for he told us once that he was bound to have the school opened on time if he had to open it with an oyster knife. He was so pious that he used to repeat Scripture to us, but he was very forgetful, and once he tried to tell us of what is said of "Suffer little children," but he forgot the rest, and so the little children had to suffer.

Now, I want to show you the importance of improving your time. I once knew a little boy in San Jose who loved to go to school and loved his books, and he grew up to be great and wise and good, and when he had learned all there was in San Jose he went to Milpitas, and there he was made postmaster, and when the other two men moved away he set up a hotel and had no opposition. So, you see, you must love your books if you want to be postmaster at Milpitas, and then, again, if you

ever get to know enough to make a speech at a school festival, you will know how easy it is to begin and how hard it is to leave off, for I have been trying about five minutes to stop this one of mine, and can only do so now by abruptly bidding you good night.

My excuse for reproducing this speech here is the cordial manner in which it was received at the time, and also on a later occasion, when I embodied it in an address given at the Temple Emanu-El in this city.

Another hotel experience of mine was in 1878. I went down to Santa Barbara and for a few weeks managed the Arlington. But the proprietor of the hotel was a Spiritualist, and he was told by some one in the other world that I was not the right man to run his hotel. The spirit pointed out the right man and he took my job, while I returned to San Francisco.

CHAPTER VII

RAILROAD BUILDING.—THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.—TRAIN ROBBERY.—AN UP-TO-DATE ROPEWALK.—STREET SWEEPING.—A UNIVERSITY ALUMNÆ BANQUET.—I MEET PRESIDENT GILMAN.—ANGEL ISLAND THIRTY YEARS AGO.—MCCULLOUGH AND THE MILK PUNCH.—INDIA RUBBER PAINT EPISODE.—MINING IN WHITE PINE.—MY S. P. ENGAGEMENT.—I CHRISTEN A FREIGHT BOAT.—A SURE THING IN LIGHTING APPARATUS.

N 1868 I was interested in a contract for grading and laying the tracks on that portion of the "Western Pacific Railroad" lying between Alameda and Stockton. The length of that section was about forty-two miles, and the work involved an estimated outlay of about a million dollars. If we had been permitted to go on and finish the work as we had commenced and at the rate at which we were paid for the first month we would have cleared at least a hundred thousand dollars on the contract, and we could have completed it in about eighteen months. We took the contract from the Central Pacific Railroad Company, as it was a portion of the road which was to connect the great transcontinental road with San Francisco. But the company had so worded our contract as to give them the privilege of classifying

the work after it was opened and they could form some idea of the kind of material we had to move, so, after the first month, they went over the work and made a difference of six thousand dollars in our estimate on the second month's work. Then, with a verbal understanding, we went to work on the third month and when the engineer's estimate was sent in they cut us down five thousand dollars on that, after which we saw that it was no use to try to bring them to any kind of a written agreement by which we could hold them, so we threw up the contract and bent our endeavors towards getting a settlement which would enable us to recover what we had invested in the work, if nothing more. The trouble was that although the company had built a great many miles of railroad themselves and had crossed the Sierra Nevadas, yet they had never known what the cost should have been, as it was the only railroading they had ever done, and in that they all had been for going ahead regardless of expense. So it appeared, they wanted to experiment with us and find out the cost, and then build the road themselves.

In 1868 the first epidemic of small-pox visited San Francisco, and it was surprising to see how unconcerned the people were about it. At the first outbreak the victims were removed immediately to the pest house, but when it became known how miserably they were treated many who were afflicted with the disease had such an unconquerable horror of the place that their friends preferred to take the risk of concealing the state of the case

and nursing the patients at home. An ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors requiring that a yellow flag should be displayed from all houses where small-pox existed, and it was made a penal offence to refuse to neglect to comply with the requirement. Consequently, the little yellow flags were to be seen in all parts of the city, and it was nothing unusual to see one displayed at the same entrance with a sign, "Rooms to Rent." I could not help thinking how differently such things were regarded in my native town, where a single case of small-pox would be enough to cause the blockading of a whole street.

This small-pox was a curious affair. People were scared enough but they found precautions were no safeguard. It seemed to be sporadic, and in the end they just trusted to luck to escape it. Old country folks said it was not like the disease they knew. It left worse scars, and vaccination was no protection. There wasn't any use in getting scared or anything else. We have had epidemics since, but nothing to compare with that one, either in the extent or the virulence. Old and young, rich and poor, clean and filthy got it alike and it was a sort of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may have the small-pox."

I have several of the letters I wrote home about this time, but few of the events recorded are of general interest. In contrast to my father's ropewalk was the one I visited in 1868 at the Potrero. Of all the ropewalks I have ever seen this one was way ahead. It was about

two thousand feet long and the spinning and laying was all done by machinery. They worked Manilla exclusively, and the Chinese who formed the bulk of the employees, were as regular and precise as the machinery itself. The engine room was like a parlor.

In 1870 one of the mail trains bound East was stopped and robbed by several men who, perhaps, had been disappointed in not drawing a big prize in the Mercantile Library Lottery. The affair created quite a sensation then but I do not recollect the particulars.

The street sweeping machines that were formerly used in San Francisco were introduced by me, and as I secured the contract for sweeping the city's streets, according to all calculations I should have become a very rich man, but when my contract expired I was by no means within a hundred miles of being the tenth part of a millionaire. The work was all done during the night time, and I was out more or less every night, but generally home by half past ten or eleven o'clock. I had but little to do during the day except to ride around and observe the condition of the streets.

It was while managing the street sweeping contract for the city that I was invited to attend an entertainment given by the Associated Alumnæ of the State University at Berkeley. With a high appreciation of the honor I accepted the invitation, and arrived at the place of meeting just as the men were called off from labor and mustered in to refreshments. At the entrance I met an old-time Folsom friend who seemed to be a sort of manager,

and whose gift of stammering was something wonderful. After exchanging greetings and congratulations, said he:

"I'm g-g-going to c-c-c-call on y-y-you."

"Thank you," said I, "do you know where I live?"

"Oh, I d-d-d-don't m-m-m-mean th-th-that," he answered, "I m-m-m-mean to c-c-c-call on y-y-you f-f-for a sp-p-p-peech."

"Don't you do it," said I, "for I have come here to listen and not to talk."

"W-w-what th-th-th-theme w-w-w-would y-y-you l-l-l-like t-to sp-p-peak up-upon?"

"Now, look here," said I, "I am entirely out of themes, so don't you call upon me."

He left me then, and I thought the matter had ended, but after the recess, when one or two speeches had been made, and Rev. Dr. Eells had delivered his staid, sober-sided address, Dr. Stone, the president of the association, arose in his place and called upon me. I was dumbfounded, but I managed to recover in time to respond, and this is part of what I said: (But I will remark right here that I can always remember better what I have said after saying it than I can what I am going to say before I say it. "Here's where we open," as the knife said to the oyster.)

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: To say that I am surprised at being called upon to address you but feebly expresses my emotion, for I came not here to talk, but to sit at the feet of these Gamaliels and learn wisdom, to drink from the Pierian spring—I think that is the

name of the spring, but there are so many springs nowadays that it is hard to keep the run of them. But I am glad to be here for several reasons, and the first is the pleasure of greeting your honored president. We have known each other long and well. The same lovely New England town that can boast of being his birthplace I also honored by having been born there; we have flown our kites by the same east-nor'-west wind, swam in the same river, skated on the same pond, and although he was a Congregationalist and I a Baptist, it did not prevent us from attending the same circus—a yielding of doctrinal points exceedingly rare in those days. I remember well when he left the old rooftree to plunge into the mysteries and miseries of a Yale college career, and I went whaling; he to consume the midnight oil, and I to furnish the supply. And now, here, in this far-away land we find our occupations running parallel. President Gilman is here in Berkeley, teaching the young to go forth and fight the battle of life, while I am in San Francisco, caring for the understandings of the people by running a street-sweeping machine. But to return to that spring—I don't recall the name—"

Here a gentleman in the audience prompted me—"Pierian."

"That's it," said I. "Now, that gentleman knows more about my speech than I do, and I would be pleased to have him go on and finish it," and then and there I stopped. At the close of the exercises I was made the victim of another surprise, by being heartily congratulated by President Gilman and Rev. Dr. Stone.

It was at this time, or perhaps a few years earlier, when the California Theatre was running with the best stock company of any theatre in the country, and when John McCullough had few equals and no superiors as a manager, that Mr. McCullough chartered the steam yacht Elaine, and with a party consisting of himself, "Billy" Florence, Dion Boucicault, Harry Montague, "Steve" Leach, Colonel W. W. Dodge, Governor Newton Booth and myself, we crossed the bay to Angel Island and landed at the Quarry Wharf. Leaving the steward to prepare the elegant lunch that McCullough had ordered from the Maison Riche, we called upon the Irishman, who, with his family, was in charge of that part of the island, it being a Government reservation. Arriving at the house, the keeper met us, and Mr. Boucicault addressed him in his native language. Never shall I forget the surprise and delight that showed on that keeper's face as he listened to Mr. Boucicault while he talked in a language familiar in boyhood, but unheard for years. The wife, who was whitewashing an adjoining room, came running in just as she was, barefooted, with her dress to her knees, exposing limbs of perfect formation. I really thought she would embrace the author of all rejoicing, but she controlled her impulse and instead, brought out three large pans of milk with the cream on top half an inch thick. Then John McCullough, with his proverbial forethought, sent to the yacht for a couple of bottles of whisky, and the best milk punch I ever tasted was brewed then and there, and we brewed and we quaffed, and we

sang and we laughed, until word came from the steward that lunch had been ready for an hour, so we bade good-by to our lowly entertainers, and proceeded to partake of a lunch which was simply gorgeous.

After lunch we started for home via Raccoon Straits, which is the passage between Angel Island and the mainland. As we were passing through the strait it was suggested that we call in at Sausalito, as the new hotel there was about finished and we might assist in its dedication. Captain Archie Harlow, the sailing master, was requested to consult Mr. McCullough as to whether or not we should put into Sausalito, and when he was told the wishes of the gentlemen, he said:

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Because," said the captain, "I am afraid we'll be too late for the theatre."

The milk punch having got in its work, he replied:

"Damn the odds! Give the theatre an off night. Go into Sausalito."

And we went in. Arriving at the wharf we found two milk peddlers with their empty cans lashed to the backs of two mules. These were chartered and, mounted by two of the party, led the procession up to the hotel, where we were received with all the honors, but as the bar room was the only part of the hotel finished, we dedicated that to the Queen's taste, and then returned to the city. I dined with Colonel Dodge at the Union Club, after which we attended the theatre, and met John McCullough at

the entrance. He asked where we were going, and we answered, to the theatre. He said, "Go right up to my box," and up we went. After the first act I fell asleep, and was awakened by my friend Dodge declaiming on the stage. I very carefully moved aside the curtain, and saw that the play was over and the entire audience had left. Some one was sleeping on the opposite side of the box, and I investigated and found it was John McCullough. I left and wended my way to the outlet, where I came to a door that fastened with a bar. I swung the bar and opened the door, and there stood "Charley" Chandler, the manager of the bar, wiping glasses. I entered, and presently the whole party came in and we drank the health of the generous host, and thus ended the most delightful event of that theatrical season. 'Tis fortunate that I should be living to write it, as every other member of that delightful party is dead.

After disposing of my interest in the patent street sweeper and the city contract for a good, round sum, I was waiting for a *sure thing* as a profitable investment. Mr. Richard Buford of Buford's Express, in the early fifties, came to San Francisco from New York, where he had been living since leaving California. He had invested in a "Patent Sunlight Gas Burner," with a view to introducing it in the Pacific States, and he had any quantity of testimonials from the higher walks of New York society recommending it as the biggest thing out. "Dick" called on me at my office (although I had sold out my contract, I still retained my office) and I was pleased to meet

him, as I had known him well long ago, when he was in the express business. After talking of old times for a while, he opened up on his new-fangled light, and he dilated upon its beauties and brilliancy in such glowing terms that I became deeply interested. He informed me that, not being very well off, he would dispose of the patent-right at a very reasonable figure, and I, thinking that this was the opportunity of my life, bought him out, paying him five hundred dollars down and the balance in notes. I would be pleased to explain how the thing worked but it is so long since I have seen one that I have forgotten about it. However, in order to introduce it properly, I had a large space in the Mechanics' Pavilion and during the Mechanics' Fair that space shone with a brilliancy that put every other exhibit far in the shade. Ah, it was grand! It was dazzling! And I received many orders to supply families and offices with the light, so that when the first note became due it was promptly paid. But the other two are still among Mr. Buford's assets, for when the novelty wore off there were no further demands for the light, and I very quietly retired from the "Patent Sunlight Gas" business.

I had placed two of the lights on the table in Mr. Frederick McCrellish's dining room, and as he was at that time editor of the *Alta California,* I modestly asked him to say a good word for the light. He said:

"Why, certainly." And the next day I received the following:

"My Dear Mr. Bromley:

"Your light is a grand success. The two that you put in place on my table have served to magnify the eatables to such an extent that I find the bills for supplies have been reduced all of one-half, and long may you wave.

"McCrellish."

For fear that the public would suspect that so flattering a testimonial must have been paid for, it was never published.

My first adventure in the patent-rights business was the purchasing of an "India Rubber Paint" establishment, and for about a year I ran it for all that was in it. The Metropolitan Theatre and a large number of other public buildings and private residences were made beautiful by a couple of coats of rubber paint, while the roofs of houses and the climbing of long ladders became as familiar to me as household words, and I was fast developing into a first-class artist when it dawned upon me that as a contractor I was not a success, as the "other fellow" would get the benefit of my fears of being too exacting. I, therefore, turned the whole business in to the original owners and was "out" about five hundred dollars. However, I quit with a name untarnished by contact with "India Rubber Paint."

The White Pine excitement was then the all-absorbing topic in the community, and after calmly deliberating upon my chances of making my fortune in the newly discovered rich diggings I decided to seek my fortune at Treasure Hills in White Pine County. I went, I saw, and

I came away again just as soon as I could raise the money to pay my stage fare, and thus was the pathway of my life, during that period, strewn with disappointments. Yet I didn't take them much to heart, for I knew, "It is a long lane that hath no turning."

Soon after my return home I met Governor Stanford and I suggested to him that as I was foot-loose I would be pleased to accept a situation with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, should there be any vacancy. He seemed to think favorably of the proposition and in a few days I received notice of my appointment as receiving clerk in the freight department of the railroad. The position was ready for immediate occupation and I immediately occupied it and for eighteen months I received, and signed for, every pound of freight delivered at the depot at the foot of Third and Townsend streets. When I left, it required just three men to accomplish the work which I had performed alone for eighteen months.

It was during my clerkship that a freight boat was being built near the depot for the transportation of loaded freight cars across the bay, thus saving the second handling of freight. One noon time, when the boat was nearly finished, I went on board and was surprised at her immense proportions, and as the cars would simply come in at one end and pass out at the other, she was only a "thoroughfare," and that would be an appropriate name for the boat. The officers of the railroad company were then at Sacramento, and I wrote to Governor Stanford

telling him of my visit to the new boat and of my impression as to the name. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Montague, the freight agent, but he only laughed and said that would be the last I would hear of it. In a few days he came to me and said laughingly:

"Well, they have decided upon a name for the new boat."

"Have they?" said I, "and what is it?"

"The 'Thoroughfare,'" said he.

And sure enough, the company had done me the honor of accepting my suggestion for a name, and to this day the "Thoroughfare" is one of the most successful freight carriers that cross the Bay of San Francisco.

CHAPTER VIII

I Join the Bohemian Club.—Some of the Jinks, and Other Happenings.—The Authors' Carnival.—The Circus Maximus.

N 1872 the Bohemian Club was organized, and as I read from time to time in the daily papers of its doings I felt a strong desire to become a member. But when I came to know that it was made up of men whose lives were devoted to art, literature, the drama and other high-toned callings, I concluded that as I did not come within hailing distance of the qualifications requisite, I would have to content myself by simply reading the newspaper notices, as my occupation at that time was that of fulfilling a contract made with the Board of Supervisors for sweeping the streets of the city by machinery, and although my successful dealing with the Board of Supervisors in obtaining the contract might have been a qualification sufficient for a member of the State Legislature, it was of no earthly account in an application for membership in the Bohemian Club. But one very fine morning, as I was going my rounds to satisfy myself that the street cleaning of the previous night had been faithfully performed, I met Mr. Arpad Haraszthy, the wine merchant, and after the usual, familiar greeting, said he:

"How would you like to join the Bohemian Club?"

I, somewhat surprised at such a question coming from him, said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Well," said he, "I should be pleased to present your application if agreeable to you."

"Are you a member?" I asked.

He said he was.

"Then," said I, "there is hope for me."

I gave him my application, and in due time received notice of my having been elected to membership, and this was an event that created a new epoch in my life's career. In those early days of the club's career, could those genial gentlemen, its founders, have had the most remote idea of what the future had in store for it, of the position it would occupy among the clubs of the age, I am afraid they would have felt too proud to speak to one another.

The first high jinks that I attended was a Shakespeare Jinks, and Harry Edwards, a member of the California Theatre Company, and one of the loveliest men I have ever known, was the Sire. The entertainment was a revelation to me, and the papers read and contributions were so far above and beyond anything I had ever heard in club life that I consoled myself with the thought that I was now where I could "go 'way back and sit down," with no fear of ever being called upon for a speech or anything else, except to pay for what I consumed and my monthly dues.

At the close of the high jinks, six of the novitiates were

duly initiated, and duly invested with the rights and privileges of full fledged membership, James H. Bowman officiating as the High Priest, and conducting the solemn and impressive ceremony. Then came a short recess, during which time, as Judge Ogden Hoffman and myself were at the sideboard partaking of refreshments then and there provided, Colonel A. G. Hawes and Raphael Weill came from the jinks room and informed me that they were a committee to notify me of my appointment as the Sire of the low jinks. I said I would have to be excused as I really didn't know what a low jinks was. They said, so much the better, for the less a man knows about a low jinks, the better qualified he is to preside. That settled it, and I presided, and when I took the chair I was astonished at the assurance with which I called the meeting to order and the cheerful alacrity of those assembled in doing so. My opening address was a corker, I was told, but from that eventful night to this day I have not the slightest recollection of what I said. However, the whole evening was a grand success, and at the close of the entertainment I started for my home, over at South Park. Arriving at Montgomery street, I was more than pleased at seeing the blue light of the Third street car not more than two blocks away. I waited for its approach, but it didn't approach worth a cent. I concluded it must be off the track. I investigated and found that the blue light was in a drug store. I had been so elated with the events of the evening that I had taken no note of time, but on consulting my watch I found that the last

car must have passed an hour and a half previously, consequently I had to wend my way to my home on foot. But the evening had been such a delightful one that distance didn't count.

Arriving at my home, my dear little wife awoke at my entrance and inquired the time. I looked at my watch and replied, ten minutes past ten, and then laid the watch on the mantlepiece. Having some doubts as to the correctness of my reply, the little woman arose and looked for herself.

"What time did you say it was?" she asked again.

"Ten minutes past ten," said I.

"Ten minutes past ten! Why, it only lacks ten minutes of two," said she.

"Is that so?" said I. "Why, bless my soul, how time flies! I had no idea that I had been home so long."

This was another occasion when I realized that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Thus ended my first night in Bohemia, within whose hallowed halls and walls I have for almost thirty years enjoyed some of the happiest moments of my life, and associated with the most genial, whole-souled gentlemen I have ever known, and that is why I have given so much space to my first night in Bohemia.

In writing up this log book of my cruise in sailing over life's ocean, I shall recall, no doubt, many of the events of my happy and serene experiences in the club, and the entertainments in which I have taken a prominent part I will embody in these memoirs, and I have no doubt they

will be read with a lively interest, not only by the general reader, but by old members, as they will be reminded of scenes and events they have long since forgotten.

I was made, some time later, Perpetual High Priest of Bohemia, and during my term of service received as novitiates the Duke of Manchester, the late King Kalakaua of Hawaii and many other notables.

When Henry Irving came to San Francisco with his company to fulfill an engagement at the Grand Opera House, he was not then Sir Henry, but plain Mr. Irving. After his arrival, but before his season here opened, he was given one of the most delightful dinners ever tendered by the Bohemian Club. There were no toasts nor speeches, but all was mirth and jollity. At the close of the banquet the guest of the evening was requested to remain in the dining room with the president, while the others repaired to the jinks room, where the stage was set and the audience seated. The stage setting was a gem in its way. As High Priest of Bohemia, I was seated in the centre, flanked by eight members of the club attired in the costumes of the characters which Mr. Irving has so ably presented. When all was in readiness, there entered Cardinal Wolsey, who announced "A man from abroad who wishes to be admitted to Bohemia's sanctum."

High Priest: "What is his object?"

Cardinal: "He desires to know what this is all about."

High Priest: "Let him enter. Most excellent Cardinal, whom have you here?"

Cardinal: "A stranger from a strange land."

High Priest: " Has he passed the ordeal of the Election Committee?"

Cardinal: "He has, without one feather drooping."

High Priest: "Then bring forth the paraphernalia and sound the gong."

The owl and the loving-cup resting upon a small table were then placed before the candidate and he was thus addressed by the High Priest:

"Illustrious Neophyte: Before you are permitted to know what this is all about, you will truly answer the question I am about to propound. But, as your future happiness may be affected by any mistake in your answer, I will reply to it for you."

The answer being satisfactory, the candidate was requested to prepare himself for the obligation by taking the loving-cup in his right hand and placing his left in his trousers' pocket, as in the act of paying for the drink, being given to understand that that was as far as the true Bohemian ever got in paying for anything. The following is the obligation conferred:

"In the presence of the Owl and this July and August body,
I hereby pledge my word in this Bohemian toddy
That I will ever cherish with feelings of delight
The 'high old' initiation I am passing through tonight.
Nor will tell what hath been told me for friendship nor for pelf,
Except it be to some one who knows how it is himself.
To the rules and regulations I will rigidly adhere
By always drinking champagne in preference to beer.
I will love each true Bohemian where'er on earth he goes
Till he turns up to the daisies his emaciated toes.
All this I truly promise on the honor of my name,
And will do my level best to keep and perform the same;
Should I e'er divulge the secrets I'm permitted here to know,
May the wind blow through my whiskers when they're allowed to grow."

The High Priest and the candidate then partook of the punch from the loving-cup, an invisible chorus meantime singing:

"For I love Jemima, Jemima loves me—
I'm stuck on Jemima, you bet, ha, ha!"

which added greatly to the sublimity of the initiatory ceremony. At the close of the singing each of the characters represented in costume recited an appropriate quotation from the play.

During the evening Mr. Irving took Mr. Peter Robertson aside and asked to be shown the way to the stage. Peter took him through the kitchen, the pantry and the pots and kettles, and having arrived, he requested the boy to raise the curtain, revealing himself to the surprise and delight of all present. When the applause had subsided he recited in his own sweet way the sweetest poem ever heard in Bohemia.

Shortly after the opening of the dramatic season Henry Irving gave a banquet at Tortoni's to about forty members of the Bohemian Club. At eleven o'clock, after the performance was over, the guests were seated at the table, with the actor at the head. When all was in readiness the host arose and said: "There are to be no speeches here tonight, and but one sentiment, which I will now propose, and I want you all to rise and drink a response to it." The sentiment he gave was: "May God bless us all." From that time until half-past five the next morning it is safe to say that no banqueters ever enjoyed themselves more heartily and more thoroughly, for every eye

beamed happiness and all our hearts were glad. When Mr. Irving returned to London he sent to each of the members of the Bohemian Club a perpetual pass to his New Lyceum Theatre enclosed in a neat little velvet case. I have devoted considerable space to Henry Irving's visit to San Francisco, but among those who participated in the reception it is regarded as one of the most memorable events in the club's history.

The annual midsummer high jinks of the club is an event which is always looked forward to with the liveliest anticipations, as it gives the members two weeks of solid enjoyment under the shade of the great redwoods during the delightful days, and around the camp fires at night, where, with music, song and stories, it gives one a new lease of life. For months previous to the event, preparations are being made for the entertainment, and many who are engaged in the busy walks of life arrange to enjoy their vacation encamped in the luxurious tents beneath the spreading branches of the monarchs of the forest. The kitchen is a marvel in its way and is permanent. The dining tables, with a seating capacity of three hundred, are artistically arranged in the open air with no fear of rain, as it is the dry season (not with Bohemians); cooks and waiters are in attendance from the club; every morning fresh supplies are received from the city; a very attractive bar with all the modern requirements is conveniently located to provide immediate relief in case of sickness or accident. Thus it will be observed that in that sequestered spot the tired Bohemian has all the comforts of a home.

At the close of the high jinks the ceremony of the Cremation of Care is solemnized, and it is not easy to conceive of a more solemn ceremony. On the top of the hill in the rear of the high jinks' stage are gathered those who are to participate in the cremation, and when the Sire declares the high jinks closed he requests the audience to remain seated, and the signal is given for the procession to move. The band, playing the Dead March, is followed by the High Priest and the bearers of the casket containing the remains of Care. Then comes the procession bearing torches, and as they descend the winding pathway, lighted by varied colored lights, it is certainly one of the most solemn sights ever witnessed, for nowhere else could be seen such magnificent surroundings.

As the procession passes the audience they all fall in and proceed to the ravine where the funeral pyre has been erected, and after marching twice around the pyre, the casket is then deposited thereon, the band plays a dirge, and the Master of Ceremonies delivers a short funeral oration. Then comes the High Priest with his address, closing with the soul-stirring announcement that carking care is conquered and Bohemia is free. Then come the torch bearers to apply their torches and soon the whole catafalque is ablaze, and as the burning blocks fall asunder, the fireworks in the casket then burst forth, a magnificent display of rockets, bombs and Roman candles brilliantly lighting up the ravine and all its surroundings.

The order is then given to "fall in" and all march back

to camp, and soon the gong sounds for supper, and here again all is jollity and mirth, which usually lasts until half past one in the morning. Then all gather for the low jinks, and an agreeable surprise awaits every one save and except those who have taken part in the rehearsals. This part of the entertainment generally closes about three A. M., and then follows the afterglow, which winds up eventually. I have dilated upon the ceremony of the Cremation of Care at greater length than I otherwise intended for the reason that I am Perpetual High Priest of Bohemia, a distinguished honor which I most highly appreciate.

Among the midsummer high jinks at which I have officiated as High Priest were several upon which I should love to dilate—the Buddha Jinks, held in the redwoods back of Mount Tamalpais, and sired by the late Fred M. Somers; the Druid Jinks, sired by J. D. Redding; the Aztec Jinks, sired by Louis A. Robertson; and the Hamadryad Jinks, sired by Dr. Shiels. But I also remember with delight some earlier midsummer jinks, less pretentious but none the less impressive in their own solemn way.

One of my birthdays occurred on Easter Sunday, and in honor of the event the club gave a birthday breakfast in the Red Room of the club, and at the close of President Horace Platt's eloquent address he presented me with a wonderful Easter egg as a token of the estimation in which I was held by the members. It was a large

ostrich egg beautifully painted, and had been neatly separated, and with hinges and ribbon, was a lovely sight to look upon. I responded as best I could to the president's feeling address, and thanking the Bohemians for the magnificent Easter egg, very modestly resumed my seat. At the close of the exceedingly pleasant entertainment the members gathered around and seemed anxious to learn what the egg contained, and wished me to open it. I did so, and there, lo and behold! quietly resting and serenely looking me in the face, was a cheque for twelve hundred dollars. What my emotions were in making the discovery may be imagined, but language fails to describe them. That such an amount should have come to me at such a time—it seemed to me that it must be all a dream, but the warm, hearty congratulations of those around me soon convinced me that it was no dream, but a lovely reality, and that I was blessed not only with riches, but above all earthly riches I was blessed with the love and esteem of the members of the Bohemian Club.

Once upon a time, several years ago, I was invited to make one of a party to visit San Rafael just for an outing, and I very gladly accepted the invitation. The party was made up of some twelve members of the Bohemian Club, namely: Charley Leonard, Louis Sloss, "Jimmy" Hamilton, "Jack" Lathrop, Porter Ashe, "Al." Gerberding, Charles R. Peters, Donald de V. Graham, George Nagle, "Ned" Townsend and myself. Upon arriving at San Rafael we found in waiting a splendid four-horse omnibus which I was told was to convey us to Bo-

linas Bay. All this preparation was to me a little bit bewildering, but the others of the party appeared to take it as an understood thing, so I asked no questions as to what it was all about. Our ride over the hills was most enjoyable, and with such a company every mile of the distance was thoroughly appreciated. When we arrived at the Bolinas Hotel another surprise awaited me, as I found that in the dining room a round table had been prepared for just the number in our party and the chairs placed accordingly. Then I thought to myself, this is all very mysterious, but I wanted the others to think I knew as much about it as they did so I made no remark. Soon the table was furnished with a bountiful supply of good, wholesome food to which the hungry travelers did ample justice. After an hour spent very pleasantly at the hotel the party was furnished with some half dozen lanterns and then we all wended our way along the beach picking up all the driftwood in sight as we wandered, and I, all the time, wondering when this mystery would be solved. At length we came to where the surf had washed up quite a mound of sand, between which and the main land was an open space just large enough for the business in hand, and an ideal spot for the evening ceremonies. After seating me on the side of the sand bank I was told to await developments, and I waited. A bonfire was built and the object of the journey was made known by Charley Leonard first reading a letter I had written years ago for a musical magazine, but which had almost entirely passed out of my memory. As the reading progressed it dawned

on me that I was the head and front of the whole business. Before making the discovery I felt prompted to "go 'way back and sit down," but I was there and had to face the music while the following lovely sentiments were read by the different members of the party, and the chorus exquisitely sung by the whole company.

TO UNCLE GEORGE BROMLEY:

Porter Ashe:

To celebrate thy virtues we have searched
The lore of sages,
The wits, the poets, the philosophers
Of all the ages.
If Homer nodded, why, it was because
He knew not you,
And so, to bring him up to date, we've changed
A line or two.

MIRTH.

Al. Gerberding:

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a jolly, hearty, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and joy and mirth about thee —
Bohemia's life would seem a void without thee.

WIT.

Jack Lathrop:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-loving jest.

KINDNESS.

Charles Rollo Peters:

Sweet as refreshing dew or summer showers,
To the long-parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
Are thy kind words.

SONG.

Donald de V. Graham:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Thy music with her silver sound
With speedy hand doth lend redress.

WINE.

James M. Hamilton:

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a wretch whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, and loftiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.

ELOQUENCE.

Louis Sloss:

And aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

SYMPATHY.

George Nagle:

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the face and soul—
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

THE SAILOR.

Charles Leonard:

I love the sailor—his eventful life—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife;—
God grant he make that port when life is o'er,
Where storms are hushed and billows break no more.

EPITOME.

E. W. Townsend:

We conjure the spirits who met at your birth,
Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth,
The staunch heart of friendship, the quick tongue of wit;
Good-fellowship's spur, with discretion the bit,
And bestowed on George Bromley, describe him who can—
Combination of all that is charming in man.

CHORUS (after each verse.)

And this one virtue in the chain we forge,
Of many virtues that hath Uncle George.

Language would fail me should I attempt to describe my feelings during this ceremony. For at times, while

seated on that sand bank it seemed to me that I would awaken and find it all a dream. But when convinced that it was no dream but a reality, I got myself together and acknowledged the distinguished honor they had conferred, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, I thanked the dear friends who had planned so beautiful a testimonial. When we returned to the hotel we found a large company had assembled to bid us welcome and a jolly night was enjoyed until the wee, sma' hours of the morning.

The Authors' Carnival, given at Mechanics' Pavilion in 1879 for the benefit of the various hospitals of the city was by far the most elaborate and successful of any entertainment given in San Francisco up to that time. The prominent characters from the works of eminent authors were represented by many of the ladies and gentlemen of the most exclusive circles of society, and the grand procession with which the evening's entertainment was opened proved the most gorgeous and attractive in the splendor and variety of the costumes worn by the participants that has ever been seen in this city. Mr. Smyth Clark, then a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, and myself, owing to our striking resemblance to each other, were chosen to represent the Cheeryble brothers of Charles Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," and by reason of the similarity in our features, size and costumes, we were considered quite a prominent feature of the parade. To those now living who took part in that delightful work of the Authors' Carnival, I wish to say

that I only hope their recollection of the scenes and events of that season is as pleasing to them as it has ever been to me.

In 1893 an entertainment was given at the Mechanics' Pavilion which so far outrivaled any previous effort in the spectacular line that in all probability the present century will be far advanced before its equal will have been consummated. It originated with that highly esteemed citizen, Mr. William Greer Harrison, then president of the Olympic Club, and was successfully managed by him. It was called the Circus Maximus, and for twelve nights every seat in that spacious pavilion was filled by an audience that witnessed with perfect rapture the grandest display, the most artistic grouping, the most startling effects and the most gorgeous wardrobes ever seen in the city. Mr. John F. Schroeder, as Cæsar, and Mrs. Schroeder as Cæsar's wife, were robed magnificently and acted their parts to perfection. I was cast for a Roman senator, and went through the part without one feather drooping.

CHAPTER IX

My Political Campaign and Traveling Companions. —1880.—Governor Perkins Elected.—Interview with Dr. Pardee.—Am Appointed Port Warden. — Appointed Consul to Tien-tsin. — Farewell Banquet and Patti Speech.

URING several political campaigns I was invited by the State Central Committee of the Republican party to make political speeches in the Third Congressional District, why, I don't know, for I was never much of a politician. However, I always accepted and have traveled with such well known orators as Professor Lippet of Petaluma, George A. Knight, Governor Newton Booth, Governor Romualdo Pacheco, Hon. T. G. Phelps and Hon. J. S. McKenna, now of the United States Supreme Court. The Third Congressional District is composed mostly of mining camps, and audiences made up of such hardy, good-natured material were most satisfactory to talk to. After the staid and serious two-hour discourse of the principal speaker was finished, I would come in with my half-hour speech. I knew what they liked in those mountain towns, not much politics, but lots of fun, and the audiences always waited for me. At the close of the

meetings there was a lively crowd of both Democrats and Republicans gathered at the foot of the platform steps, importuning me to join them and sally forth to paint the town, which artistic performance was seldom completed before time for the stage to start for the next place of meeting. Although I say it, who perhaps should not, I was the means of bringing more votes to the party by thus mingling with the miners than were the big orators, with their two-hour speeches.

But the campaign of 1880, before I went to China, was the most glorious in all my experience. My traveling companion that year was George A. Knight, and he was a most agreeable partner to be associated with. It was this campaign which elected George C. Perkins Governor of the State. On the evening of the day of his inauguration the parlors of the Golden Eagle Hotel at Sacramento were crowded with gentlemen who had assembled to tender their congratulations to the Governor. As is usual with me, I had been calling upon the lady guests of the hotel, but in passing the open door of the parlor I was seen by Mr. Perkins, who called me to enter. The first thing I knew I was called on for a speech, and the next thing I was aware of I was responding. My speech was encored, something almost unheard of, but as I had a quantity of material left over from the campaign, I drew on my reserve stock and gave them another. The next day I met Dr. Pardee of Oakland, since deceased. After greeting each other the doctor remarked:

"A very pleasant evening we spent last night."

"It was, indeed," said I.

"You were very happy," said he.

"Thank you," I responded.

"I always enjoy listening to you," said the doctor, "but how in the world is it that you do it? Now, if I had said what you did last night people would have thought I was a damned fool."

The word was out before he thought, but he immediately began to apologize for the expression.

"Don't make any apology," I entreated, "for that is the truest criticism I have ever heard on my speeches."

Very soon after Governor Perkins entered upon the duties of his office he showed his appreciation of my painting the mountain towns by appointing me a Port Warden for San Francisco, and for four years I performed all the duties pertaining to that office to the entire satisfaction of the owners, captains, and consignees of every ship that came under my supervision. At the end of that time, the State government having undergone a change, I was superseded by a friend of the new Governor, and left to seek other paths of usefulness.

While in the discharge of my duties as Port Warden I was coming ashore one day from the Chilian ship, Inspector, and as I stepped on the gang-plank the rope which secured it to the rail suddenly parted, and as the plank stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees, it slid out from under me like a shot from a gun, and I was dumped very suddenly and unceremoniously into the bay. As the fall was about twenty feet, and I struck the water

head first, I went under quite a distance, and when I came to the surface I found that I had quite a way to swim against a strong ebb tide in order to get something to hold on to. In a bathing suit I could have done it without an effort, but as I was fully clothed, it took some pretty hard swimming. But what was bothering me all the time was how I could get any dry clothes to go home in, as I remembered that the captain was not more than half as large as I was. However, I got on deck again and was ushered into the cabin, while the captain and the steward busied themselves in looking up some sort of a dry rig. Meantime, with the assistance of the captains of half a dozen other ships, who had come to the rescue, I was divesting myself of my wet clothes and not giving a thought to any subject beyond the dry ones, when it was discovered that in falling I had struck my right leg against the string piece of the wharf, which was about midway in my flight, and there was a heavy bruise from knee to ankle. The captain applied a rough and ready dressing of arnica and bandaged the limb, and I went home and to bed, for between the bruise and the shock I thought that the best place for me. I confidently expected to be as good as ever in four or five days at the utmost, though it was the consensus of family opinion that I had better see the doctor. "He came, he saw," and he ordered a course of care and treatment which kept me at home for the best part of two months.

Again was I prepared to open negotiations with men of capital or otherwise, for a situation where the emoluments

would be equal to the services rendered, and it was then that the turning point came in my career. After due deliberation I wrote to Senator Miller at Washington informing him of the expiration of my term of office as Port Warden, and suggesting that if he knew of any vacancy at his disposal which I could fill with credit to him and honor to myself, I was ready and willing. In answer to my letter came a telegram, which read thus:

"To Geo. T. Bromley—Sir: You are appointed U. S. Consul at Tien-tsin. Hope you will accept."

The message came after I had left home in the morning, and as I did not intend to return till late in the afternoon, there was a family consultation as to whether it would be advisable to examine into it and see whether it might not be of sufficient importance to send to me. With this object in view the envelope was opened and the dispatch read. Then arose a discussion as to where under the sun Tien-tsin was located, though events of later years have made it as familiar as Oakland. At length it was made out, away up in the northern part of China, and my wife and family made up their minds that if I ever got so far away I would never come back. I returned at the usual hour, and found a commotion in the family circle. I inquired the cause of this unseemly perturbation in my usually well-behaved household, and for answer was shown the dispatch. I have known many surprises in my lifetime, good, bad and indifferent, but this one, in the language of the day, "took the cake," and when the family realized that I knew no more about the

proposition than they did, they meekly dismounted from their very high horse. Then I said to myself, this is certainly a very distinguished honor, and one that thousands of men in California would have journeyed all the way to Washington to solicit. It has come to me without solicitation, and I must at least show myself appreciative of it. When morning came, my first move was to visit the telegraph office and wire my acceptance. I next called upon Mr. Sears, the Collector of Customs, to make inquiry concerning the Consulate and was told that it was one of the most desirable appointments in the Orient. After parting with Mr. Sears I met Col. Claus Spreckels and told him of my appointment. He urged me to accept it. Said he:

"You go over there, and in six months the Consulate term at Honolulu expires. We will have you appointed to Honolulu then, and you can take your family, and everything will be lovely."

When I reported all this at home my family became reconciled, and I began to make preparations for my departure. The first thing to be considered was the getting there. Transportation and other incidentals footed up a considerable sum, and with my family to make provision for, I did not think my finances equal to the strain. I therefore visited the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and met there Governor Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Messrs. Charles and Fred Crocker, all of whom heartily congratulated me upon my appointment. I thanked them for their interest, and explained what was bothering me. Mr. Crocker replied:

"You will have to go by steamer, as there is no railroad to China. If there were, we would give you a free pass. But there is an understanding between the Pacific Mail and the O. & O. that neither is to issue passes."

The outlook did not seem encouraging, and I said: "It is unfortunate that I shall have to decline so honorable and so desirable an appointment for lack of the means to take me there."

Then Governor Stanford suggested that I could give my note for the price of a ticket to Shanghai, $275, payable on my return. The proposition met with the approval of all, myself especially, and I accompanied Col. Fred Crocker to the office of General Goodman, the General Ticket Agent, where I signed the note and secured my ticket. As we were leaving, General Goodman remarked:

"Supposing Uncle George gets busted out in China, how will he get back?"

"That's so," said Mr. Crocker, "we will have to give him a return ticket," and they did.

The day after my return I received my note, with a message telling me to keep it, as it would be of more use to me than to the railroad company. This act of kindness on the part of the Southern Pacific Company will always be gratefully remembered.

My departure for the Orient was the occasion of some notable and delightful gatherings. The Bohemian Club gave a farewell high jinks at the club rooms, and as long as I live will the scenes and incidents of that evening be

cherished as a precious memory. The loving words spoken and the kind wishes expressed were such as fall to the lot of few men to receive. General W. H. L. Barnes delivered the farewell address, and never did he express himself so manfully. I attempted to respond, but the pent-up emotions of the evening could no longer be restrained, and with quivering lips and eyes full of tears I stammered through a few sentences and then broke down completely, entirely overcome by my feelings. It was then I realized that silence speaks louder than words, for no words of mine could equal the language unspoken, which all present so well understood.

Judge J. H. Boalt read the following on this occasion:

"THUS SAITH THE OWL."

All hail Bromley!
All hail, Arch High-Priest of our realm of Bohemia.
All hail, Grand Too-Whit of the noble Order of the Ulula!
Thou hast found favor in my yellow eyes!
Thou hast gained lodgment in this ancient heart!
I have not dimmed my love by expressing it in words—I would not waste my love in words!
Nor have I shown it by my smiles; I do not smile on those I love.
But thou hast not mistaken me!
At thy approach my closed eyelids, weary with the fullness of surrounding emptiness, have opened wide. At sight of thee, the eager pupils of mine eyes have dilated till they were like to burst their broad circumferences. In thy presence, my protruded bosom hath expanded until each yearning feather stood on end.

Between thee and me neither word nor smile was needed.

Thou camest! I poured upon thee the refreshing flood of an approving and affectionate silence.

For years I have marked thee in thy daily walk; a kindly heart to whom all hearts must needs be kind; a cheerful spirit, quick to enjoy the sunshine, and to find it even among clouds; a genial soul, receiving the young with pleasant welcome and retaining the old, because the pleasant welcome hath grown into a permanent friendship.

And I have noted in thee that higher wisdom which is wise enough sometimes to stoop to folly. Thou art too wise to be forever wise!

True wisdom hath no grief! Look at me—I weep not! But the wisdom of men is sad and full of pain; it maketh the heart sick and the eyelids heavy. Therefore is such wisdom in so far unwise, for grief and death are sworn allies!

Whatever else be folly, it is surely wise to be merry, and if much wisdom banish merriment, then is such wisdom a false friend.

Where now are the wise men of the ancient days?

I and mine hold merry feasts in their nameless tombs.

What they thought wisdom is now sport for children; what they deemed solemn worship is now idle mummery.

So in the never-ending cycles to come shall the jest of today become earnest and the earnest become jest, and the one be mistaken for the other.

Therefore, have I looked on with pleasure when thou hast led the revels of my Bohemian children. Thy unctuous voice hath always inspired their mirth; thy jovial face hath ever inflamed their laughter.

I have seen thee as High-Priest, guiding the young neophyte to the Bohemian altar, and leading his soul upward with such uttered precept as never neophyte heard before. I have listened when with strenuous voice thou hast brought in hoarse carols from the briny deep.

Often, for very sport, thou wouldst load up most grave and serious words with light and unaccustomed freight of meaning, and then, anon, wouldst dress some solemn thought in such gay and frivolous garb of language, that men mistook it for a wanton.

Many the quips and jests which I have heard from thee, but I have noted that there was never malice behind thy humor, and never sting to mar the honey of thy wit.

And now, O best-beloved of the Owl, the time draws near when we must part.

I break the silence of unnumbered years to say "Farewell!"

But we shall meet again. Not soon, perhaps, within these halls, nor in the busy hours of day. But in the quiet of the night, when sleep hath come, I and many a friend of former days shall visit thee in thy distant home and bless thy dreams!

A painting by the artist, Theodore Wores, presented to the club that evening, which now hangs in the Red Room, represents me as having already arrived in China, and seated in the chair of state, I am receiving the kowtows of the natives, who seem to have taken me for a sort of Joss Pidgin. During the evening I was presented with a loving cup, beautifully and appropriately inscribed. Its capacity was tested on board the steamer, and found to be equal to three quart bottles of champagne.

While making preparations for my departure, I one

day received a note from Mrs. M. H. de Young, inviting me to meet her and several other ladies at the Palace Hotel, as they had a matter of importance about which to consult me. "What in the world can it be?" thought I, and as the easiest way of solving the puzzle, I went to the appointed meeting and found in the reception room Mrs. de Young and her mother, Mrs. Deane, and Madame Fabbri. After a cordial greeting, Mrs. de Young informed me that the following Saturday would mark the close of the most successful season of grand opera which San Francisco had ever known, and that it was the intention to celebrate the occasion by presenting to Madame Patti a magnificent bracelet. The presentation was to be made at the close of the opera with an appropriate speech, delivered from the stage, and I was the very man to do it.

"All right," said I, "but how am I to get there?" for, with the necessary outlay for my lengthy journey, tickets for the grand opera at Patti prices were set down amongst the unnecessary luxuries. But that contingency had been provided for, and instead of being out the price of a seat, I was told that I was to be put on exhibition in a box. So I repaired to the club library and began to concoct a speech. I rung the changes on that bracelet in every way that I could conceive of, and when I read over my production I decided that it would do, but that it was well worth the price of an opera ticket to do it. The next day I met Madame Fabbri in the California Market, and said she:

"Oh, Mr. Bromley, I am so glad to have met you. I was just about sending for you."

"Now, what's up?" I asked.

"We have concluded not to present Madame with a bracelet."

It was then that I felt all my bright anticipations, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," vanish into thin air.

"But," went on Madame Fabbri, "we are going to have you present a loving cup instead."

"All right," I assented; "it's a loving cup year."

I then prepared a speech with a loving cup in it instead of a bracelet. When I was satisfied with it, I committed it to memory, and was on hand at the Grand Opera House in good time on the appointed day, but I could not see the ghost of a show to gain entrance, for the street was crowded for almost the entire block with ladies and gentlemen waiting for the doors to be opened. However, I met Mr. Joseph Austin, who knew pretty much all about everything, and he took me up an alleyway to the stage door, where I found easy access and was soon seated in the De Young box. As I sat there alone, contemplating the gathering multitude, Madame Fabbri came in, and said she:

"Mr. Bromley, there is a magnificently bound album containing the names of those who presented the loving cup, and they would be pleased to have you include this in your presentation speech."

"All right," said I, and I soon had it included, and resumed my observations. Never, before or since, has the Grand Opera House contained such a vast audience as on that Saturday afternoon. But soon Madame Fabbri

made her appearance again and invited me to accompany her to the vestibule, where there was standing the most beautiful floral piece I have ever seen. It was about six feet high, and on horizontal arms were lettered, in the loveliest of blossoms, the names of all the operas in which Madame Patti had sung during the season. I gazed upon it with feelings of admiration, when Madame Fabbri remarked:

"This, also, is to be presented with the loving cup and the album."

"Ah, is it?" said I. "Is there anything else?"

"No," said she; "that is all."

I saw in a moment how charmingly the flowers would blend with the music in my speech, and I returned to my seat in the box and listened to the world's sweetest singer. Just before Madame Patti's last song I went behind the scenes and there I met Madame Fabbri holding a laurel wreath, and it was:

"Mr. Bromley, when you get through with Patti we want you to make a little speech and crown Arditi with this wreath."

"Now, who in the deuce is Arditi?" it was my turn to ask.

"Why, the leader of the orchestra," said Madame.

"Anything more to come?" asked I.

"No, nothing more." And so it proved that time.

The floral piece was too ponderous to be passed over the footlights, so it was taken around to the stage entrance and brought on the stage from the side. It was

when Madame Patti appeared in response to an encore for her last song that I appeared on the scene, followed by three of the company, two bearing the casket containing the loving cup and one the album. The applause that greeted Madame Patti was tumultuous, and as I was on speaking terms with more of the audience than was the diva, the ovation was somewhat increased. Madame Patti was just then absorbed in admiring the beautiful floral offering, and I shall never forget the expression of her face when she turned and saw me. Had I been a freebooter demanding her jewels or her life she could not have appeared more astonished. However, I began my speech, and the stillness of the house, after the former outburst, was most impressive. Madame Patti manifested deep interest in what I was saying. Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears, so that I was beginning to grow a little feased myself. At the close of my performance I was taken to Madame Patti's dressing-room and introduced to her and Nicolini. Both greeted me heartily and kindly, not with perfunctory officialness, which seems to become the manner of those who are so much in the public eye. This may seem now to be a somewhat elaborate account of an occasion long past, but it was a great event in its day, and particularly so to me, since I was so soon to bid my own farewell to the familiar surroundings of San Francisco.

CHAPTER X

OFF FOR THE ORIENT.—YOKOHAMA AND AN EEL DINNER.—SHANGHAI.—NAGASAKI.

HE day of my departure for China is one that I can never forget, for never before had there been so many men, women and children on the Pacific Mail Dock to see one man off as there were to say farewell to me. No words can express my appreciation of the kindness shown me on that occasion. As the steamer cast off from the dock and swung into the bay and I took the last fond, lingering gaze at that host of dear, loving friends, and turned to look upon the passengers around me, not one of whom I had ever seen before, I felt in my heart a pang of bitter regret that I had undertaken the journey. As we approached the Farallone Islands, and the pilot was about to leave us I saw that he was an old acquaintance, and I went to the ship's side to bid him good-by, when he introduced me to Captain Pearn, and from that introduction sprang up a warm friendship which lasted till the day of the captain's death.

I soon came to know all on board whose acquaintance was desirable, and the voyage across the Pacific proved a delightful one. On the first Sunday out it was proposed

that we should have divine service, as there were several missionaries among the cabin passengers. A prominent missionary from Yokohama was invited to conduct the service, but he declined, giving as a reason that he was on his vacation and could not serve. Since we could not have the spiritual director, we contented ourselves with the medical adviser. The ship's doctor read the service in a remarkably impressive manner, and the singing was far above the average. Of this latter I am competent to speak, since I was one of the singers.

Yokohama made a pleasing first impression on me. As the passengers were leaving the ship, the proprietor of the principal hotel came to me and solicited the honor of my patronage. I assured him that the honor was his, and he accompanied me ashore.

After getting my belongings through the Custom House, we passed out upon the street, and the first sight which met my wondering gaze was an astonishing array of what I supposed were baby carriages, and my first thought was that all the women in Yokohama were out giving the children an airing. When the hotel man invited me to get in, I felt my dignity seriously compromised.

"Get in!" said I. "What do you take me for?"

"Why," said he, "this is the way we ride in Japan."

So I got in, and as we rode down the bund to the hotel I felt about as small as they make 'em. The vehicle was, of course, a jinrikisha, and such an agreeable and comfortable means of transportation that I learned to make use of it whenever circumstances permitted.

When at the hotel I noticed on the bill of fare, "fried eels." Now, if there was any one thing above all others that I was fond of in my boyhood days, and in my maturer years, it was fried eels, and I had not tasted one since leaving my New England home, so I ordered fried eels, and I didn't order anything else, for they were simply delicious. Being at the home of Captain Center that evening, I made mention of the luxury I had indulged in at the hotel.

"Why," said he, "we have eel houses here where they furnish eels till you can't rest, and tomorrow we will go and see for ourselves."

Next day a party of eight ladies and gentlemen took jinrikishas and set out for the eel houses. When we arrived at the entrance we were obliged to take off our shoes before entering the doorway, and proceed in stocking feet. What I saw there was a revelation to me in the way of an eel industry. We were first led to a tank about six feet square and half filled with water. The tank had a double floor, the upper one being perforated. When it was raised there were more eels in sight than I had ever seen together before. One of the ladies, who was an expert, and who had been there before, made the selection of eleven nice ones for our feast, and then the Jap started in to clean them. He sat at a little table, and he would take one of the squirming eels, stick a kind of awl through its head, and by a dexterous turn of the wrist and five motions of the knife, the eel would be split open, the backbone taken out, the fins neatly trimmed off, the

eel cleaned, cut in two and passed over to another Jap, who put about four skewers into each piece, when they were ready for broiling. The man at the charcoal furnace, which is about three feet long and eight inches wide with two crossbars running lengthwise, then takes them, dips them into a little keg of soy which stands at one end, and lays them on the broiling irons. He stands over them with a fan constantly fanning the coals, turning the eels, and occasionally dipping them in the soy.

After witnessing the transformation scene from the tank to the griddle, we were ushered to a room on the next floor of the building which was without a particle of furniture of any kind. Here we reclined on the clean, soft matting, drinking saki until our eels arrived. They were served by a lovely Japanese maiden, who brought them in a little chest of drawers, each drawer containing a wooden plate of eels. We had brought our own bread, as the only articles of refreshment in a Japanese eel house are fried eels and saki. I have never in my life tasted anything of the fish kind that would begin to compare with those eels. Captain Center and I ate three apiece and the ladies ate the other five. The only thing that we ate with them was boiled rice served in bowls, which was also nice.

I have given this description at some length for the reason that in none of the works on Japan which I have ever read has there been any mention made of the eel houses, and I wish my readers to know that should they ever travel in that country there is a real treat awaiting

them. Unless things have changed greatly since my time, it will be necessary, however, to furnish bread, and whatever else may be desired as concomitants to the feast.

I met many congenial people while in Yokohama. General Van Buren was very good to me during my stay, and I was indebted to him for many pleasant experiences.

After a pleasant stay of three weeks in Yokohama, I left for Shanghai, touching at Nagasaki, where we remained two days, and while there General Jones, the United States Consul, gave me a complimentary dinner to which were invited all the diplomats and high officials at Nagasaki. The dinner was given at a Japanese restaurant, but on the European plan, and the waiters were Japanese maidens, quick and attentive. The geishas furnished exquisite music during the repast, and the whole affair was so new to me that I could not but rejoice both at the attention to me and the novelty of it.

On the following day I started out to call on those who had attended the dinner. At the residence of the Chinese Consul I met his secretary, and discovered that he spoke excellent English. I inquired where he had been educated, and you may judge of my surprise when he told me it was in Norwich, Connecticut, my own native town. He called over names familiar to me in my boyhood that I had not heard for thirty years, and you may rest assured that I made no more calls, but sat and reveled in a regular heart talk with that Chinese secretary until it was time for me to go aboard ship. I arrived

in time to witness the operation of coaling, which was done by hand, men, women and children packing the coal in baskets on their backs from barge to bunkers. It was a sight well worth seeing, such a laborious task performed by such tiny people, and yet, they were all chatting and laughing as though it were a holiday amusement which they were all enjoying to the full.

When the coaling was completed we left Nagasaki for Shanghai, where we arrived at about nine in the evening. It was a beautiful evening, so, after registering at the hotel I chartered a jinrikisha and wandered over the city. I had never heard much about Shanghai, and consequently I was both surprised and delighted to find it a city of magnificent public buildings, private residences, with streets brilliantly illuminated by incandescent lights, all of which served to make my first impressions of China most agreeable.

But the contrast between the foreign settlement and the native city of Shanghai is simply astonishing. The streets are so narrow that the jinrikishas cannot pass each other on any of them, consequently none are allowed within the gates of the city. The filth is something awful and the horrid smells are sickening, yet the city is well worth a visit. For, with all its disgusting sights and smells there are various attractions that amply reward the visitor for all the discomforts encountered. You will see in the windows of the shops Chinese women working the most delicate and exquisite embroidery, and next door, a dirty blacksmith shop. There are seen the beautiful and

the disgusting in close proximity. In the little open squares about the city one can witness all sorts of performances, Chinese jugglers, rope dancers, and gymnastic feats. I saw one Chinese woman on a raised platform lying on her back with her feet raised in the air. A ten foot ladder was raised upon her feet and a little Chinese boy ascended it, climbing in and out the rounds until he reached the top, where he sat and waved his little cap to the standing audience. When our party came to the show the manager cleared an open space for us to enter through the crowd, knowing that he would gather in silver instead of the Chinese cash, ten to a cent, which he had been receiving from his previous audience.

I spent several very pleasant days in Shanghai and made a number of agreeable acquaintances there before I took my departure for Tien-tsin, the field of my labors as United States Consul.

It was on the boat from Shanghai to Tien-tsin that I had my first touch of seasickness since my introduction to the sea when a boy. When the ship got out into the open water with a strong head wind and a short, ugly sea, the steamer being a short one, began to make things quite uncomfortable. In about half an hour my breakfast had departed in two installments—I had eaten an unusually hearty one, being hungry. *I was sick.* I went to my stateroom, lay down on the lounge, and did not move again until the evening, when I tumbled into my berth with my clothes on and lay there quietly until ten the next forenoon, without taking a morsel of food or drink of any

kind. I was just about as wretched as they make them, my only consolation being that my fellow passengers were a great deal sicker than I was.

We passed the Taku forts, coming through where the Chinese anchor their torpedoes. The first we knew we were right in the midst of them. Each torpedo had a float attached to it about the size of a barrel head, and as it was painted the color of the water it was not easy to detect it in time to avoid running over it. But we got through all right. There is no danger from them, as they can be exploded only by electricity from the shore, but in going over them the buoy rope might have become entangled in the propellor, and so have wound them up. I was told that had already happened to one steamer. As we passed in by the forts I was impressed with their formidable appearance, and in the hands of any but the Chinese they could effectively prevent entrance to the river. It is nearly sixty miles from the forts to Tien-tsin on the river but only fourteen miles by land.

While on board the Haiting as she was lying aground I saw some of the most laughable scenes that I have witnessed in a long time, and which show how utterly stupid the Chinese are when left in their natural state. When the ship was aground in the bend of the river there was a very strong eddy that set up the stream for quite a distance, while the regular current was unusually swift on account of the freshet. Well, about eight o'clock in the evening one of the large lighters was filled with cargo, and the Chinese let go their lines from the ship to go

ahead and be ready for the steam tug. Being in the eddy, the lighter went ahead nicely until the bow struck the current, and then, round went the lighter and back it came, alongside the ship, and this manœuvre was gone through with in precisely the same way three times, each time letting go the anchor, so as not to come hard against the side of the ship. All this while they were trying to get over to the other side of the river, and they could have done it in five minutes if they had known how. There were about twenty-five Chinamen on the lighter, and when they commenced the exercises they would have a lively song with everything they were doing, but along towards twelve o'clock they had lost all their hilarity, and the rattling of the anchor chain was all the sound we heard. We watched and laughed till about midnight, and as by that time they had made a long distance up the river in the eddy, we went to bed. But I had not got to sleep before down they came again and let go the anchor opposite my stateroom window, and in the morning the lighter was hanging on to the stern of the ship waiting for the tug, while the poor, tired out and disgusted Chinamen were lying all around the deck fast asleep.

CHAPTER XI

ARRIVAL AT TIEN-TSIN.—WINTER AMUSEMENTS AMONGST FOREIGN RESIDENTS.—LI HUNG CHANG.—VISIT TO THE SEVENTH PRINCE.—THE AMERICAN FLAGSTAFF.—THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.—RACING.—PICNIC ON THE PEI-HO.

WAS looking forward with considerable anxiety as to how I would be received by the people of Tien-tsin but I found that I had been only borrowing trouble, for the going out of the old Consul and the coming in of the new was of such frequent occurrence in Tien-tsin as to hardly cause a ripple on the surface of life in the settlement. In a very short time I came to know the whole population, and likewise, the whole population came to know me, for I seemed to drop into their affection as naturally as an infant drops into its mother's lap; and nowhere else on earth, in my opinion, could be found a community, made up as it was of so many different nationalities, that made life so well worth the living. It really seemed like one happy family. About the first of December the Pei-ho freezes over, and then the fun commences. From that time until about the first of March no one comes and no one goes away. All business ceases except in the few retail stores, and thrown upon their own resources, the people give themselves

up to the enjoyment of everything in sight. The gunboats of three nations are always on station there during the winter, and their officers assist materially in making the cold months the most agreeable part of the year. Of course I am speaking now of things as they were in my time. Since then a devastating war has wrought a great change in conditions.

We had amateur dramatic performances which would have done credit to professionals. Balls, banquets and skating festivals, one or the other, if not all three, were daily events, and there never was any charge for admission to any entertainment. A native band, taught by a German professor, furnished the music for all festive occasions, but how the teaching was accomplished is a mystery to me to this day, when the teacher could not speak a word of Chinese, nor the pupils understand a word of German. But there they were, with a repertory of negro minstrel songs and dance music, and very proud of their attainments.

Soon after my arrival at Tien-tsin I was elected a member of the Tien-tsin Club, which was the means of my forming an early acquaintance with some of the best material in the settlement, but I soon learned that the other foreign consuls considered it infra dig. to be on familiar terms with the members of the club. Yet, as I had found them very nice gentlemen to associate with, I didn't permit the opinion of others to influence me, and as the consuls had to pass through the billiard room in going to the library of the club, their sense of official

propriety would sometimes be shocked by seeing me at the sideboard indulging in a social glass with the members. Very soon, however, they realized that my way of doing things met with the hearty approval of everybody except the consuls, and they were not long in taking in the situation, and seeing the popularity that was coming to me, they gradually unbent, and upon discerning that as good men were engaged in mercantile life as in diplomacy, the whole social status of the settlement underwent a very pleasing change.

When winter came, an organization was formed embracing all the desirable elements of the community, which was known as the Smoking Concert, its object being the giving of literary and musical entertainments every Saturday night. The meetings were held in the theatre, which was a part of the club building, and at the first meeting, which was called to order by the British Consul, I was elected president, and as taking an active part in an entertainment was a new experience to nearly all present, I had to do the most of the entertaining myself. At the next meeting I informed them that the first business in order would be to elect a presiding officer and they immediately proceeded to select me, and during the three winters of my residence I had the honor of presiding over the organization. Although at first it was difficult to get the members to respond to the invitation to contribute to the entertainment by a song, a speech, or a recitation, when they had once made the effort they very soon developed, and it was a revelation to themselves

when they realized that they could stand upon their feet before an audience, and feeling perfectly self-possessed, contribute to an entertainment with credit to themselves. It was then that I discovered that the trouble of getting them on their feet at the beginning of a season was only equaled by that of keeping them off their feet at its close. A favorite song of the concerts was known as the Swingle Waltz. The solo was sung by a German, and when it came to the chorus, the gentlemen at the several tables would lock arms and swinging together, would keep time and sing enthusiastically the imposing chorus. There is no doubt that these smoking concerts were largely instrumental in creating that cordial and companionable sentiment which made the foreign settlement of Tien-tsin the most desirable place to live in all the Orient.

The day after my becoming a full-fledged United States Consul and the representative of the greatest country on earth (in my estimation) I made an official call on Viceroy Li Hung Chang at his *yamen* in Tien-tsin city. When I came down from my breakfast I saw a pony tethered to one of the trees in the yard, "all saddled, all bridled," and I asked my China boy whose it was. He said it was for him to ride to the Viceroy's. At half past nine Mr. Maclay, the interpreter, had the two sedan chairs at the gate with four men for each, and we entered. As I got in the men looked at me and grunted, thinking, no doubt, that they would earn their money in transporting such a load. When we started, the China boy with his

round-top hat and red tassel, and his top boots and flowing green robe, mounted his pony and took the lead in order to clear the way for official rank. I followed, and then came the interpreter, which constituted the imposing procession, and notwithstanding that I have taken part in many processions, I have never filled so important a part as in this one. It was about two miles from the Consulate to the Viceroy's residence, and those four men did greatly sweat ere we reached our destination, while I was nearly frozen. Our arrival was announced by a regular slam-bang of all sorts of noises, and at the entrance of the outer court we were received by two of the Viceroy's officials who escorted us through the two inner courts between files of Chinese soldiers, to the grand reception room, which was about thirty feet wide and forty feet long. The only decoration was a portrait of the Viceroy somewhat larger than life. With the frame, I should think, it was all of ten feet high by eight feet in width. The portrait, which was painted in Paris, was a very excellent one. The reception room was an audience chamber as well, and at one end was a raised seat which the Viceroy occupied when he presided at a council. The chairs were all stationary and were ranged along on two sides of the room. All the furniture was exceedingly plain, being covered with some red material resembling bombazine. On the floor was a Brussels carpet which lay all in ridges, as there had been no attempt made to stretch it when it was put down. The two officials who met us could speak very good English, so that we had quite a lively little chat

while waiting for the Viceroy. But he kept us waiting only some seven or eight minutes. He put me through a complete catechism, asking many questions about my personal affairs and my family which would have been the height of impertinence from a European, but which, according to Oriental etiquette, were the proper thing. He wanted to know all about the resources of California, the harbor protection of San Francisco, the navy, and whether or not we were afraid of the French. The interview lasted about an hour and was very pleasant as well as quite satisfactory. On our taking leave, the Viceroy saw us to the outer gate and bade us good-by very pleasantly.

I think I may say that I enjoyed the personal regard of the late Li Hung Chang to an extent that was given to but few foreigners. From the time of our first meeting he took very kindly to me, and I am sure I did to him. His first question was to inquire my age, always a point of great moment with the Chinese. When he found I was five years older than he the favorable impression I had made seemed to deepen greatly. From that time the only two men in the foreign settlement who were received by Li Hung Chang at any time without the formality of sending in a card were the British Consul and myself. When General Grant was in China the Viceroy manifested for him a stronger feeling of kindness than he ever felt for any other foreigner. Grant returned this feeling and always called Li Hung Chang the greatest man of the age.

The Viceroy was a fine looking man, over six feet tall and unusually well proportioned. He wore a moustache and had a very pleasant face. He was a man of simple habits, despite his great wealth, and his *yamen* at Tien-tsin was a one-story building of clay, very modestly appointed. Earl Li's most striking characteristics were his close observation and knowledge of men. He was looked up to by Chinese officials as the greatest man in China, and was a good friend to foreigners. He was generous, and it cost him thousands of dollars every time he went to Peking. The poor would hold him up at the very gates of the city. Of course he had faults and made mistakes, but he knew China couldn't get along without him, and was reconciled to disgrace when he lost his badges. China, in my opinion, will never have another like Li Hung Chang.

When about leaving Tien-tsin I went with my Vice-Consul to dine with the Viceroy. In speaking of my being five years older than he, he inquired into my habits and wanted to know if I drank much champagne. I said, "Not when I can get whisky, which I much prefer." This statement seemed to make a great impression on the Viceroy. Two years later I received a letter from my Vice-Consul, who had remained there, saying that Li Hung Chang had taken to drinking whisky. I think that helped him make his last trip round the world. He never could have done it on champagne.

On our return from my first visit to the Viceroy, we called on the Taotai, who ranks next to the Viceroy. Our

reception there was about the same, only there was not so much slam-bang nor quite so many soldiers, nor did we have to wait for an audience, as the Taotai stood at the gate to receive us and himself escorted us to the reception room. The Taotai was a fat, jolly sort of fellow and seemed to enjoy our call very much, though all our conversation was carried on through an interpreter, as not one of the officials spoke a word of English. Neither of them lived within the walls of Tien-tsin, and I could not blame them, for the first time that I penetrated to a short distance I was glad to get out again. The city was one of the filthiest places I ever saw and the stench so horrible that I concluded to defer my explorations until the weather became cold enough to freeze up the smells.

After making all the prescribed official calls I discovered that I would be obliged to call upon all the ladies, missionaries and otherwise. They expected it as a matter of course, and I learned that one of my predecessors had made things unnecessarily disagreeable for himself and his family by standing upon his dignity and waiting to be called upon first. He saw no reason why the customs of Tien-tsin should differ from those of his provincial village, but such things are as they are in this world, not as we would have them.

When the present Emperor came to the throne, his father, the Seventh Prince, had to leave the Forbidden City, in accordance with the law, and in order that he should be provided for, he was appointed head of the

army and navy. As he had never seen a ship or a fortification, it was decided that in order to qualify him for his new duties he should visit Port Arthur and at the same time witness the manœuvres of the Chinese fleet in the Gulf of Pichili. In order to reach Port Arthur he would have to pass through Tien-tsin, and his person had always been regarded as too sacred to be looked upon by a foreigner he had never seen one, nor had a foreigner ever seen him. When he came to Tien-tsin it would be as the guest of the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, and when he left the Viceregal *yamen* it was understood that he would be carried in a closely curtained chair concealed from the profane gaze of all outsiders. The Prince, with his bodyguard of Chinese soldiers, arrived in Tien-tsin city and was duly received by the Viceroy with all the honors befitting the occasion. Soon afterward a message was sent to all the foreign officials in the settlement to the effect that the Seventh Prince would receive them at the Treaty Temple at ten o'clock on the following day. This startling announcement almost took the community off its feet. However, at half past nine the cavalcade of officials in sedan chairs, with gay outriders, was ready to move. Arriving at Tien-tsin city, we were obliged to pass through a long line of Chinese soldiers, who came to a "present" with the quaintest implements of war that I had ever seen. When we reached the Treaty Temple we were ushered into the waiting room with great pomp, and the preliminary refreshments of tea and cakes were served, after which it was announced that we would be

received in the order of seniority. That meant that the Russian Consul should take the lead, with his Vice-Consul, I following with my Vice, Mr. Pethick. We were ushered into the presence of royalty, and there we beheld the Seventh Prince standing in the centre of the room with Li Hung Chang on his left, the place of honor with the Chinese, and on his right a Manchu general. As we entered they all bowed most profoundly, and just as profoundly we returned the royal salute. The Prince then began to propound a volume of questions, all of which we answered to his entire satisfaction. Not having the fear of royalty in my heart, I thought I had as good a right to talk to him as he had to talk to me, so when the Prince had exhausted his list of inquiries I addressed him on my own responsibility.

"Your Excellency, my Vice-Consul and myself heartily congratulate you upon your safe arrival at Tien-tsin, and ourselves upon the honor and privilege of meeting you. We sincerely hope that your voyage to Port Arthur will be a pleasant one and that you will return to the Imperial City well pleased with all that you have seen and heard."

They all seemed to wonder what in the world I was talking about, but when the interpreter had told them, their faces lighted up with surprise and pleasure. I afterwards learned that I was the only one of all the callers who had said anything except to answer the regular routine of questions which the Prince had propounded.

The Prince asked my age the first thing, and with a twinkle in his eye Li Hung Chang told him before I had

a chance to answer. The Prince said that I being an American he hoped our Government would protect his people in my country. I assured him that he could depend upon the protection of our army and navy. It was about the time of the Wyoming massacres, and I noticed Li laughed at my answer. He seemed to think it was sarcastic.

The Viceroy accompanied the Prince to Port Arthur and remained with him during his visit. Upon their return the Prince proceeded immediately to Peking but shortly afterward the Viceroy gave a state dinner to which all the foreign officials were invited. During the course of the repast the Viceroy took occasion to remark that while on the steamer the Prince had said that of all the foreigners he had met none impressed him so favorably as the American Consul, and that the little speech he had made at the reception gave him more encouragement than anything he had experienced since leaving Peking. My natural modesty received a shock at this announcement, but I hid my blushes behind a large glass of champagne and passed through the ordeal in safety. In all that company of mixed nationalities and heterogeneous interests, there was not an envious thought harbored, and so I found it throughout all my official life in the Orient. I seemed, somehow, unconsciously and without effort, to have gained the good will and esteem of all with whom I associated, whether officially or otherwise.

Upon being placed in possession of the Consulate I was surprised, and not a little mortified to discover that

the flagstaff was but a diminutive stick and unworthy of supporting the flag of my country. But I was told that the original flagstaff had been blown down, and the present stick was all that was left of the wreck. It had been placed in a corner of the roof of the veranda as the best that could be done, and it looked as if I would have to put up with it. But I happened to be down at Taku one day, where I came upon a spar of Oregon pine. I stepped its length through the weeds, and found it was about a hundred feet long and straight as an arrow. I was not long in hunting up the owner, who proved to be one of the Taku pilots. I asked him about the spar, and he said he had taken it in part payment for a job of pilotage from the captain of a ship that came to Taku from Oregon loaded with lumber, and that I could have it for one dollar a foot. It measured one hundred and ten feet, and I closed the bargain, telling him to come to me at the United States Consulate at Tien-tsin for his money. I then ordered it taken to the shipyard, where I gave instructions to have it fitted with topmast wire rigging and crosstrees. It was then the twenty-fifth day of June, and it must certainly be finished and in place for the Fourth of July.

On the morning of July second I saw from my veranda a long procession of Chinamen coming up the road towards the Consulate, and I was wondering what it was all about. Lo, and behold! they were bearing on their shoulders my new flagstaff. The Taku pilot and the superintendent of the shipyard were with the procession,

and with their assistance I soon had it in place. In about four hours' time we had the hole dug, the shears raised, the guys placed, and the flagstaff raised and secured. There it stood in all its grandeur, the most beautiful flagstaff in Northern China, and when the Star Spangled Banner waved from its lofty topmast head on Independence Day—well, I may have seen times when I felt prouder, but if so I do not remember them.

When our work of raising the flagstaff was over and all pronounced shipshape, I made glad the hearts of the Chinamen by an abundance of both solids and liquids, and then turned my attention to my other two guests, the pilot and the shipyard superintendent. The Consulate was well equipped with the means, and if ever the raising of a flagstaff in any part of the world was so thoroughly and joyfully celebrated, history has given no account of it.

When the Chinese celebrated the Feast of Lanterns I secured three stout bamboo poles and fastened them together in the form of a triangle, to which I attached lanterns in all their variety of color. At dark the candles were all lighted and the triangle hoisted up to the head of the flagstaff, and the display was simply magnificent. It was seen and admired not only throughout the foreign settlement, but the natives in Tien-tsin city went into perfect raptures on discovering it and afterwards thanked me heartily for thus honoring their national Feast of Lanterns. One word more about the flagstaff. The French Consul on passing, a day or two after it was in place,

couldn't believe that a staff of such a length and so symmetrical in its proportions could be of wood, but of iron, and to satisfy himself he came into the compound and when he found that his knife would penetrate the staff he left the compound a wiser man.

The racing season at Tien-tsin is an event that is always looked forward to with a lively interest and is heartily enjoyed by the whole community. At twelve o'clock on the days of the races every business house is closed, and the whole settlement attends the races. After the first four or five races all adjourn to the tents and have tiffin. The first race that I attended, I took with me to tiffin the wife of the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and during the repast Mr. Detring, the President of the Jockey Club, and manager of the Imperial Customs at Tien-tsin, delivered his opening address, and in the course of his speech he took occasion to say some very pleasant things of the ladies and gentlemen present. When he had finished and the applause had subsided, I said to the lady who accompanied me:

"Is no one going to respond to the nice things the president has said of us?"

"Oh, no, indeed," she replied, "no one but the president ever makes a speech."

And I saw by her manner that she was fearful that I might have the assurance to respond, and she was so thoroughly American, although her husband was a Scotchman, she was fearful that I would not be equal to the occasion, as I had not made a speech since I had been in Tien-tsin.

I then said to Dr. Frazier, sitting opposite, "Is no one going to acknowledge the nice compliments the president has paid us?"

"No," said he, "unless you will."

"Try me," said I.

He arose, and in a few words introduced me, and when I rose up everybody seemed to wonder what I had got to say about it, but it didn't take long to find out. As mine was the first speech of the kind they had ever heard they all listened with rapt attention from start to finish, and although I say it, who, perhaps, shouldn't say it, the speech was a regular corker, and when I sat down my woman friend was in a perfect rapture, and said she:

"If it were anywhere else, I would hug you right around the neck."

"Oh, thank you," said I. "That is certainly the warmest round of applause I have received."

All of which is modestly submitted.

One of the most novel and enjoyable events of the winter of 1887 was the picnic on the banks of the frozen Pei-ho. Quite a number of sleds were engaged and a party of ladies, gentlemen and children from the foreign settlement, together with officers from the naval vessels, started for the destination of our expedition at about half past nine in the morning. The sleds accommodated comfortably six persons, provided they brought their own chairs. The propelling force was furnished by a native who stood at the rear end with a foot on each runner and a spike-end pole between his feet. When fairly under

way these sleds easily attain a speed of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. Upon arriving at the appointed picnic ground there was not a human being within sight, but no sooner had we lighted our fires than a bevy of Chinese children came rushing into camp. Their curiosity to see and handle things was so annoying that one of the naval officers suggested starting them on a foot-race across the river. After passing round the hat and collecting about eighty cash (eight cents) the boys were told the conditions of the contest. They were all to start together from the other side of the river and the first one to reach our side was to receive fifteen cash, the second, ten cash and the third, five cash. The first race was run and the prizes awarded. But one little fellow fell into an opening of the ice and becoming thoroughly wet, he was given ten cash. At the second race four other boys managed to fall into the same opening and then came to the stakeholder for their reward. But they had to wait, and after the third race, when the prizes had all been paid, the balance of the cash was equally distributed amongst the boys on condition that they would all go to their homes immediately—and they went. In the meantime the feast had been prepared and never have the banks of the Pei-ho witnessed a more delightful gathering than the genial, happy party which partook of it. The whole outing was one grand success, from start to finish, and it was decided that from that time on the sled ride and the picnic on the Pei-ho should have a name and occupy a place

amongst the winter entertainments of the foreign settlement of Tien-tsin. In the picture we had taken on the ice are shown the *tingchais,* the *piodza* coolies, the houseboys and the picnickers. Among them were Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bostwick, officers of the Palos; Mr. McLish, professor in the Chinese military school; George Forbes, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Spooner and W. H. Forbes, all of the firm of Hatch, Forbes & Co., Mr. Bennett and Mr. Fulford of the British Consulate, Mr. Mordhunt of the house of Cordes & Co.; Mr. Walker and Mr. Heason, professors in the Chinese naval school; Mr. Leith, Mr. Ballaup, Mrs. Heason, Miss Michie, whose father edited the *Chinese Times;* Elva Leith and Mrs. Leith, Mrs. Brenan, "Jockey" Bois and Mrs. W. H. Forbes.

CHAPTER XII

ENGLISH SPARROWS.—CHINESE FISHERS.—THE MONOCACY AND PALOS.—A WEEPING CHINAWOMAN.—MR. LEITH'S FAMOUS TEA.—GENERAL GRANT'S DEATH.—A CHINESE DINNER.—THE MOVING DAY OF THE GODDESS OF HEAVEN.—I SEE A WONDERFUL SIGHT ON NEW YEAR'S MORN.

THE English sparrows in Tien-tsin had become so numerous as to have driven away all the song birds, and only the magpies had survived the siege. One bitter cold day, when the ground was covered with snow, hundreds of the sparrows had flocked to the trees in the compound, and I never saw such woe-begone looking birds as was that hungry flock. I am not over and above fond of English sparrows, but I took pity on them and scattered a large quantity of crumbs on the porch, and no sooner had I left the veranda than they all came swooping down from the trees and eagerly devoured every crumb in sight. I was so well pleased with my effort in relieving the hunger of those little birds, that three times every day during the balance of the winter I would scatter crumbs on the porch and blow a whistle, when the birds would come from all parts of the settlement, knowing that their food was waiting for them. But when their food came

on the trees and the moist ground, they came to me no more. But the following winter, when I realized that their food must be getting short, I wondered if they would remember the whistle. I went out on the porch and blew it, and to my surprise they came flocking into the compound, and again I fed them through the winter, and notwithstanding that they were English sparrows, they were under the protection of the American Consulate during their winters. But my successor, knowing that it was not among his official duties to care for birds, neglected them, and they came no more. Yet they were cared for by the wife of the Imperial Commissioner of Customs, and in my letters from her, after my return to San Francisco, she often spoke of the birds, and so tame had they become that they would eat from the table when set in the open air.

I used to find it quite interesting to stand on the bund of a morning and see the Chinese fish from the house-boats in which they live. The man of the boat stands on the bow, throws over the net, and pulls the bow oar, as the boat drifts down with the strong current. Then, after drifting for awhile he lays in his oar and hauls in the seine. The wife manages the boat with an oar at the stern, and she not only steers the boat but sculls it alone against the strong tide. As a general thing the woman manages a *sampan* better than the man can. The families live on the boats. Children are born on them and are buried from them.

The Monocacy was the United States warship stationed

at Tien-tsin during the winter of 1885. I found the officers very excellent gentlemen. Their free-and-easy manner, their self-possession and their social qualities were in such striking contrast with those of the officers on the English and French gunboats that the Americans at once captured all the ladies and gentlemen in the settlement. And yet the officers of the other gunboats were as favorably disposed toward the Monocacy officers as was the community, and the social relations on board all three ships were very harmonious and unusually friendly. On Christmas Day quite a number of us visited the Monocacy by invitation of the captain and ward room officers, to see the decorations of the ship and the preparations the sailors had made for their Christmas dinner, as the Monocacy men had invited the sailors from the English and French gunboats to share their cheer. As there were more than sixty of the English and French sailors, besides about a hundred of themselves, it certainly was a brave feast and a generous one. To see the tables you would have fancied that they were not only expecting the two ships' crews, but all the foreigners in the settlement as well. For I have never seen such quantities of food as that spread out for those "toilers of the sea," and the decorations would have done credit to a Bohemian Club dinner. Of course all the guests could not dine at the same time, and I believe they had arranged for three sets, sixty at a time. Those who were not eating danced on deck to the music of the ship's band. I noticed amongst the good things on the table roast turkey, roast goose,

chickens, pheasants, ducks, roast beef, confectionery of all kinds in great quantities, mince and squash pies, with tea and coffee—nothing stronger. After we had seen all this the captain called all hands on deck and asked me to address them. I was somewhat taken by surprise, but it was easy to talk to sailors, with whom I always feel at home. It took me about three minutes to finish my speech, and they seemed to enjoy it. I compared the dinners of the olden time, when I was a sailor, with the Christmas dinner they had spread out on the lower deck, and told them that in my day the sailor not only had no turkey but was lucky if he found onions in his lobscouse on Christmas Day. The captains of my time took such good care of their sailors that they put dried apples in the plum duff for fear the seeds in the raisins might set hard on the sailors' stomachs. The Monocacy men gave me three cheers at the close of my speech, and right royal cheers they were. One of the sailors on the Monocacy was a clever artist, and designed and executed all the name cards and menus for the captain's and officers' state dinners. He was a man of good family, with talent enough to have made him name, fame and fortune ashore, but he had an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink, and was sent to sea to keep him out of the way of temptation.

Captain Nelson and the officers of the Palos also made many friends during their season in Tien-tsin. Some of the Palos men were very good singers, and as there were some fine musicians among the officers there was always

plenty of music on board. I was invited to tiffin on the Palos one day chiefly because they were to have buckwheat cakes. They were very nice cakes, and I remember that while discussing them Mr. Stevens, the executive officer of the ship, told a most interesting ghost story, an experience of his own in a Newport cottage. The cottage was afterwards pulled down, as no one would live in it, and as Mr. Stevens vividly described some of the incidents that occurred while he was living there I almost forgot that I had come aboard ship to eat buckwheat cakes and not to listen to ghost stories. I remember reciting "Tacking Ship Off Shore" on one occasion at a sailors' tea party given by Mrs. Walker, one of the missionaries, to the men of the Palos. I never recited it to an audience that so thoroughly appreciated its points as did those men-o'-war's men.

When the news came that General Grant was dead it created a feeling of profound gloom in the settlement, as many had met him during his sojourn there, and all spoke of him with sentiments of high regard and admiration. I had the flag of the Consulate lowered to half-mast. The day before the one appointed for the funeral I sent out circulars giving notice to the other Consuls that in token of respect to the General's memory the flag of the Consulate would be hoisted at half-mast. The other Consuls were intending to do the same when it was discovered that the day was the Emperor's birthday and for any flag to be flying half-mast on such an occasion would be to the superstitious mind of China, a very bad omen. Consequently the flags all flew from the masthead.

The first Chinawoman that I had ever seen shed tears I encountered during my second year in China. I was sitting at my desk writing when I heard a distressing sort of a wail that I at first took for a China boy calling out his wares for sale, for in doing this they get out the most unearthly sounds imaginable. But after hearing the doleful lament several times I found it too painful to endure, so I stepped out to the gate to have it stopped. I found the noise proceeded from an elderly Chinawoman who seemed to be calling imploringly on some one who was nowhere in sight. I inquired of the gatekeeper what was the matter, and he said she had lost her little boy; that he had been lost six days, and the poor woman looked as if she had eaten nothing in all that time. Her garments showed her to be of the coolie class. At times she would weep as though her heart would break, like "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted for they were not." However, I gave the gatekeeper twenty cents for her and told him to ask her if she would not go farther up the street. He gave her the coin and as it was more money than she often saw she took it and prostrated herself before me in token of gratitude. But I heard her a long time afterward, still moaning up the street.

Mr. Leith, a Scotch gentleman married to an American lady, and resident in Tien-tsin, told me of having sent his father-in-law in Maine a box of tea from Foo-chow. Merely as a joke he had the chest marked as tea from the Emperor's tea garden. When the tea arrived it was duly

heralded in all the newspapers that Mr. Leith had sent this extraordinary box of tea. When the news of the items in the papers came to Mr. Leith he was somewhat exercised about it as, if the Chinese newspapers should get hold of it, people would be wondering why he was so highly privileged. As he told me the story, I showed him a San Francisco *Call* I was reading, in which I ran across the item: "A retired ship captain in Camden, Me., is luxuriating on tea raised in the garden of the Emperor of China." Mr. Leith cried: "The jig is up! My fame is secure."

One of my interesting experiences was a dinner at the Chinese residence of Mr. Woo, the Compredore of Messrs. Wilson & Co. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and myself composed the foreign element of the invited guests. We all left the settlement at a little after two o'clock and arrived at about three. The ladies being in chairs, the travel was necessarily slow for the 'rikishas, and as the weather was cold, it made the trip up to the city a not very comfortable one. But on returning I let my boy "have his head," and he made the time in about twenty minutes. He was pretty well used up when he got to the Consulate, and the extra boy to push, whom I always had when I went to the city, puffed and blowed like a steam engine. They were both so glad that they did not have to keep with the ladies' chairs on the way back that they just let themselves out, and how they got through the narrow, crowded streets of the city at the speed they did without wrecking the whole business, will

forever remain an unsolved mystery. I tried a couple of times to have them slow down, but they only misunderstood and each time they let out another link of speed, so I gave it up and was quite relieved when I found myself all together at the end of the adventure. There had been no serious danger, but such a ride is a trifle straining to the nerves.

The dinner was all Chinese, birds' nest soup, shark fins and all the rest of the time-honored dainties. I, as usual, partook of everything, but the ladies did not take kindly to some of the dishes, the two above-named being about all that they would taste. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Anderson were invited to see Mrs. Woo, but we, of the other sex, could not, of course, be permitted to look upon the wife of a well-to-do Chinese. The curiosity of Mrs. Woo and her five daughters being somewhat excited on being for the first time so close to foreigners, they caused the ladies to pass through an ordeal which, according to the account Mr. Wilson gave me next day from what his wife had told him, must have been very funny. Neither of the ladies told *me* anything.

On another occasion one of the Chinese officials at Tien-tsin invited a selected few of us to dinner, after which we were regaled with a magic lantern exhibition. It was a very ordinary affair, both the lamp and the slides, yet the Taotai had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it, so some one had made a clear profit of at least two hundred and thirty dollars out of that particular swindle. From what I saw of such trades in China it was easy to

believe that represented the average margin of gain in such transactions.

One of the most interesting of the Chinese High Festivals which occurred during my residence was the occasion of the removal of the Goddess of Heaven from one temple to another, a ceremony performed only once in twenty-five years. This idol is also known as the Goddess of Junks and is the tutelary genius of mariners, especially worshiped by all sea-faring Chinese. About a hundred years previous the Emperor, Chien Lung, had visited Tien-tsin and witnessed the procession, and he was so pleased with the manner in which the occasion was observed that he granted certain special privileges. In consequence, the affair attained an additional importance in the eyes of the Chinese, and they came from all the region around to attend the celebration. This is the only procession sanctioned by Imperial edict, and all who take part in it are obliged to be of mandarin rank. It is copied in detail from the procession which attends the Emperor himself when he goes outside of the palace. The bearers of the goddess are rewarded by being permitted ever afterward to wear yellow jackets—the Imperial color. The idol or statue represents a woman who, many hundreds of years ago, became immortal through a dream. Her father was the captain of a junk, and had gone to sea, taking her mother and two brothers with him. While the junk was away on one of her voyages the daughter had a dream in which she saw the junk founder at sea, and her father and mother and two brothers struggling

in the water. She swam to them and taking a brother in each hand, she secured a hold on her father's clothing with her teeth. At this juncture the mother, who, according to the legend, was a very obdurate woman, insisted that she, herself, should save her husband's life, and the dutiful daughter released her hold and saw both parents drown, though she succeeded in saving both her brothers. The dream so affected her that she told it to her neighbors, and they all remembered it when the news came that the junk had been lost and the two sons were the only survivors of the wreck. And so she was made a goddess for dreaming a dream which happened to come to pass—at least in part—all of which goes to show that the Chinese require but small provocation in setting up something to worship.

We had made all our arrangements early, and our party of six started soon after noon, to make our way to the appointed place in the city from which to view the procession, but even at that early hour the streets were so crowded that we were obliged to confine ourselves to a back street which followed the wall for nearly a mile, and then to make our entrance through a rear door. After traversing many rooms and narrow passages we finally found ourselves seated on a platform which had been erected where we could overlook one of the principal streets. This street was about twelve feet wide, and the stores on each side, ranging from six to twelve feet deep, from which all goods had been previously removed, were now occupied by privileged spectators. Of

all the wonderful exhibitions I have seen, none could begin to compare with that. I have never seen such solid masses of human beings as I saw during the seven hours that I remained seated on that platform. As to the goddess herself, we did not see her at all, for she did not reach our point of vantage on her triumphal way until two o'clock in the morning, and that was entirely too long to wait even for her exalted ladyship.

I shall never forget my first sight of camels in Tientsin. It was on a New Year's morn about five o'clock, and I was returning home from the residence of a merchant where a congenial party had dined and seen the New Year in with all the honors. The dinner had lasted from eight to eleven thirty of the clock, and then the host, who was a Scotchman, prepared a hot Scotch whisky punch in which the company were to drink a farewell to the Old Year and a welcome to the New. It was the most delicious hot whisky punch I had ever tasted. A few minutes before twelve we all stood in a circle and with glasses filled we sang "Auld Lang Syne." At the moment of midnight the glasses were drained as a farewell bumper to the Old Year, when they were again filled, and with an appropriate song and another bumper we gave a right royal welcome to the New Year, and from that time until early morn, song and dance and jollity reigned. On my homeward walk, as I approached the Consulate, I heard the tinkling of bells. The unusually musical tone of the bells attracted my attention. I saw a large, dark body coming around the corner towards

me. As it was a bright moonlight night, or morning, the whole thing had a mysterious look, and in fact, was rather startling. But as the strange sight came nearer I found it was a drove of camels. I didn't know at that time there was a camel within a thousand miles of Tientsin, and I wondered if those hot whisky punches could cause me to see camels when there were no camels. But while I was wondering a friend came along and I asked:

"What are those?"

"Why," said he, "those are camels."

"Thank you," said I, "and now I can retire conscious that the dignity of the greatest government on earth has not suffered by the indiscretion of one of its representatives."

There were over three hundred of the camels. They had come all the way from Mongolia with a cargo of wool which had just been discharged, and were then on their way to rest after their tiresome journey. Every seven camels had an Arab driver dressed in Arab costume. The leader wore the tinkling bell which I had heard, and each of the other six had a ring in its nose by which it was attached to the one ahead of it. The camels, I was told, look their best at this season of the year, their wool being very heavy. I had never seen anything in my life that so forcibly reminded me of what I had read of the days of the Patriarchs in the Bible times, as that scene on New Year's morning.

CHAPTER XIII

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.—SUMMER IN TIEN-TSIN.—THE EMPEROR'S PRAYERS.—CHE-FU.—MR. PETHICK.—COLONEL DENBY'S TOUR.—BOYS AND STAMPS.—THE MARQUIS TSENG.

HE first morning I went to church in Tien-tsin I saw a good-sized Chinaman standing in a little recess just off from the hall, ringing the church-bell. As it was the only pious act I had seen a Chinaman perform since my arrival, I could not but think that for all these years the missionaries had not labored in vain, for here was a Chinaman ringing a church-bell!

One man, who had been a missionary in China for fifteen years told Doctor Hall that he had never yet, in all that time, seen a Chinaman that was truly converted to Christianity. Doctor Hall repeated this to Miss Mindora Berry, daughter of Fulton G. Berry, of Fresno, and asked her, if such were the case, how *she* could expect to succeed. "It is not a question of success or failure," she replied, "it is my duty to labor and to wait." "Then," said the Doctor, "I could have nothing more to say." The British Consul, Mr. Brenan, knew Miss Berry in Che-fu, where he was stationed before coming to Tien-tsin, and he told me that she did an immense amount of

good in her missionary work. She taught music and painting to her pupils, upon whom her labors had a most humanizing effect. Miss Berry lived, when in China, at the home of Dr. Nevers, a beautiful place. The doctor, whom I met at Che-fu, raised all kinds of fruit on his land, grown from cuttings of California trees and vines. He had accomplished quite remarkable results in propagating California fruits. If the fruits of his mission were as acceptable to the Lord as the fruits of his orchard were to his English and American visitors, I felt that his future would be a very pleasant one. Yet I judged that he found it a far easier task to plant trees in his garden than to implant Christianity in the hearts of a people whose religion was many centuries older than his own.

When I was in Yokohama I became aquainted with a Mr. Moore, a missionary from Tokio, who had brought his wife to the hotel, and expected to be obliged to take her home to the States, as she had become partially demented in her efforts to convert one particular family in Tokio, in whose spiritual welfare she had become deeply interested. A day or so later, I heard of a missionary murdered by the Chinese, and the Mandarin who tried to protect him was also set upon and killed.

Mrs. Leavitt, an earnest worker for the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union movement, came to Tien-tsin in 1887. Though there was no question as to her sincerity, and the high motive which prompted her coming to China, I could not help thinking that at her

time of life she was making a great mistake to be starting out on such a mission. She was not an impressive or eloquent speaker, but merely told a straight, unadorned story, closing with a prayer. She desired to meet the Viceroy, to confer with him about the opium traffic, but it was impossible for her to gain an audience with him, women never being admitted to his *yamen.* Mrs. Leavitt's object was to organize unions all over the world to disseminate the principles and views of her society, and to obtain the names of women signed to monstrous petitions to Parliament, Congress and other legislative bodies for the suppression of intemperance. She was very pleasant and interesting in conversation, far more so than when on the platform. She had visited Japan and Australia before coming to China, and intended to return home via the Suez Canal and Europe. She very reluctantly gave up her idea of seeing the Viceroy, as his word would have meant much to her.

Some of the missionaries in Tien-tsin I found very congenial acquaintances. The Rev. Mr. Davis, a fine looking, well informed man, had been twenty-three years in China and spoke the language like a native. Dr. and Mrs. Osborn, who made the trip from Yokohama to Kobe with me, were also very fine people. They were a young couple with a little boy of about three years of age. In the spring they went into the interior about two hundred and fifty miles, where they did not expect to see a soul except Chinese for three years. I could not bring myself to believe that the Almighty ever designed two

such lives to be so utterly lost to the civilization they were so well calculated to adorn, by isolating themselves to save a people who can never be made to know "what they must do to be saved."

It was Mr. Davis who explained to me how the poor Chinese keep from freezing to death in the winter. He said that in the spring they pawn their winter clothing and in the fall they usually have enough to take their belongings out of pawn. If their summer clothing is worth anything they pawn that, to be redeemed when they pawn the winter garments again. Many of them do this not out of necessity, but so as to have their clothing taken care of, as the poor have no closets in their houses.

The little missionary children, sons and daughters of the missionaries, did not seem to know how to play as the other children in Tien-tsin did. I was surprised to discover how few children's games they knew. Sometimes I thought the missionaries were making a mistake in devoting all their best energies to the conversion of the Chinese and permitting their own little ones to grow up in ignorance of the joys of childhood. It is true the children were well-bred and all that, and looked with amazement on the rollicking sports of those outside the fold, but it seemed to me it would have been human nature for them to ask themselves why they had never been taught those innocent pastimes, and in trying to solve the problem so strange to them they might be apt to conclude that life is too short to spend the sunshine of youth amid the gloom of Puritanical discipline.

All who belong to the Taylor Mission adopt the Chinese costume and wear the qūeue. Their labors are in the interior, away from the open ports, and where they are completely isolated from associations with civilized society. If they are not more in earnest or more conscientious than those who labor at the seaports, they certainly make more of a sacrifice. The Taylor Mission was founded by a Mr. Taylor, who started out alone, without any society aid whatever, and depended entirely on the voluntary contributions of his friends for the means to prosecute his labors. He had an abiding faith in the promises of Him who said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and as a result of that faith the Taylor Mission, at least when I was in China, was considered the most successful of the Chinese missions. Some of the young men who came out to join the mission held gospel meetings in Shanghai, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, rector of the cathedral there, astonished the people of his charge by acknowledging that until attending the meetings of these missionaries he had not known, as he expressed it, what it was to "have found Christ." Surely, it was said, if they can be instrumental in converting clergymen of the Church of England, they ought to be greatly encouraged in their work.

But one very excellent young man who was the agent for one of the steamship compaines, was persuaded by the most eloquent of the English missionaries to throw up his position because, as Stanley Smith said, he could not be a Christian and do work on Sunday, even when the work

was an imperative necessity in the estimation of his employers. After the excitement of the revival had passed over the young man would have withdrawn his resignation gladly, but his successor was then on the way, so he found himself out of employment, and with his enthusiasm evaporated. Such missionary labor may be all right, but to me it seemed all wrong.

A Catholic institution at Hankow provided for some six hundred children of all ages, boys as well as girls. They taught the children not only religion, but also instructed them in weaving, spinning, knitting, braiding straw and embroidering, with music and languages for those who exhibited talent in these directions. The earnings of the inmates, I was told, went far towards making the institution self-supporting. The cost for the food and clothing of each of the embryonic missionaries was not more than three cents a day. As they matured and opportunities presented themselves they were sent into the interior to propagate the religion they had been taught. Just such institutions are in operation in most of the large cities of China. Most of them were established by French Catholics and previous to 1870 there was one in Tien-tsin known as the Sisters' Orphanage. But on the twenty-first of June in that year an infuriated Chinese mob murdered all the sisters and burned the building together with the hospital and the cathedral, killing the French Consul and several others of that nationality. When I was in Tien-tsin the walls of the cathedral were standing

just as the conflagration had left them fifteen years before. Sir Thomas Francis Wadé, then British Minister at Peking, in his dispatch to the Earl of Clarendon giving a report of the cause and results, did not lay the blame entirely upon the Chinese. On the contrary, he said the sisters and priests had largely brought it upon themselves by a system of kidnaping children. The credulous Chinese came to believe that the eyes and hearts of the children were taken out to be made into charms for bewitching people, though one would suppose infants could not become very efficient missionaries minus eyes and hearts.

From all that I heard and read about the various missions in China, it is my firm belief that this people will continue right on living in the religion they have lived for two thousand five hundred years, even if the whole evangelical church of Europe and America were turned adrift in the Empire and told to "wade in." Nor do I believe that all the conversion that could be pumped into a Chinese would any better prepare him for heaven than does his unwavering devotion to Buddha.

On the top of one of the hills back of the hotel at Che-fu is a "Baby Tower" such as one sees all over China, and until within a few years they were used as receptacles for female infants which were cast into their deep shafts to die of starvation or of whatever else would come to their relief. The Towers have now gone out of use, not by reason of any change of heart in the Chinese but because the Sisters of Mercy have established hospitals for

female infants. The children that would have been put out of the way are bought by the sisters from the mothers and reared by them in the Catholic faith to become missionaries in the future.

There are five churches in Che-fu and I was told that the attendance on Sundays was, on an average, about eight persons. The churches were built not so much to fill a long-felt want as to gratify the pious discordant element of Christian society in Che-fu—all of which enables the heathen Chinese to "behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Mrs. Bryson, the author of "Child Life in Chinese Homes" and the wife of a missionary, was one of those I met in Tien-tsin, a very charming woman. Her book is well worth reading as an insight into the customs of the people with regard to their offspring.

I found that the Chinese care nothing for their wives and sisters. They think the world of their mothers, and their devotion to the maternal parent is unwavering.

During the summer months Che-fu is the resort of the people of Shanghai and Tien-tsin, and a very delightful resort it is. It being the rendezvous of the warships of various nationalities, the officers naturally assist in making things very lively in the city. I had my quarters at the Family Hotel, about two miles from the city, on the shore of the bay. Connected with the hotel was a six-oared launch with a uniformed Chinese crew, and one morning I chartered the launch and boarded the flagship

Marion, of the United States navy, commanded by Admiral Davis. As I landed on deck I met the Admiral as he was about leaving for the city. We had met before, at Shanghai, and after greeting me very cordially, he invited me into his cabin, and, after a few minutes' chat and a glass of wine, he took his departure. On leaving, he asked me if I would accept of a Consular salute on leaving the ship. I declined with many thanks as I was fearful of creating a jealous feeling in the breast of the resident Consul. But when he bade me good-by, I was invited to the officers' mess room, and for a couple of hours we had a right royal good time. As I was leaving the ship, and just as the launch was cast off, they blazed away with the salute directly over my head. I wanted to stand up and acknowledge the honor, but didn't dare to, for fear of going overboard. But I did the next best thing. I sat in my seat and raised my hat. Meeting the Admiral that evening at an entertainment, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit to his ship. I replied that the visit was exceedingly pleasant, but in the salute that I had received I was fearful that they would have to use it in raising my body instead of being in honor of my visit, all of which was duly acknowledged.

I stood the heat of August in Tien-tsin far better than do many of the old residents, though it had been years since I felt such a warm temperature. When I went abroad I took my umbrella and fan, and I generally rode in a jinrikisha. It was warm work for the jinrikisha boy and if he had worn any clothes except a cloth around his

loins he would have been apt to suffer. But as "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," so is the sun to a naked Chinaman. The country outside the settlement presented a very singular appearance to me. The heavy rains had filled all the excavations where the earth had been taken out for grave mounds and pathways, and as one stood on the ramparts outside of the improved portion of Tientsin and looked away off over the vast plain dotted with miniature lakes, ponds and canals, each bordered with a dense growth of millet, ten or fifteen feet high, it struck me as being a grand sight. But what seemed the strangest thing about all this was the fact that the lakes and ponds were filled with fish, and the Chinaman never investigated further than to learn that the fish were good to eat. He ate and asked no questions. Another singular feature of this fish business: In July, 1885, most of the lakes and ponds were dried up, and at that time there were fears that the drought would cause famine. So serious had the danger become that the Emperor at Peking repaired with his royal retinue to the Temple of Heaven. At midnight, amid the clanging of gongs, the clashing of cymbals, the pounding of tom-toms, and all the other unearthly sounds the Chinese are capable of making, he offered up prayers for rain. He prayed to the four points of the compass, as signifying that he was not particular which direction the rain came from, so that it did come. And his prayer was granted. The rain came in such quantities that, six weeks later, there was talk of having the Emperor go back to the temple and

pray that the downpour might "let up." And meanwhile, while the Emperor at Peking was devoutly praying for rain, the southern provinces were being devastated by floods, consequently the Viceroys of Southern China were ordering out their praying men to offer up their invocations for less rain and more dry weather. This, I suppose, would have been considered by some of the New York divines as a severe test of the "prayer gauge," though in all probability those poor fellows struggling in the floods were more interested in the "rain gauge" than anxious about the "prayer gauge." However, I believe the prayers at both ends of the Empire were answered. Only, the fellows with the subscriptions for the sufferers by floods got north before those with the subscriptions for those who suffered by drought could get south, consequently some ill feeling was created.

The Emperor's prayers are usually effective. I remember another occasion when the snow had been holding off so long that the Emperor took the matter in hand. He went to the Temple of Heaven and at midnight prayed fervently to the heathen god who is supposed to have charge of the snow supply. In about a week the snow came, and the Chinese were jubilant over the answer to the prayer.

Many letters came to the Consulate from boys asking for foreign stamps. I recollect receiving one that was rather out of the common. The boy lived in Brattleboro, Vermont. I sent him a letter with the stamps he wished. In his reply acknowledging their receipt he wrote that

he was engaged in cleaning a bird cage one morning when some one brought him a letter just arrived in the post, saying, "Here's a letter for you, but I don't know whom it is from." The boy said he dropped his bird cage, tore open the envelope and a pile of stamps fell out. Without waiting to pick up the cage, he rushed into his father's room to show him his stamps. The latter asked him: "But where is the letter?" The boy said that in his glee over the stamps he had not noticed the letter, but when he read it he concluded it was equal to the stamps. He also told me that his mother was a sister of Jim Fisk, who was murdered by "the blackguard Stokes." About the same time another Yankee boy wrote to me, asking if there were any opportunity to sell stamps in China, which was quite in contrast with the Brattleboro boy's request.

The Marquis Tseng paid me an informal call when he was in Tien-tsin, and it was quite delightful to me to talk to a Chinese dignitary without the interminable interpreter. The Marquis spoke admirable English, and though in his travels he had been received by European royalties and mingled with the nobility of many lands, he seemed to have no very strong idea of his own importance. He entertained most enlarged views, and desired to bring about important changes in the management of Chinese affairs. In appearance, though a thorough Chinaman, his features had more of a European cast than those of the Chinese one sees at home.

Colonel Denby's tour of inspection of the Consulates was one of the most interesting and satisfactory tours ever made by a foreign official in China. The Colonel was very well liked in Peking. He was the tallest of any of the Ministers, and a very fine looking man. The closing scene in his tour in June, 1886, was a dinner at Li Hung Chang's *yamen* in Tien-tsin, by far the most agreeable Chinese dinner I ever attended. The Viceroy told me that during the journey of the Seventh Prince the latter often spoke of me and of the liking he took to me, which was certainly very gratifying. It pleased me that the Viceroy should repeat these things to me. The Viceroy, by the way, was much interested in my account of a circus I had attended in Shanghai. No child ever listened to a fairy tale with so lively an interest as did Li Hung Chang, the greatest man in China, to my description of the circus. It seemed to him almost incredible that the horses, elephants, tigers and lions could be taught to do what I told him I had seen them do. He expressed a strong desire to see a circus himself. Later on, by the way, the Viceroy had his desire granted, for the circus troupe came north and a private performance was given for Li's pleasure and that of some of the Imperial family. In the course of the dinner the Viceroy called out from the other end of the table and asked me whether I was a Democrat or a Republican. I answered that I was United States Consul, and left my politics at home when I came to China. The Viceroy smiled at this answer, which seemed to please him.

William M. Pethick, my Vice-Consul, and for a long time connected with the United States Consulate as interpreter, and of whom ex-Governor Low had spoken to me in very high terms as a good man to know, gave me a most cordial welcome at Tien-tsin, and showed me many kindnesses during my stay there. Mr. Pethick was born in New York and was in the Union army during the Civil War. He went to China in the late sixties and was for eight years an English tutor in the Viceroy's family, consequently, he was on terms of intimacy with Li Hung Chang such as but few enjoyed. His influence was sought after by all the syndicates, but he always gave it to the Americans. He had no fondness for society but I found him a charming companion and a good friend. Mr. Pethick's part of the compound at the Consulate was always a beautiful spot in summer. He had exquisite flowers in pots, and on state occasions would make the whole Consulate a bower of beauty with the tropical blooms. Mr. Pethick had quite an adventure on the occasion of one of his visits to Peking during my term of office. He had been outside the city to a Chinese bookstore two or three miles from the gates, where, having found an interesting Chinese book, he had remained reading until five o'clock, when he started to return in his Chinese cart. At about a quarter of a mile from the city some one shouted to him that the gates were closed, and sure enough, when he arrived they were shut so tight that nothing short of dynamite could open them. He had to make the best of it, but it was long after dark before he

could find any place to stay, and then only a miserable Chinese inn where the horrible smells were only equaled by the deafening noises. It seems that during the absence of the Emperor at the Tombs the gates are closed earlier than usual to prevent any usurper from entering and occupying the vacant throne, and for the same reason a cordon of soldiers is encamped outside the walls of the Forbidden City.

An early Californian I happened on in China was Captain Wells, captain of a steamer running between Tien-tsin and Shanghai. He was a member of the California Commandery, and we found many subjects to talk about. Another old Californian who called on me was Captain Lancaster, an American from Maine, who had been in China for a number of years. He was in California on the steamboats running from Sacramento to Marysville and Red Bluff, and also worked in the Sacramento shipyard. He went to China in 1864.

CHAPTER XIV

A Visit to Peking.—Traveling Under Difficulties.—The Ladies' Club.—A New Year's Call on a Prince.—Sir Harry Parks.—Sir Robert Hart.—Peking Notes.

A PORTION of my second winter in China was spent in Peking, which I visited at the earnest solicitation of the American Minister, the Hon. John Russell Young. In getting there I had to go overland, as the river had closed for the season, and the mode of transportation was extremely primitive, the same style having been in use for several thousand years. The cart in which I rode was box-shaped and about four feet square and rested solidly on the iron axle. To prevent the life being jolted out of me the three sides were lined with mattresses, with two mattresses on the floor for me to recline upon, in doing which my feet rested on the standard shaft. The shaft on the port side was occupied by the Chinese driver of the tandem mule-team. The traces of the leading mule were secured to the axle of the cart, which gave the animal about twenty feet to run and haul upon, and as we passed through Tien-tsin the brute availed himself of this liberty, by hieing up all the alleyways and other ways of that famous city. However, we

finally reached the open country, and then that mule behaved himself remarkably well—for a mule. At the close of the day we reached the Wayside Inn, which appeared like a walled city on a small scale, without one aperture in all its brick walls. The entrance was through an arched gateway of quite imposing appearance, but the interior of the square was a sight to behold. The centre was used for the feeding of the animals, and on each side were the rooms of the guests. A door and one window of each of the forty rooms opened upon the square, and the furniture of each room consisted of two chairs and a brick bedstead about two feet high. Beneath the bedstead was a small opening for a fire, but it was seldom used by the foreign guest, as the heat would bring into active life the vermin that had quietly retired to winter quarters. The two chairs were too shallow in their depth to stand alone, and had to be placed against the sides of the room. I had my own cook and *ting-chi,* or body servant, who came in another cart with the bedding and provisions, and they prepared my supper. Such is life in a Chinese wayside inn.

The eighty-mile journey to Peking was accomplished in three days and two nights. Arriving at that famous city on the afternoon of the third day, I was received by Minister Young, and a right hearty welcome was tendered me. I found the United States Minister very companionable. I had corresponded with him, but did not meet him until I had been some while in China. He

knew Tien-tsin very well, having stayed there with General Grant and family during the latter's travels. Mr. Young told me that General and Mrs. Grant, during their visit in Tien-tsin, occupied the sleeping room at the Consulate that I afterward made my own. Judge Denny was the Consul at Tien-tsin during the Grants' visit. Mr. Young was very fond of cribbage, which game I enjoyed many times with him. When at the legation at Peking I occupied the sleeping apartment of the late Mrs. Young. It was just as she had left it, her toilet articles on the bureau, her two hats hanging beside the mirror. Her parasol stood in the corner, her feather fan on the mantel. Over the mantel was a life-sized portrait of Minister Young's first wife and little girl, both of whom died at about the same time. The second wife was the niece of Marshal Jewell of Connecticut, and a life-sized portrait of her hung in the drawing room. She must have been, I judge from her portrait, a beautiful woman, and I was told she was highly esteemed in Peking for her lovely disposition and her many accomplishments.

I remained in Peking three weeks, during which I experienced some of the most delightful events of my life. Having for a guide one of the best pilots in Peking, I visited every object of interest worth visiting except the Forbidden City and was pumped up brimful of ancient history, and saw more wonderful sights than ever before or since. I made the acquaintance of all the high officials of the foreign Legations and they treated me as one of themselves. At a dinner given by Sir Harry

Parks I was called upon to repeat a poem which one of the company had heard me recite, entitled "When the Cows Come Home." Sir Harry had left his rural home in England when only nine years of age; since that time his home had been in the Orient, and the scenes depicted in the poem brought to him so vividly his boyhood days of the long ago that his feelings overcame him to such an extent that he wept like a child. Many times after that evening, at the social gatherings, he would request me to recite the poem and during its recital he would sit away by himself and appear to be oblivious to everything but his precious memories. The first time, by the way, that I recited "When the Cows Come Home" was at a dinner given by the Chit Chat Club, in San Francisco. It was so well liked that I have kept on reciting it ever since. "The Old Canoe," "Tacking Ship Off Shore," and "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell" have also been favorites.

Sir Harry Parks' death occurred during my term of office. Sir Harry was a genial man, overflowing with humor and bright, witty sayings. His married daughter living at Shanghai was on her way to visit him at the time of his death, not knowing even of his illness. The British Consul at Tien-tsin, Mr. Davenport, went down to Taku to meet and prepare her for the crushing blow. They met on the steamer. She was full of joyous anticipation, and for awhile they chatted and laughed together before he could summon courage to tell her the sad news. It was a time of trial for Mr. Davenport. When he finally broke the news to her she staggered for a moment and

gave way to her grief, but soon recovered and was able to listen to all the details of her father's death. The funeral of Sir Harry Parks, or rather the depositing of his remains on board ship, occurred on April 8, 1885. I was one of the bearers. The body lay in state after its arrival from Peking in the compound of the English Consulate, a temporary arbor of bamboo and matting being built over it, with draped flags and pots of flowers at the entrance. The distance from the Consulate to the ship was about as far as two blocks of our city, and the Chinese soldiers from the barracks formed two lines the whole distance. The hearse, which, by the way, was a gun-carriage, the pall-bearers and the foreigners of the settlement marched between the lines, as the soldiers stood at "present arms." Chinese flags were flying to the breeze and the Viceroy's Chinese band headed the imposing procession. The music of the Viceroy's band was solemn and appropriate, but the band coming from the barracks with the soldiers marched down to the Consulate playing "Nellie Bly." As most of their music was minstrel airs they, no doubt, considered that the proper thing for a funeral.

No man in China knew so well the true inwardness of the Chinese government and its peculiarities as did Sir Robert Hart, and his being at the head of the Chinese Imperial Customs gave the Chinese an opportunity to judge of his executive ability. They naturally considered him all right, especially as he proved to be the only man who could arrange a satisfactory adjustment

of the difficulty between China and France. Sir Robert was very nice to me when I was in Peking. He was a clever amateur actor and often appeared in plays given by the members of the Legations. As the head of the Imperial Customs he had authority over at least two thousand subordinates to whom his word was law.

"The Ladies' Literary and Musical Club" of Peking was a very exclusive organization and gentlemen were not permitted to attend their social gatherings, notwithstanding their persistent efforts, for many years. The wife of the Secretary of the American Legation, and her lady companion, were prominent members of the club, and after becoming very well acquainted they invited me to attend one of their afternoon entertainments, and not knowing of their exclusiveness, I accepted their invitation. But when I mentioned it to Minister Young, he laughed and said:

"The ladies will accept your escort to the place of meeting and then, no doubt, will thank you and bid you good-by."

"All right," said I, "and I will esteem it an honor to act as their escort."

The time came for the meeting, and together we went to the hall. Arriving at the entrance, where I expected they would bid me good-by, to my great surprise they invited me in, and there, within their meeting room, was gathered as lovely a company of ladies as I ever met. When called to order by the lady president, a box was produced containing the names of all present on paper

slips, and as they were drawn from the box the lady answering to that name was expected to contribute to the entertainment either with a song, a recitation or the reading of an original paper, and as the ladies were all moving in the highest walks of society, you may depend everything was to the Queen's taste. By a singular freak, my name was the last one drawn from the box, and I was called upon for a speech, and from what I gathered from those who preceded me and the inspiration of the surroundings, I made the speech of my life, and those who heard it will remember it to this day—that is, if they have not forgotten it. After the exercises, we were treated to refreshments, but as we were passing out we met in the hallway the Rev. Dr. Martin, President of the University, and I happened to be accompanied by his wife. When he saw me, the surprise depicted on his face was a study for an artist.

"Wife," said he, "how's this?"

"How's what?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Why," said the doctor, "the gentlemen of Peking have been trying for years to be admitted to your sanctum and have never succeeded, but here comes this man from Tien-tsin and you receive him with open arms."

"Well, doctor," said Mrs. Martin, "we have drawn the line now."

"And where, pray, have you drawn the line?" asked he.

"We have drawn the line at grandpas," said his wife.

"Then, doctor," said I, "you will have to hurry up and become a grandpa, when you can claim admittance to this

charming club," an instance where "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Another very pleasing event happened during my stay in Peking. I had intended leaving for Tien-tsin on Wednesday, but a very cordial invitation from Sir Robert Hart inviting me to remain and attend the concert he proposed giving on Friday evening delayed my departure, and on the evening appointed, Minister Young and myself, in our sedan chairs, repaired to the place appointed and there we found gathered in the reception room all the officials of the Legation with their men and women friends, and it was just too lovely for anything. When the time came for the concert to commence Sir Robert requested the gentlemen to wait until he had seated the ladies, and he distributed them in such a way that each gentleman had a lady to sit beside him, and when all were properly distributed, the gentlemen were invited in. The first to enter was Sir Harry Parks; then followed Minister Young, and I, feeling that I was only a Consul amongst all those Ministers, felt that I ought to "go away back and sit down." But Sir Robert called me to him, and said he: "You come with me," and I followed him, when he took me around, outside the seats, up to the centre of the front row, and there was the only upholstered chair in the room. As we came to it Sir Robert said:

"There, Mr. Bromley, is your seat."

Said I, "Is this for me, Sir Robert?"

"It certainly is," said Sir Robert.

"Well, may God bless you," I replied. " 'Tis all I can say."

When I was seated I found that at my right was the wife of the Russian Minister, and on my left the wife of the Secretary of the American Legation. Why, the honor conferred on me was simply overwhelming and I was prompted to pinch myself that I might be assured of my being the same individual who once turned the wheel in my father's ropewalk. The concert was a delightful one. The music was exquisite and all enjoyed it heartily, and the social function at its close I shall never forget, for the attentions I received while mingling with the ladies and gentlemen of the party really made me feel that I was a Minister myself. But the spell was of very short duration, for the next day after the most delightful visit of my life I had to bid good-by to Peking and all its lovely attractions and return again to my modest Consulate at Tien-tsin and again assume the duties thereunto belonging. But I had enjoyed an experience that falls to the lot of but very few men.

One of my interesting experiences while visiting Peking was a New Year's call, in connection with the other foreign representatives, on one of the Princes. Mr. Young kindly invited me to accompany him on this visit of ceremony. Upon our arrival, we were ushered into the great court of the building through long files of well dressed Chinese, who gave us the customary salutations and wished us a Happy New Year. Our cards had preceded us, and we were met at the entrance of the court by the Grand Secretary and at the door by the Prince, the highest official who holds direct communication with

foreigners. As I was the only stranger present I had the honor of special attention from the Prince after being presented, and as we were waiting for the Russian Minister before sitting down to the table I had quite a pleasant talk with him through our Legation interpreter. As is the custom, he asked my age and when he learned that I had a wife, four children and several grandchildren he was so pleased and surprised that he repeated it to many around him, after which they all seemed to look upon me with profound respect. Whether this was on account of my family or on account of the attention paid my by the Prince I could not say. I thought him by far the most interesting of any of the Chinese officials whom I had met up to that time. He had very pleasing ways, seemed extremely good-natured and was unusually polite even for this most polite people. He had a regular laughing eye and was as amiable as a woman. The Chinese who were present were the real rulers of the Empire, who held in their hands the destiny of the country and its subjects. The table was a marvel of artistic elegance. I counted twenty-two different varieties of confectionery built up in the forms of pyramids, pagodas and temples all symmetrically arranged in rows the full length of the table which, with the fruits and nuts, made up the refreshments provided to eat. The drink was a delicate rice wine served hot in tiny wine glasses from a silver tea kettle, and as each sentiment proposed was drunk in a bumper it kept the attendants busy filling the emptied glasses. The fruits consisted of apples, pears, grapes and

oranges, all very nice. When seated, the Prince sat at the side centre with Minister Young on his right and Sir Harry Parks on his left. The Russian Minister sat next to Mr. Young and I next him, with the Japanese Minister on my right. At the proper time the company was called to order, when Minister Young arose, and, as the senior Minister in Peking, proposed, in a brief speech, the health of the Prince. The speech was interpreted by Mr. Cheshire in a clear, ringing voice, and then we all stood up and drank a bumper to the sentiment. The Prince warmly and pleasantly responded, after which drinking became the order of the occasion. There were other tables besides the one at which we sat, smaller, but arranged in the same way, which were occupied by the several boards of the government, corresponding with our departments of the National Government. The Emperor was at that time a boy of fourteen years, who had not yet come to the throne.

The street lights of Peking were, in those days, well worth going a long distance to see, and if they did not reflect the Chinese character they were of no earthly use, for they reflected no light whatever, and should one wish to locate them at night it was necessary to get their bearings during the day. The foundation was all sufficient to support an upright several horse-power engine. Upon this was placed a four-post frame about six feet high, the posts slightly inclining at the apex. The lantern was a square box with a sash of four panes on each side but these, instead of being glass, were covered with paper.

so that what little light there was was confined inside the lantern. The structure reminded me of an old-fashioned two-story martin box, and with the exception of the foundation, one man could have carried off the whole thing easily.

Donkey-riding is a curious feature of travel, and I often saw Chinese of twice the bulk of the animals they bestrode. They are always accompanied by an attendant called a *marfar,* whose business it is to trot along on foot and encourage the donkey by gently stirring him up with a long stick. It appeared to be a matter of complete indifference to them whether they occupied a position a few inches back of the animal's ears or as much in front of his tail, while the patient little beasts pursued the even tenor of their ways with like stoicism in either case. The most playful class amongst the Chinese, as I saw them, were the men of fifty or thereabouts. They played marbles, spun tops and flew kites, while the children looked on in admiration. During the kite season the air above Peking seemed to be filled with them, representing birds, animals and fish, which rose to great heights.

The Chinese women of Peking seemed to be less devoted to the deformation of their feet than those at Tientsin. As a general rule, the large-footed women seemed to me to be better looking. They had considerable grace in their movements while, to me, the little feet walked as though they were afflicted with chilblains.

CHAPTER XV

In Honor of General Denby.—The Taku Forts.—My Successor is Appointed.—My Kind Friends.

HEN Colonel Denby was appointed United States Minister, to succeed Mr. John Russell Young at Peking, his arrival at Tien-tsin was looked forward to with a feeling of lively interest, and when it was reported that the Minister and his family had arrived at Yokohama and were to leave there for Taku on the United States steamer Trenton, I called on Viceroy Li Hung Chang at his *yamen,* and having informed him of the expected arrival and of my going to Taku to meet the Minister, asked the Viceroy if it were possible for him to furnish me with an order to the commander of the forts at Taku to honor the Minister with a flag-raising salute as he passed the forts.

"Why, certainly," said the Viceroy. "Although it has never been done for a foreign official, I will issue the order."

With that order I started for Taku, went to the fort and gave the order to the officer in charge, who, after duly considering its import, treated me right royally, taking me all through the fortifications and pointing out to me how utterly impossible it would be for an enemy to

attack successfully its impregnable walls. It was certainly a wonderful fortress. I returned to Taku and chartered a tug for one hundred dollars, which was to be in readiness at any time for one week, to meet the Trenton on her arrival and convey the Minister and his family to Tien-tsin. On the morning of the fourth day after the charter the man on the lookout discovered the ship. She had come in during the night and anchored about twelve miles from the mouth of the Pei-ho, and some four miles from the usual passage way of incoming and outgoing messengers of commerce. We were soon under weigh and headed for the ship, and when the tug hove in sight, the rejoicing on that ship was simply immense, as they had all been wondering how and when they would reach the land.

As the tug came alongside the ship I mounted the side ladder and went on board. The first person to meet me was Admiral Davis, whom I knew, and greeting me very cordially he invited me aft, where I was introduced to the Minister and his family, also to the officers of the ship. They were all grouped together, and such a woebegone company I have seldom seen. After the introductions, the Admiral said to me:

"They don't want us here; you come with me."

I went with him to his room and we had a glass of wine together, and it was then that the Admiral informed me that during the short time the Denbys had been on board the ship, the family had so endeared themselves to

the officers of the ship that the parting was like the separating of a family. As a proof of the sincerity of their feelings, one of the officers has since married the Minister's daughter. The scene at parting was quite affecting, and, considering the brief acquaintance, was something remarkable.

After leaving the ship, when a short distance away, a Minister's salute of thirteen guns was given, when the colors were dipped, and when hoisted again a Consular salute of seven guns was fired in my honor, all of which were duly acknowledged by the recipients. As we were passing the fort I threw out the preconcerted signal and up went about forty of the dragon flags, to the astonishment of everybody except myself.

The evening of the Minister's arrival at Tien-tsin there was to be a grand banquet in honor of the treaty of peace between France and China, and as I had my ticket, I telegraphed to Mr. Pethick, my Vice-Consul, to secure tickets for Minister Denby and his son. He did so, and we arrived at the settlement in time for them to prepare for the banquet. The Minister delivered his first speech in the Orient on that night, and the favorable impression he created he retained throughout his long official term.

On the last steamer to arrive at Tien-tsin before the closing of the Pei-ho came the mail, which brought me a letter from President Grover Cleveland, informing me that my successor had been appointed on October

tenth and from that time my salary as United States Consul at Tien-tsin would no longer be paid by the Government. To say that the announcement was a crusher but faintly portrays my feelings, when I read that letter and realized what it meant for me. My voucher for my October salary had been paid by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and I had sent it to my home, and there I was, thousands of miles from my native land, the land that I had left to fill a position that I had never asked for, that came to me unsolicited, the duties of which I had discharged with honor and fidelity, and to the entire satisfaction of my Government and all classes with whom I had had official dealings. The act of President Cleveland was cruel. It was heartless, and will never be forgotten.

After brooding over the letter for awhile I took it to the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. He read it over deliberately.

"Well," said he, "you can't leave Tien-tsin before next March."

"I know that very well," said I, "but how am I to subsist in the meantime?"

"Well," said he, "you bring your voucher to me every month and you shall have your money, and if your Government doesn't honor the drafts, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank will cheerfully sustain the loss."

Never in my life have I heard words that filled my heart so full of grateful emotion as did those generous words of the manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai

Bank, and the change in my feelings on entering and on leaving that bank I shall never forget as long as life lasts. The striking contrast in my treatment by the bank managers and by the President of the United States has caused me, during all these years, to cherish feelings of love and gratitude for the one, and bitter hatred for the other, and I may say that there is not another man on earth for whom I would for a moment entertain such a feeling. When Viceroy Li Hung Chang heard that I was to be recalled he telegraphed to the Chinese Minister at Washington to have me retained if possible. The answer came back that the appointee was a friend of the Secretary of State and that he (the Minister) did not feel at liberty to interfere. I learned afterwards that the Viceroy paid one hundred and six dollars for sending his dispatch, thus showing his friendship, which I retained up to the time of his death.

It was not until the last of March that my successor put in an appearance, and his name was Smithers. He had been in Tien-tsin before and was known in the settlement. Now, right here, I can't help saying a word regarding President Cleveland's mandate. Here was this man receiving the salary of a United States Consul for four months and unable to reach his destination. I was performing all the duties of the office, for which I did not receive a dollar, and finally left to get to my home the best way I could. That was the case then, and if it has not been changed, it is about time it was, and it is, in my opinion, a disgrace to the country. However, I am

not here to criticise the Government, but to tell the story of my life.

After turning over the Consulate and all of its belongings to my successor on April first, I received a letter from Mrs. Detring, wife of the Imperial Commissioner of Customs, informing me that my friends in Tien-tsin, knowing that my seventieth birthday would arrive on the fourteenth of the month, were exceedingly desirous that I should remain with them and give them the opportunity "to properly celebrate the three score and ten anniversary," and for me not to go to the hotel, but to make her house my home during my stay. With feelings of heartfelt gratitude I joyously accepted her kind invitation, nor would I have exchanged places with my successor for all the emoluments of his office.

The endearing friendships that had widened and lengthened during my official term had caused me to feel that nowhere on earth could be found a more lovable community than the one dwelling in the foreign settlement of Tien-tsin, and my fourteen days were full to overflowing with joy and gladness. On the morning of my birthday, after receiving the congratulations of the family, we entered the breakfast room, and there, upon the table in front of my seat were the birthday presents from the family, and by the side of my chair was a small table upon which had been placed a platter, and around the sides were seventy blue, white and red lighted tapers, and in the centre a lighted wax candle which, according to German tradition (the family were German), was the

"Light of Life," and if in any way it was extinguished before burning out it was a bad omen. The tapers having ended their part in the display, the candle was placed on the mantelpiece, where it burned entirely out in the socket, amid the joy and rejoicing of all present, even the servant joining in the animating scene.

But the crowning glory of all my experience in China was at the theatre on my birthday night. Every resident of the settlement, including the missionaries, was there, and Colonel Denby, the United States Minister, with his wife, came all the way from Peking to participate in the ceremonies, which was a distinguished honor that I most highly appreciated.

The ceremonies opened with music by the band, after which Mr. Detring, the Imperial Commissioner of Customs, delivered the opening address, which was full of kind, loving words, which I could feel came right from his heart, and to which I responded as best I could.

Then was read the following address, which was beautifully printed on parchment, and after the reading it was spread upon a table and every one present signed it, and it now hangs in my parlor as one of the most precious treasures which I possess.

TO GEORGE T. BROMLEY, ESQ.

Dear Mr. Bromley:

We, the residents of the Foreign Settlement of Tientsin, are assembled to offer our congratulations on your seventieth birthday, to unite in wishing that your years

may be prolonged, that you may have health to enjoy your life and to diffuse around you the feelings of pleasure which we have always experienced in your society. It is with deep and unfeigned regret that we contemplate your near departure from amongst us, and we should be wanting in gratitude if we allowed the occasion to pass without expressing to you, however feebly, the feelings of true affection with which you have inspired us, and our sense of what we, as a community and each of us individually, owe to your kindly presence during the past three years. When you first came amongst us we greeted you as an acquisition to our social life. You leave us a warm and tried friend.

The capacity to form friendships is given to few men at your time of life, but you have had the rare gift to attach to yourself by bonds of real affection a whole community of various nationalities, among whom you came so recently, a perfect stranger. It is mainly to your genial influence in our midst that we attribute the harmony and brotherly feeling which has so peculiarly characterized our community, and our social occupations have derived much of their success from the willing and sympathetic part you have always borne in them.

Your refreshing good nature, your elasticity of mind and cheerfulness of spirits, your ready wit and abounding humor, and above all, the noble example you have set us of a life without guile and a tongue without reproach, have endeared you to our hearts. It is for the great country which you have so worthily represented here to appreciate your official success. But we, in a cosmopolitan community in the midst of a Chinese population, cannot ignore the honorable part you have played in the maintaining of those good relations between natives and foreigners on which our well-being greatly depends. Your dignified attitude towards the Chinese officials and the

breadth and soundness of your views on questions which have come before you have inspired them with such confidence in your justice as has led to the most beneficial results, not alone to your own country, but to all foreign residents in China.

In wishing you Godspeed we beg your acceptance of a trifling souvenir to carry to your native land, and if it serves to remind you sometimes of the true friends you have left behind you in Tien-tsin, the thought will give us all great pleasure. Your vacant place here, which cannot be filled, will never cease to remind us of you. Our sole consolation in parting with you is the thought of the warm hearts which are waiting to welcome you on the other side of the ocean, whither we wish you a safe passage, and trusting you will have a happy reunion with your family and friends, we are, dear Mr. Bromley,

Your loving friends,

(Here follow signatures.)

While the address was being signed I was overwhelmed by the kind, loving expressions of those who gathered around me, and as I listened with a grateful appreciation I could not but think to myself, "What am I? Who am I, and what have I done that I should be the recipient of such unbounded kindness and affection?" It was the event of my life, and it falls to the lot of but few men to be thus highly honored.

I felt that it was much better to feel that I was leaving when they wished me to stay, than to be staying when they wished me to go. This I told the Taotai when he asked me why my Government should desire my return when I was such a favorite with the Chinese, and I had

to add that my Government had no idea what a favorite I was, and after all it wouldn't make much difference.

The time came when I had to bid a long farewell to my dear friends, and the ship that would bear me away was to leave at seven o'clock in the morning, which involved the necessity of those of my friends who wished to say good-by to me on the event of my departure rising at six o'clock A. M., an unusual hour for rising in the Orient. But a large company of ladies and gentlemen was there, notwithstanding the early hour, and the band was also there, and when the band commenced to play, all the Chinese that were at work on the ships and lighters on the river quit their labors and rushed up to know what it was all about. After a very affectionate leave-taking, the head-lines of the steamer were cast off, and the ship commenced to swing with the tide. The passengers, knowing that the demonstration was in my honor, had given me the after part of the upper deck to myself, and as I stood there alone the band struck up the "Swingle Waltz," and when it came to the chorus the ladies and gentlemen all locked arms and swung to the music. But with the second chorus came the most affecting scene I have ever witnessed, for there on that bund were all those ladies kneeling in a circle with locked arms, keeping time with the music until the last note was sounded. Never in my life has any event affected me as did that farewell scene on the shore of the Pei-ho, and as long as I live will that parting be cherished as a precious memory. I afterward heard from those who were present that they

had never before seen such a look of wonder and bewilderment depicted on the Chinese countenance as was exhibited by those natives when they saw the gentlemen and ladies kneeling down. They made up their minds that I was some sort of a Joss Pidgin and that I was receiving homage. And it was thus that I bade a last farewell to a people among whom I had passed through the most important years of my life, and whose love and affection I prize beyond the power of language to express.

Dr. Osborn once asked me why I did not write a book on China. He said from what he had seen and known of me, he was quite sure I could write the most readable book ever published. Judge Sawyer told me that same thing before I left San Francisco, but I thought then that it is much better to have people think you can write a book and not write one, than to write one and have people think you ought not to have written it.

CHAPTER XVI

SHANGHAI AGAIN.—GRAND CANAL EXCURSION.—YOKOHAMA.—THE HOUSE ON THE BLUFF.—MISSIONARY WORK WITH PINS.

N THE voyage from Tien-tsin to Shanghai, the ship touched at Taku and Che-fu, which gave me an opportunity of meeting and bidding farewell to some of the best people I have ever known, and whose friendship I valued very highly. Mutual and sincere regrets were expressed at parting and the many charming people I have met in both these places I shall always remember with infinite pleasure.

Upon arriving at Shanghai I immediately went to the hotel, and after securing accommodations, went to pay my respects to the Consul-General. I found him with a party just about starting on an excursion through the Grand Canal in two houseboats, with a steam launch to tow them. After making myself known, and the usual compliments had passed, they urged me to join the party. I said I would be more than pleased to do so, but that it would require all of two hours for me to return to the hotel and make the necessary preparations. They said that didn't matter, they would wait; and they waited and I went with them, and a jollier party never floated on

the Grand Canal than the party that occupied those two houseboats. We were five days on the cruise, and I can safely say that I learned more of Chinese life in all its phases during those five days than in the three years of my residence among that people, and I do think that to a person interested in the history of China and the Chinese a trip through the Grand Canal is of itself worth a voyage to the Orient. The arched bridges that still remain over the Canal are wonderful works of art, but those destroyed during the Taiping rebellion have never been repaired or rebuilt, as the hand of the present Chinese race has lost its cunning and is not equal to it.

The Grand Canal excursion was a grand success from the beginning to the end, and added another important event to my life in China, and I shall ever feel grateful to Consul-General Kenneday for his kindness and his noble treatment of myself while a member of his party.

I remained in Shanghai several days, and during that time I was kept very busy accepting invitations to family tiffins and public dinners from friends whom I had met during my frequent visits to the city from Tien-tsin, and they were all charming beyond language to express. The last of the series was a gentleman's party, and at the final winding up they escorted me to the ship that was soon to sail for Yokohama. After an affectionate leave-taking I retired to my stateroom and when I awoke in the morning the ship was well on her way to her destination.

We had to coal up at Nagasaki, and there I made the acquaintance of Mr. Birch, the United States Consul,

and remained with him that night, and we did have what might be called in the higher walks of society "a high old time," and if there was any object of interest in that city that we did not investigate it was on account of the lateness of the hour and the place being closed. I left Mr. Birch after a delicious breakfast, thoroughly convinced that he was worthy of the position he so ably filled. After leaving Nagasaki we sailed through the Inland Sea in the night time, and the numerous lights on the Japanese fishing boats were a wonderful and weird sight, and it required slow and careful navigation of the steamer to prevent coming into contact with the fishing boats. As for their getting out of the way of the steamer, such an idea never entered the heads of those Japanese fishermen.

We arrived at Yokohama on the morning of the fifth day from Shanghai, with everybody well and everything lovely, after one of the most enjoyable passages ever made between the two commercial centres. I love to lie awake nights and think about it.

Mr. Clarence Greathouse having been appointed Consul-General at Yokohama since I left there three years before, and he being an old-time friend of mine and a member of the Bohemian Club, I went to call on him soon after signing the hotel register. On my way to the Consulate I dropped in at the Pacific Mail Steamship Office to inquire about the departure of the steamer, received the desired information, and was invited by Mr. Chandler Howard to tiffin at his home. Having known Mr. Howard and his wife, Nellie Hopps the artist, in San

Francisco, I very gladly accepted the invitation, and then wended my way to the Consulate of Consul-General Greathouse. We met as becometh old-time friends after a long separation, and after a very lively conversation of several minutes the Consul inquired where was my baggage. I said, "At the hotel"; then, without consulting me, he called his man and said to him:

"Now, you go to the hotel and tell them who sent you, and ask for Mr. Bromley's baggage, and bring it here."

He then gave me to understand that while I remained in Yokohama I must make my home with him and his dear mother. I then told him of my having accepted an invitation to tiffin at Mrs. Howard's, and would have to say good-by for a little while. I had a delightful time at the tiffin, and while there received an invitation to a Dickens Supper from Mrs. Center, to be given at her house that evening, and also informing me that I would be the only person present not in costume representing some one of Dickens's characters.

The Dickens Supper was delightful from its commencement at nine o'clock P. M., to its final closing at five o'clock A. M. I arrived at the house early in the evening and was met in the hallway by the strangest looking personage that I had ever met at a reputable social gathering. From her garb I judged she was a woman, and as she approached she greeted me cordially and said:

"Good evening, Mr. Bromley."

As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently I said, "Good evening."

Then, said she, "You don't know me, seemingly?"

"No," said I, "I don't remember of ever meeting you before."

"Well," said she, "I'm Sairy Gamp."

"Oh, are you?" said I, "but who are you when you are not Sairy Gamp?"

"Well," said she, "I am Mrs. Center."

The announcement was a stunner, and you could have knocked me down with a feather, for it did not seem possible that so lovely a lady as Mrs. Center could have been so completely disguised, and yet, after seeing the representatives of the other Dickens characters, I became reconciled to the appearance of Mrs. Center. Admiral Chandler, then in command of the United States squadron in the Orient, appeared with his wife, as Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, and the representation was perfect. There were some fifty or sixty characters represented, and no two represented the same character, and among all the Dickens representations that I have witnessed in my time not one could equal the Dickens Supper at Yokohama.

The band from the United States warship Monocacy furnished excellent music throughout the night, and taking it all in all, it was one of the most enjoyable nights I had spent since leaving the Bohemian Club.

In consequence of the crowded state of the steamer, I had to send to Hong Kong to secure my stateroom, and that involved my remaining in Yokohama three weeks. But they were three weeks of perfect enjoyment. I attended a lecture one afternoon delivered by one of the

legal fraternity of Yokohama before the pupils of the High School, and it was wonderful to see the interest manifested by those young Japanese. They seemed to just drink in every word that fell from the speaker's lips, and notwithstanding the crowd of visitors, the attention of the pupils was not for a moment diverted from the business on hand, and although I didn't understand a word that was spoken, yet it seemed to me like a heart-to-heart talk between the lecturer and his young listeners. After the lecture, the visitors were invited to a modest banquet in the dining room. Among the invited guests I had noticed an unusually tall and well-proportioned Japanese gentleman. As formal introductions are not so rigidly adhered to in Japan as in some other countries, I was not introduced to him, but it so happened that we were seated together at the table and he spoke to me in very good English, and in the course of our conversation I inquired where he had been educated, and when he replied that he had been graduated from the State Academy in Norwich, Connecticut, I felt like embracing him right then and there. And when I informed him that Norwich was my native town, that banquet had no further attractions for either of us, for we talked and talked and talked about that dear old city and its people, until the time came for the company to separate, and when we bade each other good-by it was with renewed assurances of our distinguished consideration for each other, and a realization of the fact the world is not such a very large world, after all.

Then came a few days' rest from the banqueting, which Consul Greathouse and myself availed ourselves of by frequently visiting the famous "Tea House on the Bluff" at the head of the "Hundred Steps," and no tourist visiting Yokohama should fail to visit that delightful resort. "The Bluff" is the Nob Hill of the city, and is the home of the wives and families of the officers of the United States Navy when stationed on the coast of Japan. We were always very pleasantly entertained at the Tea House by the music and singing of the geisha girls, and the very agreeable company we were always sure of meeting there, but those delightful evenings were interrupted by an invitation from the Faculty of the University of Tokio, for the Consul-General, his mother and myself to attend a banquet to be given by the university. Knowing it was to be a very swell affair, we prepared ourselves accordingly, and when the time came we took passage on the railway, which is thoroughly Japanese, from the engine stoker to the President of the company. Arriving at Tokio, we were met by a delegation that escorted us to the college, and after disposing of our surplus clothing, we were ushered into the dining room. And such a dining room! With not a particle of furniture in sight, but a lovely, soft matting, upon which everybody reclined, and when all had reclined, the lovely little Japanese waiter girls, each bearing the chest of drawers that contained the first course, placed it before each guest. Oh, it was quaint, but it was lovely. It was a rich treat, the way in which we partook of that repast,

while jollity and mirth were unconfined, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Perhaps the exhilarating effects of the *saki* had something to do with the jollity and mirth. When the time came for the orators of the evening, we had speeches in the Japanese and the English languages, of more or less eloquence. When I was called upon I found some difficulty in assuming an upright position, but having done so, I delivered my speech, which was brief, as I knew it would have to be interpreted, since a majority of the guests were not familiar with the English language. When I had finished, the President did the translating, and in doing so he took a much longer time than I had done, and when he had finished I said to him:

"Mr. President, did I say all that?"

"No," said he, "but I improved on what you said."

"That settles it," said I, "and I make no more speeches in Japan."

That President was a splendid man, and for some three years after my return to San Francisco we kept up a very lively correspondence which was most enjoyable.

My three weeks' stay in Yokohama were brimful of solid enjoyment, and I don't think it possible for any one to have a better time than I had while there as the guest of Consul-General Greathouse and his amiable and accomplished mother. When Mrs. Greathouse first arrived in Yokohama her keen sense of propriety in female dress was shocked by seeing the Japanese women as they passed the Consulate, in going to and coming from the tea oven, where they were engaged in curing tea, to see that

the peculiar shape of the upper portion of their dresses exposed more of their charms than was proper; and to remedy the evil, she would stand outside the gate of the compound with a paper of pins, and amid the hearty laughter of the Japanese girls, she would carefully pin the garment so as to conceal the exposure, and would then return, conscious of having performed good missionary work, which, no doubt, it would have been, had not the same girls appeared the next day, and every succeeding day, ready to go through the same pinning up ceremony, until Mrs. Greathouse came to the conclusion that it was "Love's labor's lost," and permitted the girls to wear their garments as their ancestors had worn them for centuries before Mrs. Greathouse came to Japan.

I learned when in Yokohama that Judge and Mrs. Denny on their way to Korea, were very unfortunate while in Yokohama. The hotel was burned while they were there and the Judge lost everything except the clothes in which he stood, Mrs. Denny saving but a small portion of her wardrobe. The loss to them was a very severe one, as they had laid in a supply of everything they thought they would want in a country where they would not be able to buy anything used by civilized people. In their efforts to save some of their belongings they were both suffocated and came very near losing their lives. In the struggle Mrs. Denny sprained her ankle, and it was a long time before she was able to walk.

The time came when I was to leave Japan and all its

allurements, and had my destination been any other portion of the world but my own home, my regrets at leaving Japan would have been beyond the power of language to express, for at that time Japan was the loveliest country on earth for a foreigner to visit and travel through. But the anticipation of soon meeting those I loved, after a three years' separation, and once more mingling with the friends who were most dear to me, drove entirely out of my mind the thoughts of any other country, or any other people. For I was homeward bound.

CHAPTER XVII

HOME AGAIN.—OFF FOR THE EAST.—NEW YORK AND NORWICH.—THANKSGIVING IN NORWICH.—SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.—A NOTARY PUBLIC.

THE voyage home was an uneventful one, inasmuch as I was taken quite ill when but a few days out from Japan and did not fully recover until some days after my arrival in San Francisco. This sickness was caused by the use of the unhealthy water received on board the ship at Yokohama. Quite a number of the passengers suffered from the same cause, and the consequence was I acquired a strong dislike to water in its natural state, and, strange as it may seem, that same prejudice has remained with me to this day, and it really seems to me that it always will.

The right royal welcome that awaited me at my home, of wife and children and grandchildren, and the warm, hearty greeting of my old-time friends, created an epoch in my life's career that will ever remain with me as a precious memory.

After some three weeks of delightful mingling with old friends and associates, I felt a strong desire to once more visit the home of my childhood, after an absence of thirty

years, and, having fully decided to do so, I interviewed Mr. John C. Holland, then President of the Central and Southern Pacific, and made known to him my intention. He congratulated me heartily and gave me to understand that if I didn't eat nor drink anything on the way, my crossing the continent wouldn't cost me a cent. After expressing my gratitude as well as I could, and seeing the precious document that would give me tone among railroad officials, I made ready for the journey. I had crossed the Isthmus of Panama three times, but this was my first experience in crossing in a railroad train, and I enjoyed every moment of it.

Arriving at New York, I put up at the Hoffman House, and there met many of my old-time California friends, and, as the famous yacht race between the Puritan and the Valkyrie was to be sailed the next day, I received an invitation to witness the race. But when morning came, as I was about leaving the hotel, I met my brother Isaac, who, with his wife, had come from New Haven to meet me. The surprise and delight of this unexpected meeting changed my plans entirely and the yacht race had no charms for me after such a reunion; consequently I didn't witness it.

After spending a few days in New York, viewing with astonishment the wonderful changes thirty years had wrought, my brother and myself took passage on the steamer Lowell for a sail through Long Island Sound to our old home in Norwich, Connecticut. Captain William Ward was master of the steamer, and Mr. Joseph Carter

chief engineer. We had all four been boys together, and after dinner we assembled in the engine room and talked over old times, of the happenings in that dear old town sixty or seventy years before, until the steamer arrived at New London, where we took the train for Norwich; but I shall never forget the delightful interview, the charming heart-to-heart talk in that engine room, the renewal of precious memories, and the living over again scenes and incidents of childhood and our maturer years. It was a real treat, and we all enjoyed every moment of it heartily.

Arriving at Norwich in the early morning, we started for the Wauregan Hotel, and a short distance from the depot we came to Franklin Square. As we passed into the square I said to my brother, "Is this Franklin Square?" He said it was; but it didn't seem to me possible, for, sixty-five years before, when that square was laid out, I thought it the biggest square on earth. But now it seemed to have shrunk into a small, vacant space, where the farmers fed their teams when they came to the city to dispose of their produce and make their family purchases. And so it was with everything I saw in that dear old town. The buildings that appeared to me in my childhood as stately mansions had dwindled into quite common dwelling houses. And yet, I found that during those seventy-five years there had been erected in that city some of the most beautiful residences, the loveliest homes, in all New England. When I left my home thirty years before, I knew nearly everybody in the city,

and nearly everybody knew me, but now not one of all those I met recognized me. It was a rich experience for me,—my meeting with those of my intimate friends in the long ago. I would have the advantage of them always, as I would call on them at their homes or places of business, and would know whom I was to meet, and on meeting them I would hold out my hand, call them by name, and say:

"How do you do?"

They would take my hand and say: "How do you do, sir?" evidently in a quandary as to whether I was a life insurance or book agent.

Then I would ask, "Are you well?"

"Yes," they would say, "very well."

"Have you been well since I saw you last?" I would ask.

"Yes, yes," they would answer rather impatiently, wondering all the time what this stranger was trying to get at.

Then I would ask, "Do you know me?" and invariably they would say, "No, I never saw you before."

Then I would tell them my name, and although my features had been entirely out of their recollection, my name had not been forgotten, and it was well worth crossing the Pacific Ocean and the American continent to be the recipient of the hearty greeting following this announcement.

As we arrived on Sunday, we decided to attend divine service at the Central Baptist Church, of which I had been a member in my younger days, and as my brother

and myself entered, the usher, seeing two venerable strangers approach, suggested our coming up and taking seats in front, but I proposed that we should "go away back and sit down." We did so, and from where we sat I looked over the congregation, but not one familiar face greeted my longing eyes. A feeling of sadness came over me when I remembered that the last time I was in that church I knew them all, from minister to sexton.

In the afternoon I went with my brother to visit the Yantic Cemetery. I was present when the Reverend Dr. Bond dedicated that cemetery, and it was then simply a beautiful grass plot with no stone above its surface. But now how changed the enclosure appeared, crowded with monuments, tablets and gravestones to its fullest extent; and as I read the inscriptions I saw that about four out of every five were the names of those whom I had known during their lifetime. I did not feel so depressed as perhaps I ought to have done upon leaving the cemetery where so many of my old-time friends were laid away, but having concluded that they had lived their allotted time, I let it go at that, and we returned to the hotel, and the next day went with a delightful party to Gardner Lake a-fishing. As we were on our way from the hotel to the lake we passed under a large chestnut tree, and the ground was covered with chestnuts. Now, I had heard a great many chestnuts, but I had not seen one in thirty years. "Now," said I, "you can fish; I will gather chestnuts."

Soon after my arrival in my native town I met an aged

gentleman whom I had known as a prominent and well-to-do citizen in the years gone by. I introduced myself, and he was quite pleased to meet me, and we had a very pleasant chat about the long ago. A few days after, I again met him at the hotel, and he informed me that he had lost a pocketbook containing a small amount of money, although it was a great deal to him, and it had been found, and was in the possession of the barkeeper of the hotel. He had applied for it, but as the barkeeper did not know him he was told that he must bring some one to identify him, and he asked me if I would do so. Now, here was a man whose home had been in that town all his life coming to me, who had been away from it for thirty years, to identify him with a hotel barkeeper. The situation struck me as rather sad, and yet a little bit comical. However, I consented, for if there was any one man connected with the hotel that I knew better than any other it was the barkeeper, and after identifying my friend, and he had received his pocketbook, I invited him to join me in a drink. He declined with thanks, adding that he never indulged in strong drink. I was glad to hear him say that, as it was evidence that his reverse in the possession of this world's goods was not brought about by dissipation. But the little incident impressed me with the fact that an individual may go as completely out of sight in the community which has always been his home as he can thousands of miles away.

It was during my stay in Norwich that Thanksgiving was observed, and there is one peculiarity about the

observation in Norwich which is not known anywhere else on earth, and which is, that while the old people in the churches are rendering thanks, the boys on the various hills are preparing for the evening bonfires, composed of the hundreds of barrels which they have been busy for weeks purloining for the occasion. And, oh, how I enjoyed witnessing the preparations during the day and seeing the bonfires in the evening! For the scene vividly recalled my boyhood days, when ash barrels, water barrels, or barrels of any kind left out over night would be missing the next morning. In those days it was called stealing barrels, but I found the term had been softened down to simply hocking them, and the boys who would prowl around nights hunting barrels would scorn the idea of their taking anything else not their own.

It has never been positively settled as to when, where or how the custom originated, but almost every year some new-fangled notion with regard to it appears in the local papers. We have been told that it was brought from England, and is a reminder of the execution of Guy Fawkes for his attempt to blow up the House of Parliament and others say it is Benedict Arnold who was the originator, as he used to build bonfires on the Up-Town Plains, just to disturb the worshipers in the meeting houses. But whatever its origin was, it has come to stay.

During my three months' visit East I spent several days in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Haven and Brooklyn. In each of these cities I found relatives and old-time friends, who gave me a hearty

welcome, all of which filled my Eastern visit brimful of solid enjoyment; but the crowning glory of my delightful experience was in my arriving at Chicago and going to Morgan Park, where I met my only sister and her charming family, and for two weeks I experienced just about as lovely a time as any man ever had. Then, bidding them all good-by, I left for Chicago, to take the night train to cross the continent. I found, however, that every berth in the Pullman car was taken, and the only accommodation was the passenger car with no berths. But that didn't feaze me a particle, for I had started for home and I was going, and I did go, and arrived safely at Oakland mole, having done all my sleeping in an upright position. I mention this simply to give the reader to understand that I was equal to the emergency.

On my way home from the ferry I drifted in at the Bohemian Club, just to say "How do you do?" to the boys, and they were having an impromptu concert in the Red Room. When I entered, the shout that went up was something startling, and as they came tumbling over each other to grasp my hand and bid me welcome, I was really quite overcome by the genuine outpouring of feeling, and I felt overjoyed to be alive and there. And then we all took a welcome-home drink, which was heartily enjoyed by every one present. Then I went home.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour of my arrival, and that the family had retired, when I rang the door-bell and made the startling announcement that the wanderer had returned and was ready for the fatted calf, that

family was up and dressed in quicker time than was ever before known, and I was received with open arms and a right royal welcome, all of which goes without saying, and then, amid the joy and rejoicing, I talked of whom and what I had seen, and of the gorgeous time I had been having, until two A. M., and then, as I had not seen a bed since leaving Chicago, I suggested that we postpone a further recital of my experiences until I had experienced for a few hours the luxury of a comfortable bed. And you can bet your sweet life I enjoyed it, for when I arose after my refreshing sleep, I felt that I had been amply repaid for the privation I had undergone while crossing the continent.

It was soon after my return that a nominating committee was appointed in the Bohemian Club to select candidates to be voted for at the annual election, and, to my astonishment, that committee invited me to permit my name to head the ticket. My natural modesty, which the reader no doubt has observed permeating every page of this volume, received a shock at the announcement. I very soon recovered, however, accepted the proffered honor, and in due time was unanimously elected President of the Bohemian Club, in April, 1888, and it was during my official term that the club purchased the belongings of the Pacific Club and took possession of their premises, and has ever since occupied them, and in which has been found more real enjoyment than in any other club on earth.

During my year's term of office I found the cares not burdensome, having the hearty co-operation of the officers

and members. Having gone into office with their unanimous approval, I went out in a blaze of glory with their unanimous consent.

The next event in which I was the king-pin of the whole show was the celebrating by the club of my seventy-fifth birthday, and this was a corker. It was found that not one of the club's rooms could accommodate the multitude that would attend, and Irving Hall, on the opposite side of the street, was engaged for the literary and musical exercises, and when the time came the procession was formed and we all marched over to the hall. One of the features of the procession was a birthday cake beautifully ornamented and borne on the shoulders of four stalwart Bohemians.

The entertainment at Irving Hall I shall ever remember as a lovely epoch in my life's career. It was one of those occasions when hand grasps hand, where heart leaps to heart, and every eye beams happiness and everyone is glad. At the close of the exercises all were marched back to the club rooms, where a bounteous supper was served and toasts and sentiments responded to by some of the brightest minds in Bohemia.

When the proceedings were published the following day several of my lady friends expressed a wish for a piece of the birthday cake, and I said: "Why, certainly; I will be delighted to comply with your request." But when I made application for it at the club I was told that I would have to bring a saw, as it was a property cake made of wood and loaned for the occasion by Mr.

Bouvier of the Baldwin Theatre. Consequently I had to apologize to the ladies and give them my reason for not granting their request.

It was about this time (I have to depend on my memory for dates) that I was appointed by the Governor a Notary Public. It had been discovered that the Notary Public service in San Francisco was one man short, so I applied for the position, and was appointed without one dissenting voice. During my term of office I made a great deal of money when I had any official business to transact, but as I transacted very little business, it was not a success.

Then came to me a committee that had been appointed to present names for municipal officers at a convention soon to be held, and I was importuned to allow my name to come before the convention as a candidate for Public Administrator, and as an inducement I was told that I would have a "regular walk-over." I consented, was nominated, and found they were right, for I had a "regular walk-over," making speeches from School-House Station to Fort Point, and from the city front to the cemetery. When at the cemetery a voice seemed to say unto me, "Ah there, stay there;" and when the votes were counted after the election I found it was about the best thing I could have done. But "such is the penalty of greatness," and when I remembered that Henry Clay, the most brilliant man of his time, was once a defeated candidate for office, I was resigned to my defeat, congratulated the successful candidate, and as an evidence that

no hard feeling existed, accepted an invitation from him and joined him in a drink.

At the close of this campaign an opportunity presented itself to dispose of my stock in trade to a man in the business, for money sufficient to cover my electioneering expenses, and I was more than pleased to accept his generous offer. Again I went forth a free man, ready to negotiate for whatever there was in sight that promised a comfortable livelihood. It came in the shape of an offer from a dear friend of mine, Mr. W. H. Sears, Collector of Internal Revenue, who gave me an appointment as outside collector, and a most agreeable and interesting service it proved to be. In the performance of my official duties I saw more of San Francisco and learned more of its inner workings than I had ever dreamed of. From the heights of Russian Hill to the lowest depths of Chinatown it was an open book to me. The wholesale dealers on Front street, the saloon keepers and the cigar makers became my most intimate acquaintances, and for three years I climbed the hills and trod the streets of the city for hours, during the six days of every week in my term of office. Then, by reason of a change in the administration, I was graduated, and was succeeded by a prize fighter who won his appointment by his valuable services to his party in the primary elections. From that time to the present I have lived on my reputation as a capitalist. A quarter of a century ago I was sitting in my dining room after breakfast and wondering where I could borrow the money to pay my rent, when the door

bell was rung. My wife went to the door, and I heard her in conference with some man. Presently she came in and said it was a canvasser for names for the directory and he wanted to know what was my business.

"Oh," said I, "tell him I am a capitalist."

He so recorded it, and it is that which keeps me in countenance today.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRATERNAL LIFE.—ODD FELLOWS.—MASONS.—A CLAM-BAKE.—THE CONCLAVE IN BOSTON.

T was during the first year of my married life that I joined Uncas Lodge of Odd Fellows. Singular as it may seem, soon after becoming even, I became Odd. But both conditions, I am pleased to say, were harmonious and very happy. From time to time I was promoted, until I became the Noble Grand of the Lodge, and my term of office was a grand success—a noble grand success, so to speak. Upon my coming to California my lodge dues were neglected, and as a consequence, I was suspended. But while connected with the Sacramento Valley Railroad I met Mr. Charles Bird, a friend of mine, and he remarked that he would be pleased to take my petition into Capital Lodge of Odd Fellows for membership. I said I would be pleased to join but that it would require more money than I could conveniently spare to pay my back dues.

"Why," said he, "by an act of the Grand Lodge the back dues of Ancient Odd Fellows have all been remitted."

"That being the case," said I, "you may present my petition for membership."

He did so, and I became a member of Capital Lodge, and I found it was composed of some of the best and most prominent citizens of the Capital City, and never will I forget the delightful evenings spent in Capital Lodge.

Another episode in my fraternal career I will here relate. In 1859 I was one evening in the store of Mr. Richard Dale, in Sacramento, making a few purchases, when he excused himself for leaving, as he had to attend a lodge.

"What sort of a lodge?" said I.

"A Masonic lodge," said he.

"Well," said I, "I have often wanted to be a Mason."

"Well," said he, "as this is Stated Meeting night, I will fill out your petition and take it in."

He did so, and I was duly elected, entered, passed and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in Union Lodge, F. and A. M., of Sacramento. During the forty-four years that I have been a member of the Masonic fraternity I have met and known among its members some of the best men it has ever been my fortune to become associated with. Before leaving Sacramento I was admitted into the Royal Arch Chapter and the Commandery of Knights Templar. After leaving, I took my demit, and affiliated with California Lodge, No. 1, F. and A. M., with California Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., with the Past Masters' Association and with California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, of which order I am now a Past Commander, an honor which I have ever most highly appreciated.

As a member of the Grand Lodge of the State I had attended many of its sessions in the Masonic Temple, San Francisco, and as the membership was composed of Masons from all over the State, most of whom never saw each other except at the Grand Lodges, I became impressed with the idea of bringing them together socially, that they might become better acquainted, by getting up a clambake for the whole Grand Lodge. I mentioned my project to Alexander G. Abell, then the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and it met with his hearty approval. He immediately wrote to Dr. Brown, surgeon in the United States Navy, stationed at Mare Island Navy Yard, he being the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge. Dr. Brown responded with this message by telegraph:

"A grand scheme. Go ahead and we will make it one of the greatest events in the Masonic history of the State."

I was surprised and delighted with this encouragement, and I went ahead. The Grand Lodge was to meet the following week, and when it became known that a clambake was to break the monotony of a Grand Lodge session it became the head and front of all Masonic gatherings. The beach at Sausalito was the place appointed for the bake. The forty bags of seaweed were gathered from the shores of the bay, and the cobblestones were taken from the city. As none but members of the Grand Lodge were expected to be present except those who assisted in preparing the bake, I had any number of volunteeers, so that my labor consisted in seeing that others did the work. At twelve o'clock on Wednesday of the

Grand Lodge week, the lodge adjourned and all marched in a body to the wharf, where a spacious steamer, chartered for the occasion, was in waiting to receive them. Upon arriving at the beach, those six hundred Past Master Masons were arranged on the slope, where they witnessed the *modus operandi* of building up a clambake. When all was in readiness the fires were raked from the cobbles and they were covered with seaweed to a depth of a foot and a half. Then, over the seaweed was spread a sheet of muslin, in the centre of which was dumped eighteen bushels of soft-shelled clams. There were also the following: Large quantities of several varieties of fish delicately cleaned and seasoned, wrapped in white paper, lamb and pork chops, chicken, sausage, green corn, the husks having been stripped down, butter and salt applied, and the husks replaced and the ends fastened. A large quantity of sweet and common potatoes rounded out the wonderful collection, and it was then covered with another sheet of muslin on top of which were piled several feet of seaweed, and over all were placed the empty seaweed sacks, and thus ended the building up of the clambake.

At this juncture anxious inquiries were made as to how long it would require in the cooking. When told it would be an hour and forty-five minutes they thought it a long time to wait, as they were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger. But when requested to be seated at the tables, as three large kettles of the nicest kind of fish

chowder were ready to be served to them, this was a revelation that raised their drooping spirits, and the preliminary repast was most heartily enjoyed. In a little shady nook, not far removed from the salient point, liquid refreshments could be had for the asking, and this, I may say, added materially to the pleasures of the joyful occasion.

When time was up, and all had assembled to witness the unveiling of the clambake, and when Grand Master Brown had called everybody to order, there was brought within the circle a table upon which was a lovely casket. When the table was put in place, Past Grand Master Charles L. Wiggin, in his own eloquent way of doing those things, presented me with the casket, which contained a splendid set of table cutlery. That I was overwhelmed goes without saying. I, however, got myself together sufficiently to accept the memento and respond to the address, and then proceeded to unveil the clambake, and I venture to say that not one of all those who witnessed that unveiling will ever forget it, nor shall I ever forget the encomiums so lavishly bestowed by everybody upon everything set before them. We all arrived in the city without one feather drooping, and as a result, all knew each other as intimately as though we had been acquainted since childhood.

At the request of the Grand Secretary, I wrote up the calling of the Grand Lodge from labor to refreshments for publication in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, consequently all the Grand Lodges of the United States

came to hear about it, and that is one of the reasons why I have given it so much space in this volume.

In 1895 I went to Boston with California Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, as a Past Eminent Commander of that Commandery, to attend the Triennial Conclave which was to be held in that city. The Commandery had a special train, a special conductor, four special Pullman cars, a special dining car, and four special freight cars filled with fruits and wines for free distribution. With a most charming and delightful company of ladies and gentlemen, it was beyond a doubt the most wonderful special train that ever crossed the continent.

Arriving at the Parker House, Boston, it was found that the whole hotel had been engaged for the accommodation of California Commandery and the lady guests of the Sir Knights.

After signing the register, being somewhat fatigued, I inquired the way to the bar, and on entering I recognized a gentleman whom I had known for many years as being connected with Wells, Fargo & Company's Express. I went up to him and said:

"How do you do?"

He took my hand and said he was well.

"How long have you been here?" said I.

"Why, I have always been here," said he.

"The deuce you have!" said I. "Well, I wish you could see the man I took you for, and I don't believe you could tell which was which."

"What sort of a fellow is he?" said he.

"Well," said I, "they don't make them any better."

"Well," said he, "I was just taking a drink with a couple of friends; come and join us."

And I joined, and was introduced, and found that the friend of mistaken identity was Captain Mack, ex-Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company; another was General Dudley, a retired officer of the United States Army, and the other was Alderman Wooley of the City Council, and when I came to realize where I was and how I got there I realized that I had entered the higher walks of Boston society as unexpectedly as it was gratifying. We were all about the same age, and no quartette had a more enjoyable time than we had during my stay in Boston.

The Triennial Conclave at Boston in 1895 was one of the most successful conclaves ever assembled, and no city, except perhaps San Francisco, has ever given itself up so entirely to the entertainment of the Sir Knights and their ladies as did the city of Boston. Every public building and hundreds of private residences were profusely decorated in honor of the occasion. The day of the grand march was perfect; no more magnificent procession ever paraded the streets of the city of Boston, and it was five hours in passing a given point.

California Commandery, No. 1, was a conspicuous feature of the parade, being mounted on jet black horses gaily caparisoned. Each Sir Knight, clothed in the rich regalia of the Commandery, attracted the attention of the

thousands that lined the streets along the route of the procession. Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, of San Francisco, also came in for a just meed of praise for their knightly appearance, and being composed of finely appearing men, just in the prime of life, and having with them a fine looking cub bear, the emblem of California's escutcheon, they were heartily greeted by the congregated thousands. When the preparations for the pilgrimage were being made, California Commandery ordered made in Japan thousands of very neat little Japanese baskets, and at the close of the Conclave a large hall was secured and the baskets, each containing two bottles of California wine and fruits, were presented to all who came, as a memento of the Commandery's visit to Boston. It was certainly a beautiful tribute to the generous treatment of the Commandery during the five days of the Conclave.

At the close of the Conclave I was invited by Mr. David Marr, a very dear friend, to visit his home at Hyde Park. I accepted the invitation and spent three very pleasant days with him and his charming family, after which I journeyed to New York, and arriving at my brother's house, I found a dispatch for me from Commodore Harry Gillig of the yacht Ramona, informing me that I must be sure to be on board the yacht that day in order to witness the race between the Valkyrie and the Defender on the following day.

CHAPTER XIX

I Sail a Yacht.—Witness the Great Race and Make a Speech.—Meet Sir Henry Irving Again.—Chicago and Los Angeles.—"Blaze" and Artemus Ward.

FTER a brief visit at my brother's I hastened to the Lambs' Club, where I was to receive instructions as to my getting on board the Ramona, and I found that I was to take a ferry steamer for New Jersey, and upon my arrival I could easily find the Ramona from the description they had left for me. I went. I saw all sorts of floating craft at anchor in the bay, but not one answered the description given me. Then it was too late to return to New York, and for a few moments I meditated. I remembered having promised Captain B. M. Hartshorn that I would make him a visit at his home at the Highlands of Navesink while I was East, and as the railroad passed within two miles of his home, it would be a grand time to redeem my promise.

Captain Hartshorn was an old-time friend of mine, and for many years had made his home in San Francisco, where he was President of the California Steam Navigation Company, which owned all the steamboats running to Sacramento, Stockton and Marysville, until the boats

and all thereunto belonging were purchased by the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The Captain went East soon after the sale and made his home there, and upon the death of his father became the owner of the Highlands of Navesink in New Jersey, and it was "Captain Ben" that I was to meet. I got on board the train, landed at the station, and entered the little bit of a hotel, where I met several gentlemen taking a drink at the bar. The proprietor, seeing me enter, came up and accosted me with the question:

"Are you not Mr. Bromley?"

I said: "Why do you ask?"

"Well," said he, "Captain Hartshorn is expecting a Mr. Bromley, and you look like the man."

I acknowledged the identity, and told him that I was trying to get to the Captain's home. Then he remarked that one of the gentlemen at the bar was the Captain's son-in-law and that he would take me there. I was introduced to the son-in-law and the members of the party, and then invited to join them in the liquid refreshment, and for fear of creating an unfavorable impression I accepted, and very soon after we were on our way to the Captain's house, where I was enthusiastically received by the whole household, the Captain and myself coming together "like a pair of shears." After a splendid dinner and a delightful evening, I retired and at six A. M., was awakened by the Captain calling out:

"George, here's a letter for you."

"A letter for me?" said I. "Why, who in the world, aside from this family, knows where I am?"

But on opening the letter I found it was from Commodore Gillig, telling me of their coming ashore with the steam launch, landing at the steam wharf and not finding me, but being told that a person answering my description had boarded the train. They came to the station and enquired of the hotel proprietor if he had "seen anything of a venerable gentleman who had lost his way."

"Do you mean Mr. Bromley?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, yes," they all said with an agreeable surprise.

"Ah," said the proprietor, "you needn't worry about him. He is well taken care of."

With this assurance the party felt quite relieved, and the Commodore wrote that the carriage which brought the letter would take me to the launch. When I read the letter to the Captain: "Well," said he, "you can't leave without your breakfast," and with that he called all hands, and soon we had a dainty breakfast, all the family at the table, and then, after bidding good-by to one of the most charming families in New Jersey, I left. Upon arriving at the wharf I found the launch in waiting, and we were soon under way for the yacht, where we arrived and were received by a band of eight pieces, which, from fife to bass drum, was played by amateurs, and though the discord was something wonderful, the enthusiasm was unbounded. I found that eight of the party on board were from San Francisco, and the joyous meeting was beyond the power of language to express.

In the meantime, the sailors had hove up the anchor, and hoisted the sails, and with a good stiff breeze we

sailed for Sandy Hook, where we arrived in time to secure an anchorage where we could witness the race between the Puritan and the Valkyrie from start to finish, and as the Puritan was the winner, the enthusiasm of the thousands assembled was indescribable. At the close of the race the fleet of all sorts of steam and sailing craft started homewards, the yacht fleet anchoring at Bay Ridge to remain till the following Tuesday, when the second race would be sailed. As this was on Saturday, the party on the Ramona left Bay Ridge for New York. Having spent the intervening time very happily with relatives in the city, I was with the party bright and early on Tuesday. When everything was in readiness for the start a steam launch ranged up alongside and a gentleman coming on board presented to Commodore Gillig a written message which read:

"Commodore George Gould presents his compliments to Commodore Harry Gillig and Mr. George Bromley, and invites them on board the yacht Atlantic to witness the race of today.

"GEORGE GOULD, Com."

In the course of my eventful career I have experienced many surprises, but none has surpassed this one. However, after gathering myself together and obtaining the reluctant consent of the party on the Ramona, Commodore Gillig and myself boarded the launch and were soon alongside of the Atlantic. We were met at the gangway by Commodore Gould and his wife (Miss Kingdon that was), who extended a right hearty welcome. When the

Commodore asked if he could call me "Uncle George" I replied that I would be more than pleased to have him do so. He then escorted me to the forward part of the upper deck, where an upholstered chair awaited me, and, "This," said he, "Uncle George, is your seat, where you can witness the race free from all obstruction." It was then that I thought to myself: "Will wonders never cease?" I accepted the distinguished consideration with thanks, and it was from this dignified position that I witnessed the race, which was won by the Valkyrie. I might fill a page with describing the exciting scenes that followed the winding up of that day's race, but as I am writing more particularly of what happened to myself, I will go on with my story. Soon after leaving her anchorage, when the Atlantic was headed for Bay Ridge, the gentlemen were all invited to enter the cabin where a bounteous supply of refreshments awaited them, including the most delicious punch that I have ever tasted, and it was during the gladsome repast that Mr. Laurence Wehl called the company to order and announced that Mr. Bromley of California was present, and that they would all be pleased to listen to a few remarks from the gentleman. Well, this was to me a stunner. I got myself together, and with the help of the invigorating punch I managed to gather inspiration enough to gain the hearty approval of not only the gentlemen in the cabin but the crowd of ladies on deck, who had gathered around the open skylight. There were quite a number of English yachtsmen in the party, and I took occasion to congratulate them on

the victory of the Valkyrie, and took the liberty of saying that the result of the day's race was as gratifying to the Americans present as to our friends of the English yacht fleet. When I had finished and the applause had subsided, the English gentlemen came to me, and grasping my hand, heartily thanked me for the kind words I had spoken, and then we all quaffed another glass of that most gorgeous punch.

Before arriving at our anchorage two gentlemen of the party came to me with the request that I should respond for the Commodore, as they were about to propose his health.

"You will please excuse me," said I. "He is here, surrounded by wealthy friends who have known him since childhood, and I have never met the gentleman until today. It seems like presumption to accept your invitation."

One of the gentlemen said: "Now, don't you fool yourself, for amongst all these men with all their wealth, not one of them can make a speech."

"Then," said I, "I am the richest man of the party, and you may call on me to respond to the toast."

Before his health was proposed, the Commodore came to me and said that his health was about to be proposed, and he would esteem it an especial favor if I would respond, and I said, "Why, certainly, Commodore," and then took another glass of punch. The health was proposed and responded to, and never in my life has any speech of mine been received with more hearty approval.

As we were leaving the Atlantic Mrs. Gould, on bidding me good-by, remarked that she was very glad, indeed, that I was there to respond for her husband: "For," said she, "it is the trial of his life to make a speech."

"Then," said I, "I am more than pleased to have saved him from the trial today."

If, my dear reader, what I am writing should savor slightly of egotism, I can't help it. For, at the present time 'tis the nature of my calling, so please let it go at that.

As the final race was to be sailed on the following day, we all remained on board the Ramona at Bay Ridge, and in my humble opinion there never has been either on shore or afloat, a more right royal, genial gathering than the one the Ramona's cabin held that night. There were songs, recitations and stories told that took us far into the night, but when morning came all were ready to witness the final race, which proved to be no race at all, as the Valkyrie, after passing the starting line, to the astonishment of the thousands of spectators, put her helm up, wore round, and headed for Bay Ridge, where we found her calmly riding at anchor upon our return, after seeing the Puritan safely round the stake boat to save the race. The next day we sailed for Larchmont, the home of Commodore Gillig and the Larchmont Yacht Club, where we were received with all the honors thereunto belonging. After coming to anchor, I told the Commodore that I would have to leave him in the morning, as I was to visit a relative at Eastern Point.

"All right," said he. "We will sail to New London and take you there."

And after spending a delightful evening at Larchmont and receiving an addition to our company in Mr. George A. Knight, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, we sailed away up Long Island Sound with one of the loveliest breezes that ever blew, and when all were gathered aft on deck, "spinning yarns," I was reminded of an early experience of my own which I related, and this is the story:

"Some sixty-four years ago I sailed out of New London as a cabin boy, on board of a seventy-five ton schooner bound for the coast of Africa on a sealing voyage." After relating to deeply-interested listeners many incidents of my twenty-two months' voyage, Commodore Gillig spoke up, and "Now, boys," said he, "we will make an event of this. Sixty-four years ago Uncle George sailed out of New London as a cabin boy on a seventy-five ton schooner. Now, on sailing in to New London he will be in charge of the Ramona, a hundred and ten ton schooner yacht, and no finer yacht ever sailed up Long Island Sound, and when he takes the helm every man on board, from the Commodore to the cook, shall obey his orders."

Between Bartlett's Reef Light Ship and New London Lighthouse the sailing master turned the helm over to me. "Now," said Commodore Gillig, "you can give your orders and they will be obeyed, even if the order is to jump overboard." My first order after taking the helm was to

order up the drinks, and it was obeyed with such alacrity that it was repeated until near the anchorage, when the company then decided that when "clothed with a little brief authority" I was a pronounced success. We came to anchor opposite the lovely summer resort of Eastern Point, but I had no idea which was the cottage occupied by my relative. But the Commodore brought out his megaphone, and brought it to bear on the settlement with the startling demand: "Tell Mr. Isaac Bromley that his Uncle George is on board the Ramona and would like to speak with him." Well, if a typhoon had struck the quiet little settlement it could not have created a greater sensation. All the doors and windows were immediately occupied, but only one man ventured to leave his home, and he proved to be the gentleman sought after, the son of my brother Isaac. He came down to the wharf and invited us all up to his lovely cottage home. That we accepted the invitation goes without saying, and the call upon Isaac and his exceedingly interesting wife and lovely children was one of the most charming events of an eventful week. Upon leaving the cheerful home of my nephew, he accompanied me across the harbor to New London, where we visited one of the most extensive fish markets in all New England, and while in conversation with one of the proprietors I remarked that an old schoolmate of mine by the name of Russell Waterman, whom I had not seen for more than thirty years, had become a resident of the town, and I inquired of the gentleman if he knew him.

"Know him," said he, "I guess I do, and they don't make any better men than Captain Waterman. His office is on the wharf below here," said he. Then we all started for "the wharf below." Upon arriving I saw a man who appeared to be well along in years, and the striking resemblance to his father of some seventy-five years ago convinced me that he was the man, and I said: "That's him." As we came together, he said: "How do you do, gentlemen?" and we all said how do you do? Then, said I:

"Are you Captain Waterman?"

"Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, "I'm Captain Waterman."

"Are you 'Rus' Waterman?" I asked. (In our school days he was always called "Rus").

"Now, you hold on," said he, and after thinking for a few moments. "Yes," said he, "I'm 'Rus' Waterman and you are George Bromley."

The recognition, after all those years, was not only a great surprise, but an unfeigned delight and we "came together like a pair of shears." Then, said I, "'Rus,' how long have you been living here?"

"About thirty-five years," said he.

"Then," said I, "you know where there is a good place to obtain liquid refreshments."

"You bet I do," said he, and he escorted the party to the biggest hotel in the city, and engaging a private room, we took possession, and for a whole hour, with occasional interruptions in answer to the push of the button, that

jolly party of gentlemen listened with intense interest while "Rus" and myself told of the happenings in the long ago, and this was the crowning glory of the scene from the time of leaving the Lambs' Club to join the Ramona, to the bidding good-by to my old schoolmate, and then we sailed away for Larchmont, where I took the train for New York, and after a few days' stay, started for my boyhood's home in dear old Norwich. After a delightful visit, I again visited Boston, and the first man I met upon entering the Parker House was my dear friend Captain Mack, of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. The meeting was a very cordial one and resulted in mutual assurances of our distinguished consideration for each other, after which we were given seats on the hotel veranda, where we had an excellent view of the Boston police force as the parade marched by the hotel, and I am free to say that I have never seen a finer looking body of men than that composing the Boston police. When the procession had passed we started to return the way we came, when we found the room we had passed through an hour before, which was then only furnished with the usual furniture, had been transformed into a banquet room, and seated at a table bountifully supplied with the solids and liquids that make life worth living were twelve members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and there were two vacant chairs awaiting the Captain and myself. Well, this was one of the surprises that we sometimes read about but seldom experience. However, we were equal to the emergency, and for about

three hours we had one of the times that were a credit to Boston. After dinner and a refreshing nap, I looked over the evening paper, and was more than pleased to find that Sir Henry Irving was playing an engagement at the Tremont Theatre. I lost no time in getting there, and at the box office, after purchasing my ticket, I left a note to this effect:

"Sir Henry:

"I am here in the audience, and would be pleased to say, 'How do you do?' to you at the close of the performance.

"Uncle George."

I had been seated but a short time when a gentleman came to me, and said he: "Is this Mr. Bromley?"

I said it was.

"Then," said he, "Mr. Irving wishes you to come behind the scenes at the end of the second act."

"All right," said I, "but how am I to get there?"

"Oh," said he, "I will come for you," and he did, and seated me in the property room. When Sir Henry came in, his appearance rather startled me. He was playing in "Faust," and in his costume of glaring red, with his head surmounted by a pair of splendid horns, he was a wonder to look upon, and as I rose to greet him, "Oh, Uncle George, I am so glad to see you," he exclaimed, and opened his arms and gave me a right warm embrace. "Now," said he, "I have only a few moments, but I want you to come to our hotel on Sunday and dine with Miss Terry and myself, and I will send you tickets for the

Saturday night performance." With an overwhelming sense of the honor conferred, and just as I was getting myself together sufficiently to express my grateful thanks, Sir Henry was called to the front. In a bewildered, dazed sort of a way, I wandered back to my seat with the audience, but from that time on, though I was with them I was not of them, for my thoughts were of the wonderful experience that had fallen to my lot.

Upon arriving at the hotel I was met by four Knights Templar whose pleasant acquaintance I had made during the Triennial Conclave, and they informed me that, seeing my name on the hotel register, they had come to invite me to a banquet to be given by Past Commanders of the Commandery of Boston and the adjacent towns. I accepted joyfully and then they pushed the button. All the foregoing happened on Thursday after leaving my native town.

On Friday I went to the Art Club to see the manager, Joe Tippett, one of the early secretaries of the Bohemian Club. We were mighty glad to see each other, and while there his wife and daughter came in, and as I had known them intimately in San Francisco, the unexpected meeting was a joyful one, and the conversation went on at a rattling pace, they telling how heartily they had enjoyed Sir Henry Irving at the Tremont Theatre. But the character in which he was to appear on Saturday night was one they were most anxious to see. "Well," said I, "are you not going?" "No," they said, they couldn't afford it. "Why," said I, "you can go with me."

"With you!" they said, with unfeigned surprise, "and how are you going?"

"Why, I have a box," said I, and bringing forth the little envelope that had been sent to me at the hotel, containing five tickets, I gave them four, telling them that one was sufficient for me. A warm, sweet kiss from mother and daughter was far more expressive of the perfect rapture with which they received the proffered tickets than any language at my command.

Upon my return to the hotel I found my friend, David Marr, waiting for me, and after a most hearty greeting his good-natured face lengthened out and he started in as follows:

"Now, Uncle George, you have been going at a high rate of speed for three months, and it is time for you to slow down. What you need now is rest, and you go to the office, settle your bill and then go with me to Hyde Park and remain there until you have been thoroughly rested."

"But it is impossible," said I, "for I have engagements that must be lived up to."

"Oh, damn the engagements! Your health is of more consequence than all your engagements." And the earnestness with which he gave expression to his feelings convinced me that he meant just what he said, and I really began to realize that I ought to take a much-needed rest. I explained to Mr. Marr just what my engagements were, and he immediately visited the parties, explained the situation to them, which proved entirely satisfactory to them, and I was excused.

Upon the return of Mr. Marr to the hotel I paid my bill, took my belongings, and proceeded with him to Hyde Park, where a right royal welcome awaited me, and where for four days and nights I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the most perfect rest I have ever known, and with one of the loveliest families in all New England, and an exceedingly interesting correspondence between the family and myself has been kept up from that day to this.

After leaving Hyde Park I went directly to Providence, R. I., where I was to take the steamer for New York. As the purser was an old schoolmate of mine by the name of George W. Geer, and knowing that I was good for a free pass with him, I chose that route. Upon arriving at the hotel I met a party of gentlemen who were just on the eve of starting for a clambake which was being prepared some few miles down the river, and I was kindly invited to join the party. As the Governor of the State and the Mayor of Providence were to be present, the function was to be of unusual importance, and, my dear reader, if you have never participated in a Rhode Island clambake, I would advise you to do so at the very first opportunity, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that as a gorgeous feast a king's banquet would not be in it, not for a minute. I met at the clambake Mr. Frank Stevens, whom I had known intimately in Sacramento as President of the California Stage Company, while I was *the* conductor on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, and as we had not seen each other for a quarter of a century, you'd better

believe our coming together so unexpectedly created quite an excitement, for since his return to his native State he had become a power in the land by reason of his great wealth and his warm, open-hearted geniality.

The successor of Mr. Stevens as President of the stage company was Mr. James Heyworth, and it was during Mr. Heyworth's administration that an agent who was familiarly known as "Blaze" was found to be short eighteen hundred dollars in his accounts with the company. Now, "Blaze" was a jolly, harum-scarum fellow, and weighed something over three hundred pounds. When the deficiency was discovered there was a meeting of the directors called, and after reviewing the case and discussing the good qualities of "Blaze," and the benefit he had been to the company in keeping off opposition and other ways, it was decided to let him off for nine hundred dollars, and Mr. Heyworth was delegated to visit him at his office in Nevada and inform him of this decision. He did so, and when they met and exchanged greetings, said Mr. Heyworth:

"'Blaze,' we have examined the books and find you are eighteen hundred dollars short in your accounts."

"I know it," said "Blaze," "and it was by betting on the wrong card, but I kept on, hoping to hit the right one and make good the loss."

"Well," said Mr. Heyworth, "the company has talked the matter over and decided to throw off half the amount."

"Is that so?" said "Blaze."

"Yes, that's so," said Mr. Heyworth.

"Then give me your hand," said "Blaze," and with moistened eyes and quivering lips he stammered, "then, to show my gratitude for their kindness, I will *throw off the other half.*" And thus ended his official career.

Quite a while after this "Blaze" was running a liquor saloon near the hotel at Grass Valley, when Artemus Ward, the humorist, gave an entertainment in the town, and the morning after the show, as he was about getting on board the stage he was accosted by "Blaze" with the question:

"Is this Mr. Ward?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, here is your bill," said "Blaze."

"I have just settled my bill," said Ward.

"Oh, that was your hotel bill," said "Blaze." "This is a bill for two and a half for drinks."

"I haven't had any," said Mr. Ward.

"I can't help that," said "Blaze." "That's my saloon next door, and the drinks were there for you, and if you didn't drink them it wasn't my fault. You will, therefore, pay this bill before getting on the stage." And the famous humorist, after gazing with feelings of awe upon the ponderous proportions of the bill collector, paid it without a murmur.

While on the stage the passengers related so many anecdotes about "Blaze" that Mr. Ward became quite interested in him, and related the foregoing true anecdote

in his history. His comical way of telling it would invariably bring down the house. My dear readers, please excuse this digression, for I was unconsciously led into it.

At the close of the gay and festive scene at the clambake, I returned to Providence and took passage on the steamer with my friend, the purser, for New York, where we arrived in due time, and the following day I received a note from the Lambs' Club, expressing a wish to honor me with a dinner, and asking me to name the night when it would be convenient to have it given. I named the night, with proper thanks for the distinguished honor, and when the time came there were assembled in the dining room of the club the brightest lights in the theatrical profession, as well as the other bright lights, not of the profession, and as long as I live the pleasure of that eventful evening will ever remain as a precious memory, for the honor conferred and the Lambs' Club that conferred it.

While in New York I made my home with my brother Isaac, and while there I was telling him about my excursion ticket, with which I had crossed the continent as a Knight Templar, and the time had expired for its being of any good.

"Oh," said he, "I can fix that," and the intimate relation between my brother and Mr. Chauncey Depew secured me a pass through to Chicago, and I went on my way rejoicing.

After an uneventful trip by railroad I arrived in Chicago and was soon on my way to Morgan Park to

visit my sister Charlotte, one of the loveliest women I have ever known. At that time my sister, my brother Isaac and myself were the only survivors of a family of nine children, five boys and four girls. That sister has since passed to the unknown, at the age of eighty-three, beloved and mourned by all who knew her. It was during my visit to Morgan Park that I experienced the first sleigh ride that it had been my good fortune to enjoy for more than forty years, and it was a rich treat. As Morgan Park has the only hill worthy of the name in all Cook county, I had the pleasure of watching the boys and girls coast down on their sleds, and I did long to be with them, but the thought of walking up that hill after sliding down led me to forego the pleasure. But the scene carried me back to my boyhood days, when the winter snows covered the hills—and they were hills, they were! Talk of the ancient "seven-hilled city!"—Rome—why, it wasn't in it with my seventeen-hilled native town, and every one of them was utilized by "the boy with the sled."

While at Morgan Park I attended a church social and during the evening's exercises, which were on a sort of go-as-you-please basis, with no regular programme, I was called upon to address the audience. I complied with the request and at the close of my remarks I recited "When the Cows Come Home," which, with my speech, met with the hearty approval of the audience. At the close of the entertainment I was warmly congratulated upon my contribution to its success, and thus was I

assured of the good taste and sound judgment of the people of Morgan Park. My native modesty, which is proverbial, prevents me from dilating further upon this very pleasing event.

After a delightful visit of three weeks at Morgan Park it occurred to me that it was about time for me to know something as to the value of my excursion ticket in making my way home, and with this object in view I went to Chicago, where I had to negotiate with three different railroad offices. I was quite successful with the first, as the gentlemanly manager informed me that as far as their road was concerned my excursion ticket should be honored. I left his office quite encouraged, and then remembered that I had a message to deliver to Mr. Bissell of the Santa Fe Railroad from a lady in San Francisco, and decided to get that off my mind before visiting the other two offices. On arriving at the Santa Fe office I inquired for Mr. Bissell, and was told that he was in his office but was very busy, so would I please be seated. I said I was rather pressed for time, and as I did not know the gentleman, but had a message for him from a lady in San Francisco, I would not detain him for a minute. The gentleman took my name to Mr. Bissell, and soon returned with this startling announcement:

"Mr. Bromley, Mr. Bissell wishes you to come right in to his office."

I went in and the first salutation that met me was, "Uncle George, why did you say you didn't know me?"

The meeting was a surprise and a delight for I had

known him well in San Francisco and had often met him at the home of Captain John Leale, whose wife had sent the message, and the meeting was a warm and cordial one. For about twenty minutes we went through San Francisco, from the city front to the Cliff House and from Fort Point to the Mission with a swiftness that fairly made my head swim. Then, as I was about leaving, said Mr. Bissell:

"Which way are you heading, East or West?"

"Well," said I, "I am trying to get West on an excursion ticket which is a month or more overdue."

"Oh, never mind your excursion ticket," said Mr. Bissell, and calling to one of his clerks, he said to him, "Fill out a pass for Mr. Bromley to San Francisco."

Then, said he, "Do you want to stop over anywhere on the way?"

After recovering a little from the overwhelming surprise I said I would like to stop over a few days at Los Angeles.

"All right," said he, "make it a stop-over pass," and continued, "I will give you a letter to the Pullman car manager. You will have to pay for your berth, but he will see that you are well cared for."

With a heart full of gratitude I bade Mr. Bissell goodby. I never knew the contents of that letter but it was the open sesame to the good graces of the Pullman car manager, and I was assigned to a whole section while every other section of the car contained two occupants. Oh, it was grand! It was glorious! But on the morning of the day when the train was to arrive at Barstow, where

we were to change for Los Angeles, when I woke up and reviewed the situation it really seemed to me that I was never so homesick in all my life, and I wouldn't have gone to Los Angeles even to have been made the mayor of the city. I rang up the porter and had him change the destination of my baggage, which being accomplished and the porter suitably rewarded, I felt in the language of President Zachary Taylor in his message to the Senate, "at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind."

After leaving Barstow no event occurred of sufficient importance to be given space in these memoirs, but upon my arrival at San Francisco, the train being two hours late, I concluded that, rather than disturb the family at that late hour, I would stop over at the Bohemian Club; and my goodness, gracious me! such a welcome as I met upon my arrival would be an honor to the ruler of the land. Some fifteen or twenty Bohemians were gathered in the Red Room rehearsing for a coming high jinks. I entered the Red Room unannounced, and as those present had not the remotest idea that I was within thousands of miles of their meeting place, my sudden appearance created a surprise that was something wonderful, and the boys just came tumbling over one another in tendering me their hearty congratulations upon my return, and it is superfluous to say that there was no further rehearsing that evening. Bright and early on the following morning I was at the door of my home, where another surprise and another affectionate greeting from my children and grandchildren awaited me; and such was the final winding up of my four months' absence, during which time my cup

of joy was full up to the brim; but the crowning glory of it all was my being once more at home in San Francisco and finding all had been well with the whole family of my nineteen descendants living in and about the city. In a very short time I resumed the exemplary life which has ever been mine, except when otherwise engaged.

But speaking of Los Angeles and my not going there reminds me of the time when I did go, and it was one of the times that will live as long as memory lasts. The baseball nine of the Bohemian Club received an invitation from the baseball nine of Los Angeles, as guests of the city, to play a game on the Fourth of July. Now, the Bohemians had never been known as champion ball players, but they do know a good thing when they see it, and the invitation was politely accepted. As I happened to be around when the party was made up, I received an invitation to join them, and I joyfully accepted. We had for transportation a gorgeously furnished Pullman car, and from the time of our departure to our arrival at Los Angeles that car contained as large an amount of jollity and mirth as ever vibrated between the two cities. Upon our arrival we were received with all the honors the city had left over after having received a large delegation of Indians from Fort Yuma, who were there to assist in duly celebrating the Fourth of July. But the same Indians became a thorn in the side of the Los Angeles people, for, notwithstanding that they came from Fort Yuma, the hottest spot on the earth's surface, they insisted on carrying parasols while marching in the procession, and such a reflection on the climate

of Los Angeles coming from the Fort Yuma Indians was exceedingly annoying to their entertainers, who wished the Fort Yuma guests had not been invited. However, as an evidence that no animosity was cherished, the city officials got up an Indian pow-wow at the theatre for their benefit, charging ten cents admission, thus raising sufficient money to return them to Fort Yuma.

Whether or not the baseball game was played before the parade, I do not now remember, but I do remember that a game was played and that the Los Angeles team very fortunately won, and on the evening of the Fourth our party were the guests at a splendid banquet given by the Los Angeles club and presided over by the Mayor of the city. I have always noticed, upon occasions of this kind, that it is a nice thing for the entertained to permit the entertainers to win the game, as they pay the bills more cheerfully and everything at the banquet goes as merry as a marriage bell, and the whole evening is a pronounced success.

At half past eleven the Mayor suggested that we have one more song and retire.

"What?" said I, sitting at his right hand, "do you think we have come to Los Angeles to sleep?"

"Oh, well then," said he," we will keep on;" and we did keep on until three A. M., and then retired to our Pullman to enjoy a much-needed rest and recover from the night's jolly entertainment. In the morning, when we woke, we found ourselves in Santa Monica without our knowledge or consent. However, we had a high old time in Santa Monica, and in due time reached home.

CHAPTER XX

To Honolulu with the Frawleys.—Mr. Huntington's Kindness.—Yosemite and Mount Tamalpais.—The Fields' Camp and a Fourth of July Poem.—The Sloat Monument.

NE day, after a delightful high and low jinks at the Bohemian Club, I was sitting in the Green Room and having a chat with Timothy Daniel Frawley, the theatrical manager. It was about four in the morning, and under the circumstances, conversations at that hour are apt to be quite lively. Suddenly Mr. Frawley said: "Uncle George, come with us to Honolulu."

I answered: "I should like to go, but it is not possible."

"Why," said he, "you can go as my guest, and it won't cost you anything."

"Oh, in that case, I can go as well as not," I answered; and then we talked of something else. The next day I met Mr. Frawley, and knowing that men often say things at four o'clock in the morning which they forget or regret the day following, I said:

"Now, Mr. Frawley, if that proposition of yours is at all embarrassing, don't think of it, for I have not set my heart upon it seriously."

"What are you talking about?" said he.

"About my going to Honolulu with you."

"Why," said he, "I have told all my company that you are going with us and they are tickled to death."

"That settles it," said I; and I went to Honolulu with the Frawley company, and a glorious time we had from start to finish. Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Wrenn and Frank Worthing were in the company, and I was billed as "an understudy for a thinking part." Miss Wrenn and I, being of the same age, with the figures reversed—eighteen and eighty-one—we were much together. The lovely little lady expressed a desire for my photograph and inscribed with an original poetical sentiment, which she would take pride in showing to her friends. And this is what happened one day while at the Sans Souci Hotel, Waikiki. Mr. George Lycurgas, the proprietor, gave me the chair that Robert Louis Stevenson occupied while writing those delightful South Sea stories, and while seated in that chair on the veranda which overlooks the harbor and the Pacific Ocean, feeling the inspiration of the chair and the outlook, I produced the following gem:

"My dear Miss Wrenn,
I don't know when
I've felt so proud
As in being allowed
To present you with this memento—"

I had written as far as *memento* without a hitch, but was puzzled for a word to rhyme with it. However, I waited for the inspiration to come again, and it came as follows:

"For when this you see
You'll remember me
No matter where you've went to."

The little lady was so pleased with picture and poetry that she showed it to all her friends in Honolulu, and the people wanted me to remain there and receive the appointment of Poet Laureate for the Islands, but remembering the thousands who were waiting to welcome me at home, I declined the honor with profuse thanks.

One serious drawback to the enjoyment of a play in a Honolulu theatre is that when one is overpowered by a between-the-acts thirst he has to hire a hack to take him where he can quench it and get back before the curtain rises. For a three-act play the hack hire is seventy-five cents, which, with the price of the thirst-quencher and the theatre seat, makes the evening's amusement quite expensive. However, every one seems to enjoy it, especially the hackmen, and as there were but three performances a week, the outlay appeared to be cheerfully submitted to, and every one supremely happy.

While in the Hawaiian Islands, I visited the grave of Jules Tavernier, the Bohemian Club artist who died in Honolulu several years ago. I placed a wreath of native flowers on the tombstone, and also had photographs taken of the grave. Tavernier was one of the early members of the club.

After an absence of five weeks, we arrived in San Francisco again, all well and without having had a single jar to mar the perfect enjoyment of the most delightful party that ever sailed out from that port, and I shall ever remember T. Daniel Frawley most gratefully for his kindness in inviting me to be one of his charming company.

In 1898 the cornerstone of the Sloat monument was laid at Monterey, and Mr. Raphael Weill invited me to accompany him to witness the ceremonies. We arrived the day before the celebration and registered at the Del Monte Hotel. It was one of the liveliest evenings I ever spent. There were sport and gaiety enough in the town the next day, but it did not compare with that night. The ceremonies which attended the laying of the corner-stone passed off successfully, owing to the perfect management of Major Edwin Sherman. After the ceremonies, as I was sitting on the Club House veranda with Admiral Beardsley, he asked when I was to return to the city. I told him I proposed to leave on the following day, and he invited me to go with him on the Philadelphia, and make the trip by water. It was an unexpected honor, which quite took my breath away, but thanking him for the distinguished honor I explained the situation—that I was the guest of Mr. Weill and would have to return with him—whereupon the Admiral kindly extended the invitation to include Mr. Weill. As there were hundreds of people in the town who would have given anything for the privilege of making a trip on a United States cruiser, I lost no time in communicating with Mr. Weill. We went on board at about ten o'clock on the following morning and were received with all the honors extended on such occasions. The Admiral told us that he had been obliged to leave the hotel much earlier in the evening than he would otherwise have done in order to escape the importunities of ladies and gentlemen who were anxious

to take the passage with him. Mr. Weill and myself were, however, the only ones to enjoy that honor, and with the thoughtfulness which is proverbial with him, Mr. Weill gave a banquet in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club to the officers of the Philadelphia, and a grand banquet it was.

In 1899 I accompanied Mr. Henry K. Field in a delightful visit to Yosemite Valley. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Field, Mr. William B. Turner, vice-president of the New England Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mrs. Turner, Dr. H. J. Stewart, then organist of Trinity Church, his daughter and myself, and it was generally conceded that we were the jolliest crowd that ever went into the valley. Governor Gage and the Park Commissioners were making their annual tour of inspection, which gave added eclat to our visit. In the rear of the hotel there was a spacious platform given over in the daylight hours to the plebeian utilitarianism of drying clothes for the hotel laundry, but at night it was devoted to dancing. It was a free democracy, and until twelve o'clock ladies and gentlemen, guests and dining-room help, enjoyed themselves together. I took part in all the square dances and always had a partner. The round dances I found made me dizzy, but my time did not go to waste, for I made a point of accompanying the Governor or some other of the distinguished guests in search of refreshments, and renewing our assurances of distinguished consideration for each other. Those lovely evenings can never be forgotten by those who participated in them. Next to

the admiration of the beauty and grandeur of Yosemite by day, will always be the recollection of those delightful evenings spent on the platform of a Chinese laundry.

The following year I visited Mount Tamalpais for the first time, although I came to California in 1851, and Tamalpais is in sight of where I am writing these memoirs. It was at the invitation of Mr. H. K. Field that I made the trip; otherwise I do not think I should ever have thought of it. During my long life I have seen a good many crooked things, from a politician up, but never anything quite so crooked as the railroad that conveys visitors to the summit of Mount Tamalpais. Frequently, on the way up, the passenger is in doubt whether he is going or coming back, but you "get there, all the same," and after refreshments in the neat and well-kept Tavern, you can gaze out upon one of the finest views to be seen on this side of the continent. It stretches from Mount Diablo to the Pacific Ocean, taking in all the cities, towns and villages within a hundred miles. No one visiting San Francisco or its vicinity should forego the pleasure of this trip.

The most enjoyable and satisfactory Fourth of July observance I have ever taken part in was on the banks of the Russian River in the year 1900, at a camp owned and occupied by Mr. Henry K. Field, his family and intimate friends. The camp was perfect in all its appointments, and furnished with all the comforts of a home, and the company the most merry and light-hearted of any that has ever camped on that river. The night before the

Fourth, Charles K. Field and Richard Hotaling were expected to join the gay and festive throng, and as they were two of the jolliest members of the Bohemian Club, it was proposed to receive them with all the honors not in use for previous arrivals. A procession was formed and headed by an improvised band furnished with instruments gathered from the cook's kitchen, the pantry and the dining table. The newcomers were met at the edge of the grove. Darkness had already fallen, and the dim light gave the assembly an impressiveness which it would not have possessed otherwise. With the exception of "music by the band," silence reigned while the solemn procession marched into camp, where the order of "E Clumpus Vitus" was duly conferred by myself, as the "Dandy Grand Sachem" of the camp. After taking the solemn obligation never to reveal anything they did not know themselves, they were declared full-fledged members of the "Right Royal Russian River Roysterers," and then the fun commenced. The following day being the Fourth, the ladies of the camp decided to present to Mr. Field a testimonial of their high regard and esteem of his untiring efforts in their behalf, and with that object in view they had visited a tin shop and purchased a tin gallon measure, contracting to have two extra handles added, thus forming the loving-cup that was to be presented. The recipient suspected nothing of the surprise that was in store for him until the company had assembled in the dining tent, when the cup was produced wrapped in a gunny sack, and during the reading of a poem written

for the occasion, was solemnly unveiled and duly presented amidst rapturous applause and three cheers for H. K. Field.

Another very delightful Fourth of July was spent at Byron Springs with the L. R. Meads. This is one of my "later-on" pleasures that I feel should be recorded.

When the Aloha Press Association visited San Francisco and was entertained by the Press Club, of which I am an honorary and, I hope, honored member, I made many warm friendships among the members, and have kept up a lively correspondence since with one of the charming women who accompanied the Association on its trip.

Indeed, during all these interesting years my life has been full of enjoyment, and it falls to the lot of but few to have drawn around them the enduring friendships such as I have been blessed with, and I prize them far above worldly riches. For 'tis a grand thing to have the good opinion of our fellowmen. I don't remember of ever having any desire to accumulate riches, nor do I remember of there ever having been a prospect of it, except when I bought stock in the Julia mine.

I have also found that to be an attentive listener is oftentimes more desirable in company than to be a good talker, even if one is conscious of being a better talker than the one who has the floor. I think one reason why I have always got along so easily in company is that when conversation is lively I listen; when it drags, then I come in. It is something of a study, of course, to know

just when to "chip in." I have left many good things unsaid rather than interrupt the one who was talking. In general conversation it is the one who says but little that commands attention when he does speak; that is, if he has anything sensible to say.

Another pleasing event I feel that I ought to record in these memoirs, as it was an important factor in contributing to the happy and serene life it was my good fortune to enjoy. I one day received a letter from Mr. H. E. Huntington, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, requesting me to call at his office. I did so, and after a very cordial greeting he explained the object of his sending for me by reading a letter he had received from Mr. Collis P. Huntington, instructing him to put my name on the pay roll, and to give me to understand that I was to call at the office every month and receive my salary. What the amount was to be Mr. Huntington did not say, but Mr. H. E. Huntington placed it at a figure that was more than satisfactory to me. I then inquired in what capacity I could serve the company and when I should enter upon my duties, and Mr. Huntington replied that he would let me know in time; but if he ever found a position that I could fill, he never told me anything about it. For many years I was the recipient of Mr. Collis P. Huntington's warm-hearted, whole-souled and generous consideration for my comfort and happiness at my time of life. I could never account for the munificent act, unless it was that we had known each other long and well, meeting each other every day in Sacramento,

when he was in his hardware store and I a passenger conductor on the Sacramento Valley Railroad; and my being the only survivor of all those connected with the first railroad constructed on this side of the continent, may have had some bearing on the generous act.

When Mr. Huntington died, he was succeeded in the Presidency by Mr. Hays. He came to San Francisco, entered upon his official duties, removed Mr. Hitchcock from an agency which he had filled honorably and acceptably for many years, shut down on my salary, resigned his position and returned to New York. Thus ended his career as President.

Twice of recent years have I been in danger of death by asphyxiation. The first time was at my own home, by reason of a defective gas-cock; but I was fortunately revived. The second time was at the Athenian Club in Oakland, and I was pulled from the very jaws of death by Dr. D. D. Crowley, one of the members. My convalescence was slow, but I finally recovered my health and was, if anything, better than before the accident.

CHAPTER XXI

Some Tributes of Friendship.

I.

(With a Photograph of I. H. Bromley.)

Some eight and forty years have gone
  Since you—just home from sea—
Sat, dandling, on one summer morn,
  An infant on your knee;
And as the youngster danced with joy
  And babbled, baby-like,
They said, "In this uneasy boy
  Behold your brother Ike!"

And now that almost fifty years
  Have left on both their trace
I bring you, as it now appears,
  That dimpled baby's face.
The ceaseless flow of time and tide
  Has touched us both alike—
Turn over on the other side—
  Behold your brother Ike!

New Haven, August, 1881.

II.

[*These are some of the poems that were written in the autograph album given me by the Bohemian Club members on my seventy-fifth birthday. Letters were received at the same time from Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Bill" Nye, Li Hung Chang, Charles W. Wyndham, H. C. Barnabee, Daniel C. Gilman and many others.*]

Oldest Bohemian now alive,
Hearty and hale and seventy-five,
Master output of Nature's forge—
Diplomat, sailor, Uncle George!

Actor, wit and man of parts—
All-round winner of human hearts,
Eager to please and slow to scourge—
Boss Bohemian! Uncle George!

George Chismore.

To few beneath the azure dome
Such wealth of years is meted,
As marks your pathway from that home
Where first your smiles were greeted.
And fewer still—your spirit sweet,
Your kindly ways, your gentle wit,
Your genial beam when friends you greet—
Have had since days were numbered;
This troop of friends, joy in their train,
Proclaims you have not lived in vain;

From farthest West to Maine's wild shore
Your peerless worth they're singing;
For you, as ne'er they rang before,
The Bells of Love are ringing!

W. G. Stafford.

You've made "the winter of our discontent"
Seem "glorious summer" now these many years;
Your genial smiles, your wit and merriment
Have filled our hearts and left scant room for tears.
If life's best lived which blesses all mankind,
And grateful love remembered, real wealth brings,—
O Prince of all that's gentle, good and kind!
You well may "scorn to change your state with kings!"

Henry M. Bosworth.

Thrice hath the quartering chime rung in thine ears;
The mellow music frets thee not—but cheers;
O, live an hundred years!

A Golden and a Silver Jubilee
Enshrine thy happy years, so happily—
Sacred to thine, and thee!

Years that are fairer for fair Folly's sake;
Youthful are they, with Wisdom in their wake;
When they end—comes heart-break!

As all thy sorrows we would freely share—
And all thy burdens we would gladly bear—
With love—and love to spare—

O, live forever! Live that we may live;
And give us of thy store, that we may give;
This is imperative!

For in thy Book of Life—thy Golden Age—
What memories rubric each unsullied page?—
Loved Sire! loved Wit! loved Sage!

Charles Warren Stoddard.

Washington, D. C.

Say what I think of you in rhyme?
Ah, George! they asked me not in time,
Nor gave sufficient space.
And God gave not my brain the art
To properly reflect my heart,
Or clothe my pen with grace.

But these few words I'm proud to say
Since they'll not give my muse full play;
I love your blameless life,
Your jolly soul, your firm hand's touch,
Almost—nay, love them quite as much
As I do love my wife!

Clay M. Greene.

"LIFE"

ITS SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

"Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.—*Eccles, 7:iii.*

I hold not that sorrow than laughter
Is better for man:
The storm-clouds that darken the heavens
Than rainbows that span.
Ah, rather the skies in their shining
Than dreary with rain,
And the heart that is lightsome in gladness
Than heavy with pain.

There are thorns in the smoothest of pathways
Enough and to spare;
No wheatfield so carefully tended
That knows not the tare.
But the harvester gathers the harvest
In the gold of its sheaves,
And the brier is forgot of the branches
In the laugh of their leaves.

Ah! Welcome the face that is smiling
With kind thoughts of cheer;
The voice in its merriment ringing
The laughter-bells clear.
May their melody linger about him,
And the seed he has sown,
Of joy in the heart fields of others,
Find bloom in his own.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

O friend whose genial soul to all endears,
Solve but this riddle, tell us this, O Sage!
Three-quarters of a century in years
Yet twenty summers count thy spirit's age!
What is the secret of thy silver head,
Thine ever buoyant heart of youth denies?
What is the mystic power that fain defies
Old Age, who plans no more, but waits instead?

To thee in loving pledge it hath been said,
"Thou art too wise to be forever wise";
Is this the spring where thine elixir lies,
And cheer and jest its magic fountain-head?
Perchance it may be this one happy truth:
For boon companion thou hast chosen Youth.

Elizabeth Sears Bates.
(Mrs. Gerberding.)

OUR ANTIDOTE

While holding one of his levees
Said Satan to his deputies:
"How comes it, though, from every town
A goodly number you send down,

"But very few we have of late
From Frisco put upon the grate,
And yet, their churchman says: 'Begorra,
It's worse than Sodom and Gomorrah'?

"What ails the city by the sea?
Oh dear! what can the matter be?"
Awe-stricken silence was prevailing,
Till one black devil leaped forth quailing:

"Great Master, though thy wrath I risk, oh,
I am the chap for San Francisco,
It's not that I my praise would sing,
But ne'er we had a better thing,

"Until some thirty years, or later,
There came to town a navigator,
Wise as they make them in the Hub,—
And founded the Bohemian Club.

"He was so genial, is so jolly,
From New Year's to the Feast of Holly,
He speaks to saints, he speaks to sinners,
He even speaks at artists' dinners!

"His cheer is taking, like the Grippe,
A kind word always on his lip,
Amusing wit, gall not a minim,
No spiteful thought, it is not in him.

"The weaving spiders come not there,
His laugh cremates the dullest care,
This is the reason, Master, why
Those Frisco people fight you shy."

"If that's the case," old Satan cries,
"I'd like to see him. Bless my eyes,
If he were here, I know it well,
All folks from heaven would go to hell.

"Bring him to me—and quickly, too!
Or thou thy treason soon shall rue."
Just then an angel who was sent
To gather tears shed in repent,

Flew by, and knowing who was meant,
Spoke softly, "'Twould be time ill-spent—
For him whom you would like to meet
We have reserved a front aisle seat,

"But scores of years will yet pass by
Till that seat he will occupy,
For he's a mission to fulfill,
Bring mirth to mankind, and good will.

"To cheer the old and warm their heart,
And teach the young life's noblest art,
So you may many a trap yet forge.
You'll never catch our Uncle George."

Dr. Julius Rosenstirn.

(By Telegraph.)

Some five and twenty years have fled
Since first we pledged together,
Our beards are gray, our noses red,
Our hearts light as a feather.

Three score, a decade and a five,
Such years to but a few come,
Half century a greeting sends
To Bromley, this from Newcomb.

Thomas Newcomb.
(First President of Bohemian Club.)

Albany, N. Y. (The Capitol.)

May all the winds from South and East,
From North and our own West,
Play kindly on thy gentle head,
The gentlest and the best!
The frost of age may touch thy locks,
But in this brimming bowl
We share, the years can never change
Thy youthful, buoyant soul.

Dan O'Connell.

THE GOOD SHIP "UNCLE GEORGE."

(Launched April 14, 1895.)

Many moons have waxed and waned on many an Easter morn,
And winters' frosts chained lake and stream since Uncle George was born,
And many a rose its leaves has shed upon the parent earth,
And many a bird its carol trilled of loving and of mirth,
And kings have died, and new kings reigned, and all the passing show
Of human life has glided by in varied gloom and glow.

The rock that crowns that mountain's crest, and looks
down on the vale,
The forest tree that towers aloft, defiant of the gale,
The mighty sea that ebbs and flows, and frets its iron
coast,
To whom the rolling centuries are but an hour at most,
All that withstands the tyrant change, the boldest and the
best,
Are typical of our old friend, Bohemia's Priest and Guest.

What, though the hand of Time has touched those locks
once glossy brown,
'Twas but to place upon his brow a shining silver crown;
And though the voice be not as clear as when at sea it
trolled,
The tale of "Shinbone Alley" still is musically told.
The loves of Sally and of Jack upon the billows' foam,
And how the good ship went in stays, and how "The
Cows Come Home."

That staunch craft, "Uncle George," has aye luffed to the
freshening breeze,
And o'er its bows in gleeful love have climbed the laugh-
ing seas,
The "Uncle George," with all sail set, and bowlines all
hauled out,
And weather leaches quivering, has never gone about;

But with sheets aft, and tacks boused down, its cargo, love and mirth,
Has pointed to the Port of Right, as needle points the North.
And when it backed its foresail, with the jib across the deck,
'Twas but to take some friend aboard from Sorrow's sinking wreck,
And greet him at the gangway, and bid him welcome aft,
And make him owner in the mirth that filled that Joyous Craft.

When heaven frowned and winds blew fierce and tore at shroud and sail,
The "Uncle George" has bounded on, defiant of the gale.
Let timid sailors furl and reef and to the mad waves lie,
The "Uncle George's" skipper shouts: "Lad, keep her full and by."
Let other vessels square away, and for snug harbor run,
The "Uncle George" has kept her course until the gale was done.
And when the bell the dog-watch told, the skipper heaved the log,
Sounded the pumps, the royals set, and piped all hands to grog,
And saw the breakers on his lee fade slowly out of view,
And boldly bid the steersman then to "luff a point or two."

Long may that vessel staunch endure to ride life's stormy seas,
Before, the Port of Joy and Song, behind, the favoring breeze,
Her pennant streaming high aloft, and sound her running gear,
Her timbers knowing not decay, and good for many a year,
Her anchor chain, its links our hearts, was fashioned at the forge
Of Love and Friendship, strong to moor the good craft "Uncle George."

Daniel O'Connell.

Easter Sunday, 1895.

(Read at the Lambs' Club dinner, given to me when I visited New York, in 1895.)

Bohemia, Bohemia,
What magic draws us there:
We love her mountain tops of joy,
Her valleys of despair.
Mad mistress of a million lives
What conquests she can boast,
Even while many a shattered bark
Lies wrecked upon her coast.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
  Sends now a new delight,
Her Patriarch from the Golden Gate
  Breaks bread with us tonight.
In touch with those Bohemians there
  Who eagerly await
A toast from us of '95
  To him of '78.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
  So little understood,
What tales your brave embassador
  Could tell us, if he would,
Of wine and wit, and wisdom, too—
  The kind that never cloys—
See his initials—G. T. B.—
  Their meaning, "Good Time, Boys."

Bohemia, Bohemia,
  The Club that bears your name
Stands in the line of fellowship
  Far up the ranks of Fame
With hand of brotherhood outstretched
  In honest scorn of shams—
It's given refuge in the past
  To many wandering Lambs.

Bohemia, Bohemia,
We pray that you'll allow
Our guest to reach the Century mark
As hale as he is now.
So here's a health to Uncle George,
And might he, night and day,
Feel the warm pressure of our hands
Three thousand miles away.

Edward E. Kidder,

New York, September 22, 1895.

[*80th birthday poem.*]

Here, with good cheer and humor, Bohemia's feast is spread,
In honor of its hale High Priest, its venerated head;
And, with glad song and story, wan care left far behind,
To celebrate the age of one who gentle is, and kind.

There others are, dear Uncle George, who know far more than you,
And what is worse, they will insist on telling of it, too;
Still others yet have far more gold to whistle down the wind
But never one that helped others more, so gentle and so kind.

Long years ago, in boyhood's days, a fond-remembered past,
You ate your hash and smoked your pipe, a lad before the mast;

The shellbacks growled around you, and swore 'till they were blind;
Yet you "chawed on" and puffed in peace, so gentle and so kind.

And when the choo-choo-cars ran first to Sacramento town,
You navigated *all* the train, first up the track, then down;
If passengers spat on the floor, or tried some fault to find,
You helped them find it, if you could, so gentle and so kind.

Then you became a Boniface, and ran a real hotel,
And, like the fabled Riley, you managed it quite well;
When guests skipped out with bills unpaid, you did not seem to mind,
You let them slide, and took a drink—so gentle and so kind.

In all the walks of life, sweet soul, in sunshine and in shade,
You never yet have failed to cheer the friends that you have made;
Long may you live! Long may you beam! You've taught, and we've resigned
To toil and struggle and to be more gentle and more kind.

W. G. Stafford.

III

[*A "Round Robin" from the Lambs' Club, New York.*]

Dear Uncle George:

I am sending you some yards of affection. Some of the feet may limp a little, but Love has aye been blind. Should the yards stretch to a rod—or more—the rod is of sentiment, not of affliction; of jam, not of pickle. The suggestion from me was responded to with a spontaneity that would delight you.

(From Frank Unger.)

Dear Uncle George:

With Harry G.
In far-off E.,
Will drink your health
At eighty-three.
(Hugo Toland with Harry Gillig.)

On fair Bohemia's rocky shores,
A beacon light you stand,
Guiding the traveler from afar—
A flaming torch—a shining star—
To reach the promised land.
(Edward Kidder.)

"The owls come home together like
Several pairs of shears,
And Sally in her alley gaily tells—
How she hears the cows a-coming
Homeward from the bar—
With a jingle and a jangle of the bells—
Hell's bells.

And everybody's happy
This day they celebrate,
And "easy, my men, easy," ring the bells—
And every heart rejoices as it
Wishes you good luck—
With each tingle and each tangle of the bells—
Easter bells.

(Tommy Ruhm.)

TO GEORGE T. BROMLEY, ESQ.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When *one* strong man, at eighty-three, brings love from the ends of the earth."

(Adapted from Rudyard Kipling.)

Out from the salty spuming Sound,
Seeking to girdle the whole earth round,
Jason, hunting the Golden Fleece;
Odysseus, haunting the Isles of Greece;
Magellan, searching out unknown straits;
Vasco da Gama, while Europe waits,
So sailed a sailor, fraught with life,
Vigorous substance and joy of strife,
Full of the deathless! Full of the East!
Full of good sap, and of Yankee yeast.

There have been some Georges—England's four
Filled up her limit—and something more—
America's scroll leads in its flame
Washington, greatest and first of the name;
Bancroft, in history's indelible ink;
Curtis, whose eloquence made others think;
Now, as the latest handwork of her forge,
Fame gives one Dewey—the pre-name still George.
But Bohemia, still, 'mid the struggle and strife,
Waits calm and serene in the bustle of life,
And quaffs the red wine as she stands to the toast:
"There's only one GEORGE—He's the pride of the Coast."

L. J. B. Lincoln.

April, 1900.

My Dear Uncle George:

We have wandered and talked together under the great Redwoods for nearly twenty years—a great part of my

life, a little space of yours, and but an instant in the lives of the trees themselves. Out of the myriad happenings of these years of friendship between us three, I have become just a little jealous, and do you know of what?—of the closer union between the other two, yourself and the trees. They have given to you of their ruggedness, their grandeur and their benignity, and you have permeated them with the geniality and sweetness of your nature. Ah! dear Uncle George, I have one great consolation. It is impossible for this union to be broken. The centuries may pass like a marching host, but so long as the trees remain there you shall be always to me my mortal, immortal and imperishable friend and to Bohemia, the great emblem of her genius and her strength.

("Joe" Redding.)

My Dear Uncle George:

They say that time and tide wait for none. It may have silvered your gray locks, but it has not dimmed your eyes nor aged your young heart, which will ever be young to those that love you. Count me in; and may your birthdays come thick and fast as the years go flying by, and you remain with us until we all go together.

(Julian Rix.)

Dear Uncle George:

Do you remember me?
I shall never forget
You. And my name is

Stuart Robson.

When you've brought the cattle homeward, when you've
sung "Weigh O! My Bully!"
And the wine-cup circulates around the feast,
Just turn your thoughts a moment, just a moment, if you
please,
To us "absent-bodied beggars" in the East.
Tho' we've wandered from the owl's wing, and strayed
so far afield,
In spirit we are "wid you" just the same.
May the good Lord always love you and not call for you
too soon,
Uncle George, the first and best of all the game.
Altho' today you reckon some four score years and three,
May you add a thousand to that, a thousand and a day,
This is the wish of the undersigned in far away New
York,
Here's to you, Uncle Georgey! Hooray! Hooray!
Hooray!

("Cosy" Noble.)

I went daown East, jest 'tother day
To see the folks—New London way—
Old Gran'pa Nash, that's ninety-four,
An' Gran'ma Ames, that's that or more.
A' oldish kind of man was there,
With ruddy face an' rakish air,
Who said he'd heerd I'd been t' th' Coast,
An' ast if 'twasn't a foolish boast
To say the climate of the Slope
Became a sort of long-life dope.

So I jest up an' spoke right aout,
An' told him what we bragged abaout.
"Of course," I said, " 'taint nat'ral 'tall
Thet folks sh'd live f'rever 'n all,
But this much kin be truly told—
Thet though they die—*they don't grow old.*
There's Bromley, Uncle George," says I,
"Thet's past the age when most men die,
Though old in years—he's jest a boy
Thet fairly frolics in youth's joy."
"Get aout," says he. "You call him old?
Wall, you *do brag,* as I've been told.
I've hearn before abaout your 'josh,'
Why, George's my youngest boy, by Gosh!"

Joseph R. Grismer.

[To Uncle George Bromley on His Eighty-Fourth Birthday.]

Bohemia laughs at Time once more,
Nor heeds the grim Scythe-bearer's score,
As here her clansmen throng to meet you.
With hearts elate and pride galore,
Ho! brave old boy of eighty-four,
Across this festive board we greet you.

High Priest of fun and frolic, he
'Neath frescoed walls or greenwood tree
Will bivouac on the field of battle.
What would the fete without him be?
Then let us give him three times three,
And make the clinking glasses rattle.

Hail, stalwart Sire! with face benign,
As mellow as Falernian wine,
And sparkling as the Widow Clicquot;
Long may we hear that voice of thine,
As in the days of Auld Lang Syne,
Long life to thee, my old amigo.

Lucius Harwood Foote.

[1817—Bromley —1901.]

Thro' years that never aught but manly lustre shed,
He whom we feast today hath laughed at Time,
And with the reaper in his hand lopped off the head
Of each conspiror 'gainst the bond sublime
That binds man's heart to man's.
Thro' days and nights and weeks and months of merry years,
That rugged heart of his could only beat
For Friendship and for Friendship's cause. Nor sighs nor tears
Have stilled its endless flow of nature sweet
That held Bohemia's clans.

Through countless revels that were big with song and wit,
His voice rang out the blithest of the best;
His tongue found words as sage as Plato ever writ,
His soul enlisted in an endless quest
For spirits tuned to joy;
Made every atmosphere he breathed a world of cheer;
Wreathed all in smiles. Men loved him better far
Than ever woman loved her lord. For none sincere
As Friend-love, which no jealous lust can mar,
Nor passion's thrill alloy.

Through orgies that have youthful vigor drowned in wine,
And strong men's wits transformed to tongueless things,
His rum-proof mind, as tho' controlled by hands Divine,
Poured thro' his lips as smoothly as on wings,
The quips of jest and song.
Then when the nascent day dethroned the waning night,
And glared on kings of revelry laid low,
This King of Kings triumphant, swayed the merry fight,
And wit and song rang still in joyous flow
As thro' the whole night long.

So thro' these merry, merry years, from one to eighty-four,
This good old man hath lived without a foe,
Save he who scoffs at Friendship, care destroying lore,
Or closes mind and ear its worth to know,
Or rails at all emotion.

And thro' the coming years—(Please God, a score at least,)—
Let us each natal day in revel meet,
Unite our hearts and souls, dear George, in joyous feast,
And till the next, be all your joys as full and sweet
And boundless as the ocean.

Clay M. Greene.

Santa Clara, April 12, 1901.

IV

[*85th Birthday.*]

Time's record shows, when closely conned,
Fair women and brave men
Who loved and laughed long years beyond
The Psalmist's three-score-ten.
With added age they seemed to thrive
And did their youth renew;
The God who keeps the saint alive
Preserves the sinner, too.

We bar the patriarchs who trod
The earth before the flood;
And Mammon's slavish sons who plod
Through life with stagnant blood;
Sainted or sordid never feel
The pulse with rapture rife,
When Hebe's rich, red lips reveal
The lore that lengthens life.

That secret murmured in the breeze
  That kissed the crested tide
When Cytherea trod the seas,
  And it has never died.
To Dionysos it was told
  And in his flagon flushed,
When from the purple grapes of old
  Its meaning first was crushed.

It taught the Teian and he laughed
  At Chronos' dismal chime;
It rippled from the cup he quaffed
  In many a glowing rhyme;
Venus and Bacchus at each shrine
  He worshiped oft and long,
Saw beauty blushing in the wine
  And crowned her with a song.

It makes the heart beat wild and warm
  In many a snowy breast;
Ninon de l'Enclos and Delorme
  Were courted and caressed
When nigh a hundred years had passed;
  In revel and romance
They held in homage to the last
  The royal rakes of France.

Why ponder over pagan creed,
  Of Epicurus' cult,
Or in Time's rusty roster read,
  Or Pleasure's page consult,

When in the living flesh we see,
  Lusty and all alive,
One who has climbed the years till he
  Sits throned on Eighty-five.

Bohemia's bards his triumphs sing,
  Her sons and sages raise
Their voices till the rafters ring
  The echo back with praise;
They love the Genius of their joys,
  The Master of their mirth—
Mirth that no malice e'er alloys,
  And Wit with Wisdom's worth.

Their King of Revels who can drive
  Their grief and gloom away;
Their Priest of Pleasure who can shrive
  Their thirsting souls next day;
Hesper may herald in the feast,
  The glasses clink and foam,
Till Eros flushes in the East
  And all have wandered home.

Then fresh as one whose night has passed
  In slumber till the dawn,
He lingers on until the last
  Bold bacchanal has gone;
He proves that Pleasure's cup may bring
  A blessing, not a blight;
For him it holds no adder's sting,
  But Life's elixir bright.

And so he laughs at Time, who lays
  On him the lightest load,
And when in Pleasure's path he strays
  He finds few thorns to goad;
His is the best philosophy,
  The wisdom that outwears
All other creeds, and we shall see
  Him live a hundred years.

Now let the jest and laughter lull,
  The glasses cease to clink,
The Owl who sits on sorrow's skull
  Gives you this toast to drink:
We've seen him turn night into day,
  December into June,
May the Lord love him long, we pray,
  Nor call for him too soon.

Louis A. Robertson.

In days all dim and distant now,
  Some five and twenty years agone,
When first I took Bohemia's vow
  Of "One for all and all for one,"
I mind me of the merry crew,
  The clinking glass, the joyous rout,
The laugh that ever broke anew
  And Uncle George's voice trolled out,
    Easy, my man, easy!

We loved him then; the grizzled head,
The genial face, the kindling eye,
The smile that radiance seemed to shed
Like sunlight from a summer sky;
And whatsoe'er the feud or fight,
The tinge of bitterness died out,
The argument of wrong or right
All ended when his voice trolled out,
Easy, my man, easy!

The years have come, the years have gone,
Bohemia, grown to rich estate,
No longer fears persistent dun,
Nor dreads the sheriff at the gate.
But still we know the merry crew,
The clinking glass, the merry rout,
The laugh that ever breaks anew,
And Uncle George's voice trolls out,
Easy, my man, easy!

The kindly hand-grasp, just as warm;
The brotherhood; the gentle thought;
The fellow-feeling's simple charm,
Only in wider circle taught.
And young hearts, like the old, now beat
For Uncle George. A louder shout
Than erst on Sacramento Street
Gives chorus when his voice trolls out,
Easy, my man, easy!

Ah! not alone to us the truth,
The lesson of his life may reach
Through all the world, for age as youth,
A gentle soul may something teach.
In him Bohemia's spirit dwells,
Through all the years we've heard it call;
And in this simple strain there dwells
The true philosophy of all—
Easy, my man, easy!

The fight for fortune, craze for power,
The pain of struggle and of strife
For station that may last an hour;
Brief triumph of the strenuous life;
The rich man, worn with nameless fears,
The poor man broken in the rout,
But wearing five and four-score years,
Our Uncle George's voice trolls out,
Easy, my man, easy!

Four-score and five? I could not tell.
The kindling eye, the crown of snow,
The genial face I knew so well,
Ay! five and twenty years ago.
May the years lightly on him rest!
May every hour its pleasure bring!
The world loves him who loves it best,
His song to Father Time we sing,
Easy, my man, easy!

Peter Robertson.

[*From the Lambs' Club, New York.*]

The northwest wind rattles my blind and sash, and taps
on my window pane,
And a voice on the breeze thro' the swaying trees disturbs
me again and again.
My fingers refuse to my pen guide on to the things that
the piper pays,
So I cast it aside like a prayer denied, and list what the
wild wind says.
It reminds me again that Bohemia's chief hath a missive
dispatched to me,
To bid to a feast from the nether East, good friends that
are kin with ye.
For we all are kin in that merry world where fellowship
holds full sway
And where man loves man on the only plan that can live
in the soul alway.
There are loves and loves, there are ties and ties, in a line
that hath got no end;
But there lives no bond that's as true and fond as the
love a friend bears a friend.
And a voice calls out through the northwest wind, tonight,
from that far-off sea,
And I hear it say: "'Tis the natal day of a friend dear
as life to ye,
O, ye wand'rers afar from Bohemia's shrine where a
Bromley we feast tonight;
So speed us a word that ye all be heard in the din of our
hearts' delight."

Let labor who will in the endless grind for the dross that
shall give us bread;
I shall wield my pen that the best of men may be sure
that my love's not dead.
For I love him as well as he e'er was loved; I shall love
him until he die;
And my pen shall say from this far away as the north-
west wind doth sigh:
Take all of my heart if it be to you the kind of a heart
you'd own,
For there lives no wraith in its boundless faith, and it
beats for its loves alone.
I know that the heart which hath too much pride in the
things that are born of trust
Is a feeble thing in the endless swing of the hordes swayed
by money's lust;
I know that the voice that would sing the songs of a limit-
less Friendship's power
Hath a lack of pluck for the run of luck that comes where
the fortunes tower,
But I care no whit for the taunts of men who would fet-
ter their hearts with gold,
While I bask in the truth and the endless youth of a heart
that can ne'er turn cold.
And most of that heart with its youth and truth, dear
George, is for you tonight:—
May this natal day be the sign alway of a love that is
ever bright;

May the hearts of the friends that are with you today,
and the spirits of dear ones lost,
Unite in a feast that from West to East shall be rich as
a nation's cost.
Be these eighty and five of your honored years but the
heralds of more to be,
And I ask but this: on this night of bliss, waste but one
little thought on me.
And if it feel half of the garnered store I hold in my heart
for you,
Then we both are blest in the peace and rest that can come
of two friendships true.

Clay M. Greene.

But eighty-five?
(Why, man alive
How sweet alive you are!)
Your distant friends,
And "distance lends"—
(A moment at the bar.)
I sought to say,
(You know the way
One's thoughts are turned aside.)
But on this day
(Yes, Frank; the same.)
We drink to (blame
Me not. The boys insist,
I can't resist.)

We drink to (How!
Long life to him!)
We drink (I halt,
'Tis not my fault
We must repeat.)
We drink to sweet
Uncle George.

Ed Townsend (Chimmie Fadden.)

[*86th Birthday Poem.*]

Brave Uncle George! for four score years,
This gospel you have taught and sung,
That smiles are better far than tears,
And happy hearts are always young.

How we recall the quirks and quips
Which woke to life the festive board;
What rare conceits escaped your lips,
When loud the fun and frolic roared.

Your grave Ben Franklin face revealed
A pained expression when we laughed;
And not a smile your lips unsealed
When forth you shot the feathered shaft.

In all the shining wit no sneers,
No spleen or malice in the thought;
And thus, Old Boy, for four score years,
You've lived the gospel that you taught.

Old things are best, we love them still,
Pray call them chestnuts if you dare;
When Uncle George is on the bill,
"Hells-bells" is in the startled air.

The organ grinds, and Gretchen sings
"Eight bells have struck," "March on, March on,"
While loud the semiquaver rings
From Raphael Weill and Doctor Swan.

March on, we follow where you lead,
In calm content there is no strife;
And we accept your gracious creed,
To laugh at all the ills of life.

Lucius Harwood Foote.

And now, my patient reader, I will draw these memoirs to a close with just this remark, that should any other writer of autobiography think he can truthfully relate a more varied experience of eighty-seven years than this volume contains, let him start in, for I have

Finished.